

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

For half-a-century and more "philanthropy" has been, in one shape or another, the professed pursuit of a great number of very good people. It is astonishing how much is done by England in this department. The Caribbean—the subjects of the enlightened King of Dahomey—heathens of every shade of colour—are supplied by us with blankets for this world, and rational ideas about the next. But we do not confine ourselves to the foreign, we deal much with the native savage—who, by-the-bye, is generally the worst off, of the two. The old criminal—the young criminal—the sick, the maimed, all have their peculiar supporters. It is of the criminal that we are to speak, just now. Every kind of criminal has his own friends.

There is a sort of criminal-fancying abroad, like a fancy for Cochinchinas or tortoiseshell cats. One old lady prefers the pickpocket to experimentalise upon; another subscribes to give the house-breaker his chance; while a third bestows her pocket-money on bringing back to the right path the adventurous foot-pad. We state all this in a familiar kind of way, but really there is an immense deal of good intended, and an immense deal of good done in these matters. If a hypocrite joins, why that is creditable to the cause, for it is only what is done by good people that it is his object to simulate.

In old times, this "reformatory" system did not exist, for the obvious reason that our ancestors had no leisure for the pursuit. They were so busy with their wars and their wild sports, that they hanged a fellow or flung him into a dungeon, for sheer want of leisure to inquire into his case. *Salus populi suprema lex.* Society must protect itself, first of all: and we (with all our civilisation) assume at bottom the same right to deal with life and liberty for the protection of the body politic which our forefathers did. The State is not metaphysical nor physiological. It does not inquire what crime is, but tackles the outward results. And we apprehend that it is fundamentally right; since—however hard the cases of individual criminals—there is no doubt that crime must be dealt with according to public convenience,—like leprosy, or bad smells, or anything else. We state this, because we think that some forms of philanthropy have been carried a great deal too far—and that a sickening amount of cant prevails on the subject. The same Hon. Member who votes for flogging in the navy, would not stand a single lash being laid on the inmates of his pet county jail. Our soldiers at Sebastopol are flogged, but the wife-beater never gets a scratch; and forty-eight hours in the trenches a few weeks ago did not excite so much active sympathy as half the time on a treadmill. Effeminacy is at the bottom of half this tenderness, and when we abuse old times for inflicting pain, we forget that all life was harder, and that those who inflicted it in one way were ready to bear it in another.

Now, without going into philosophy about the nature of crime, there is a very simple distinction to be made between the kinds and degrees of it. We emphatically believe in "reformation"—and who can do otherwise, who believes either in religion or philosophy? Although there are a set of people in our days who would have sent the impenitent thief loose about Palestine with a ticket-of-leave, a worse fault would be to reject our Saviour's tenderness, and

have no pity for the penitent one. Let chaplains, then, be occasionally deceived—as cannot be helped; still the principle is sound which assumes that a criminal may be reformed. Those who agitate the matter, and force it on the State, only want the State to believe in, and act upon, what everybody privately believes in, and acts on. Take a case:—Lord Hardinge evidently believes that Lord Ernest Vane is corrigible. There is a strong case of juvenile depravity, of a kind—debauchery, cruelty, and so forth. But, by and by, the young fellow will be brought round, and, for aught we know, may die a Field-Marshal. Why not hope the same of young Jack Stubbs—who, instead of getting drunk on champagne, and half-murdering a country manager, has fuddled himself with bad gin, and flayed a

to protect yourself—though it has the same excuse. But once locked-up, and harmless, what will you do with him? If you do nothing, he goes out worse. It is your interest to make something of him,—and it seems that, by care, you can often make him a decent citizen. His crime, like his dirt, is involuntary, and can be washed off. So argue practical philanthropists, and we think very reasonably.

Let us gather some detailed facts from the speeches of men who study the subject. Statistics are dry things, but every figure is after all a living soul, as much as your son Tom—who might, but for his advantages, you must admit, have made up an item himself.

The Reverend J. Field gives us an account of his Berkshire experience:—

"He found that whereas the Government returns represented a proportion of about 10 per cent. as juvenile offenders, yet looking to the depraved and dangerous class of criminals recommitted in this county during the last year, amounting to 159, not less than 41—i.e., more than 25 per cent.—had entered upon their criminal course of life before they were 16 years of age."

Berkshire's allowance of offender's "under 16," last year, was 54. The causes Mr. Field sets down in most cases, as "neglected education, influence of vicious parents," &c. We may observe, then, that a "Reformatory School" is a kind of education made compulsory. You will not educate the people, simply, so you have to educate them presently for your own sake. For, what Cicero says of the arts, is quite true of the blunders of the world:—they are "all connected together as with a chain." Because you have no schools, you have some crimes; because crimes, dear prisons; because prisons, more crime by contact,—and so on, and so on,—round and round.

About "89 of every 100" sent to reformatory schools are reformed, says the Berkshire Report. Mr. Field, by the way, condemns the "ticket-of-leave" system for throwing criminals back upon their old pursuits; and mentions that "4 out of 5" of the ticket-of-leave men are of the class who began young. This shows that among those who began young, some kind of "promise" is seen, even if it is not always realised; and ought to stimulate people to reformatory schools as at least offering the best chance.

We turn to Warwickshire, and Mr. Eardley Wilmot writing in the "Daily News."

Sir John Eardley Wilmot, this gentleman's father, established one of these institutions at Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Warwickshire, in 1818. The arithmetic of the following is curious:—

"It was found," says Mr. Wilmot, "that the cost attending the reformation of a boy at the asylum, inclusive of the teaching of a trade, was only £35,—little more than the expense of keeping a boy in gaol for the first twelve months after conviction." Which way of spending the money do readers prefer?

"Stretton," however, came to an end in 1854—Downing Street being "dead as stone" (to borrow a phrase of Carlyle's) to all representations of its utility. Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Muntz, and others, all urge that such asylums should be established by grants from Government, and then supported by county rate. But Governments



MAJOR-GENERAL WINDHAM, THE HERO OF THE REDAN.

I MUST GO TO THE GENERAL FOR SUPPORTS—NOW MIND, CREALOCK, LET IT BE KNOWN, IN CASE I AM KILLED, WHY I WENT AWAY."
(VIDE LETTER OF "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.)

policeman? In juvenile reformation we place much hope, and we have read with great pleasure the recent speeches and letters of the Hills, Eardley Wilmots, Muntzes Metzes, Lord Robert Grosvenor, and other excellent gentlemen who study these subjects.

People are apt to confound crime in its legal, with crime in its moral sense. A little hungry lad who steals a turnip is indeed a criminal in one way; or a poor little fellow who is turned out of an alley to pick up a living in the gutters, and snatches out of the pocket of a fat old attorney the money he has made by the plunder of an orphan. But in such cases is the wretched youngster a criminal by choice? What does he know of the right or wrong of the act? Lock him up you must—since you would lock up a wolf,

will do nothing, except mischief, in the matter. The Warwickshire magistrates wanted the young criminals sent on to the asylum without going to goal; but no, of they must go to goal, to get a regular criminal education—the only one, by the way, which is truly national among us at present.

A reformatory institution has been recently begun in St. Pancras. Lord Robert Grosvenor spoke on the occasion with great sense, spirit, and charity, and we wish the scheme well.

"He had been the means of carrying a Bill through Parliament, which would give to the county of Middlesex a reformatory institution, supportable by rates; and he was happy to know that within a year young criminals in that county would be sent, not to the goal, but to that institution." (Hear.)

"Hear," say we also. A pick pocket turned into an honest cobbler is a real "reform,"—much preferable to a pill-concocter turned into a member of Parliament, which is what, in their green moments, Englishmen thought the great "reform" of the day.

A stimulus has been given to the promoters of these schemes by the recent visit of Dr. Metz, of the famous Mettray Establishment, to this country. His reformations there amount, it appears, to 90 per cent. He visited our Red Hill one, where nearly 200 boys are engaged in various industrious callings—and where the success, so far, is encouraging.

What more remains to be said on the present occasion may be thrown into a few propositions—to chew the cud of which will do the speculative subscriber no harm, at all events.

1. It is the juvenile department of the matter in which our chief hopes must be placed. A boy is in an early stage, and may be dealt with.

2. A reformatory institution is far better worthy support than a "Model Prison."

3. All *unnatural* severity is wrong and foolish—enforced idleness, solitude, &c.; but sharp natural discipline should be maintained, and mawkish sympathetic twaddle avoided. Spartan severity *versus* monkish severity is the real wisdom.

4. Do not neglect physical considerations, and trust all to the chaplain; nor neglect the chaplain, and trust all to physical considerations. The first error breeds cant and hypocrisy; the second, sturdy scoundrels alone.

5. Cannot a plan be devised (as recently suggested in the "Times") for making ticket-of-leave men a self-supporting body by employing them in public works?

MAJOR-GENERAL WINDHAM, C.B.

THE hero of the Redan bears one of the most ancient and patrician of English surnames. Indeed, the very mention of it carries the memory back, by a long train of associations, to that period when the Norman invaders set foot on our shores. The progenitor of the Windhams, however, was not among the foreign conquerors. They are, in fact, among the few families of rank who, like the Homes, the Lamleys, and the Lambtons, can boast of an Anglo-Saxon origin. One of the numerous branches of the family, "designed" of Felbrigg in Norfolk, after mingling the blood of the Windhams by marriage with that of the Townshends of Raidham, and the Lytons of Knebworth, and other races of territorial distinction, produced that celebrated statesman who figured as the friend and follower of Burke, and who, in the ardour of his patriotism, frequently urged Pitt further in his warlike policy than the son of Chatham would have gone of his own accord.

Major-General Charles Ash Windham is son of the late Vice-Admiral Windham of Felbrigg, and a native of the county of Norfolk, where he possesses a large estate. He entered the army in 1820, and passed many years of his life as an officer of the Coldstream Guards. He became Captain in May, 1833; Major, in November, 1846; Lieut.-Colonel, in December, 1846, and Colonel in June, 1854. During all these years the probability of General Windham having an opportunity of performing exploits worthy of a hero of romance, must, indeed, have appeared slight. An interesting anecdote, however, which has just been given to the public, shows that in peace, equally as in war, he was characterised by cool courage and presence of mind.

Some years ago—so runs the story—General Windham was crossing the Irish Channel in one of the steam-packets. Two ladies from Bristol, passengers by the same vessel, were seated together close to the bulwarks of the vessel, and absorbed in conversation, when suddenly Colonel Windham rushed forward, caught one in each arm, and hurried them to a different part of the deck. They had not recovered from their surprise at treatment so unceremonious, sufficiently to comprehend the apology which the stranger was tendering, when a ship came into collision with the steamer, and dashed the bulwarks to pieces, at the very place which they, unconscious of their danger, had a moment before occupied.

Colonel Windham is stated to have been a frequent visitor at Leamington, occasionally making it a place of prolonged residence, and taking an active part in the sporting amusements of the town and neighbourhood. His lady, a daughter of the late Sir John Beresford, is now occupying a house at Myton, where Colonel Windham resided for some time previous to his joining his regiment in the East.

It is known only to a few of the friends of Colonel Windham, who have survived the Crimean campaign, that when the celebrated flank movement of the army was made on Balaclava, this gallant officer on the occasion was the bearer of the despatches to Admiral Dundas, requesting the co-operation of the fleet, and that he afterwards proceeded with the order to Sir Edmund Lyons, directing him to take the *Agamemnon* round to Balaclava, and was on board at the time when the gallant young naval officer made his appearance with a message to the same effect, and for which he received his promotion.

After Colonel Windham had joined the English army in the Crimea, he was appointed Assistant-Quartermaster-General to the Fourth Division, then under the command of Sir George Cathcart. In that capacity, he enacted a distinguished part at the memorable battle of Inkermann. Being despatched to order up General Torrens's brigade to the right, and informed on the way by Colonel Wood of the Royal Artillery, that two of his guns had been captured, and were being carried off by the Russians, he took upon himself the responsibility of sending, with General Torrens's consent, the 63rd, which effected their object in recovering the guns. When he rejoined Sir George Cathcart, he found the Fourth Division, which had proceeded to attack the Russians in flank, under a murderous fire. He was close to Sir George Cathcart when that British hero fell, and being the only mounted officer of the division untouched, the command of it devolved upon him to the end of the battle; and he got the division up the hill, and led them again into action, with an energy worthy of all praise. His gallant conduct on that occasion attracted little notice. Perhaps it was only such as was to be expected from such a man; and there certainly was nothing very surprising in the fact of a Windham bearing himself with consummate courage on a day when the honour of England was at stake. The next achievements of Colonel Windham, however, were of a character far too high and heroic to pass without observation.

When the tri-colour flag waved over the Malakoff, and served as a signal for the English soldiers to advance upon the Redan, Colonel Windham, who had previously been nominated to the command of the 2nd brigade of the Second Division, was about the first man, on his side, to enter the redoubtable stronghold; and when the assault became a scene of carnage and confusion—when soldiers were being mowed down by the Russian fire, and officers were falling on all sides—and when the different regiments were mingled in a mass, and all the brigadiers except himself were wounded or unfit to lead—Colonel Windham, still struggling against fearful odds, made a gallant effort to form his men once more for the attack. Several times he was partially successful; but the soldiers melted away as fast as he gathered them. He thrice sent to Sir W. Codrington, begging for sup-

port; and as often the officers, who acted as his messengers, were wounded as they passed to the rear. Finding his efforts in the left futile, Colonel Windham passed through one of the cuts of the inner parapet and walked over to the right, at the distance of thirty yards from the Russian breastwork, exposed to a close fire, but without a wound. When he reached the inner parapet at the right face, he got some men together, but no sooner had he brought them out than they were killed, wounded, or dispersed by a concentrated fire. Colonel Windham then walked back again across the open space to the left to retrieve the day. The men on the parapet of the salient, who were firing at the Russians, sent their shot about him, and the latter, who were pouring volley after volley on all points of the head of the work, likewise directed their muskets against him, but, as if bearing a charmed life, he passed through this cross fire in safety, and got within the inner parapet on the left, where his men were becoming thinner and thinner. A Russian officer now stepped over the breastwork, and tore down a gabion with his own hands, to make room for a field piece; and Colonel Windham, seeing there was no time to be lost, said to Captain Crealock, "I must go to the General for supports. Now mind, let it be known, in case I am killed, why I went away." He crossed the parapet and ditch, and succeeded in gaining the fifth parallel through a storm of grape and rifle bullets in safety.

On reaching Sir W. Codrington, Colonel Windham was asked if he thought he really could do anything with such supports as could be afforded, and told he might take the Royals, who were then in the parallel. "Let the officers come out in front—led us advance in order, and if the men keep the formation, the Redan is ours," was the hero's brave reply. It was already too late; the unequal struggle was over; and as he spoke, the soldiers, overcome by numbers, were seen escaping from the Redan.

When the news of deeds so daring reached England, the "Gazette" speedily announced that Colonel Windham had, for distinguished service, been promoted to the rank of Major-General. He has, moreover, been appointed Governor of the Karabelnaia, that part of Sebastopol occupied by the English. There is no doubt that the people of England are anxious to see General Windham in a higher and more responsible position, and they are not without hope, that one who, in an hour of peril and perplexity, exhibited in so remarkable a degree, the resolution of a hero, the courage of a soldier, and the chivalry of a gentleman, should have his name registered in the rolls of fame, among those great warriors who—like Marlborough, and Wellington, and Napier—have been the pride of England and the terror of her foes; and who, by their presence, have inspired our armies with confidence of victory, on the eve of battles fraught with momentous consequences to Europe and the world.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

WE are happy to announce, says the "Moniteur," that her Majesty the Empress is about to enter the fifth month of her pregnancy. The health of her Majesty is excellent.

The Duke and Duchess of Brabant arrived in Paris last week, from Brussels, on a visit to the Emperor of the French, and were received with much pomp and ceremony.

The new measure, relative to the tariff of butcher's meat in Paris, came into operation on Tuesday last.

The "Constitutionnel" publishes a communication from M. Collet Meyer, contradicting the statements which have appeared in it with regard to the mission of Baron Prokesch-Osten to Paris. The Baron, it says, had no mission.

The question of the recall of M. de Persigny, ambassador at London, is said to be under serious consideration. The French Government is reported not to approve of the political line which he has followed at the English Court. It is added that Count Walewski will return to London, and that M. Drouyn de Lhuys will resume the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

The decree relative to the suppression of the Centes Gardes has been signed by the Emperor.

Reinforcements are daily passing through Paris on their way to Marseilles to embark for the Crimea. As their passage through the town, from one railway station to another, takes place at night, or in the small hours of the morning, their transit is not generally known by the inhabitants. One may judge, however, of the number of troops now on their way from the fact of 700 men having passed through Lille every night during the past week.

SPAIN.

THE Government appears determined upon the execution of great public works. In addition to the railway from Madrid to Bayonne, which is on the eve of concession, the Queen, it is said, has just granted to a Franco-Spanish company the canal of Guadarrama, commenced by Charles III., and which, when finished, will fertilise an extent of more than twenty leagues around Madrid. The want of water has prevented the establishment of several works in the capital of Spain.

The Cadiz papers contain reports from the Xeres district, to the effect that the vintage of this year is proceeding under very unfavourable circumstances, and that it is feared, if bad weather continue, the few grapes that have escaped the disease will rot upon the vines.

AUSTRIA.

It is stated that the Earl of Westmoreland is to return to Vienna only to arrange his private affairs, and that Lord John Russell is to succeed him as ambassador; others say Lord Elliot.

The Hon. Mr. Elliot, who at present represents England at the Court of Vienna, had a long interview with Count Buol last week, but no one has even an inkling of what took place between them.

M. de Widenbuck, the Prussian ambassador at Constantinople, only remained at Vienna two days. He visited all the most important persons, and particularly M. de Prokesch, whom he will have for a colleague in Turkey.

It is rumoured at Vienna, that the house of Rothschild is to establish there an Austrian bank of Crédit Mobilier, with a capital of sixty million florins.

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

THE Russian agents at Belgrade and in the surrounding districts are said to be engaged in endeavouring to efface the effect produced by the fall of Sebastopol. Prince Milosch is again endeavouring to excite a feeling towards Russia in the Principalities, and two of his agents were lately arrested, having about them large sums of money and letters of recommendation. They were simply conducted to the frontier. The Prince still resides at Odessa, and astonishment is felt that, at his advanced age, and being almost blind, he can still entertain ambitious projects.

PRUSSIA.

THE King and Queen left Schloss Braid on the 9th inst., and, after visiting the Cathedral at Cologne, returned to Sans Souci, where they arrived the following afternoon, having stopped the evening of that day with the King and Queen of Hanover. Baron von Manteuffel went as far as Magdeburg to meet the King, with whom he conferred during the further ride to Potsdam. Prince Friedrich Wilhelm joined his parents and the rest of the Royal Family at Schloss Braid on the evening of the 7th inst., and on the following morning accompanied them to Bonn, and thence to Mayence.

A letter from Berlin, of the 12th, states that M. Hasenflug, Minister of the Elector of Hesse Cassel, has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted. All the Ministry have retired at the same time. M. de Schachten, formerly Hessian ambassador at Vienna, has been charged to form a new Ministry.

A letter from Berlin, of the 9th, states that the results of 150 elections were known up to that date, and that about two-thirds of them were Ministerial. Although the Government experienced a check at Berlin, this has been amply compensated for by its success in the provinces.

RUSSIA.

It is reported that the Russian Government is endeavouring to effect a sale to the United States of America of its possessions in the North of that Continent for the sum of 40,000,000 of silver roubles; should the bargain be brought to a satisfactory conclusion, various indulgences are to be extended to the commerce of the United States on the part of Russia.

By an order of the day of the 26th of September, Major-General Tolben, of the suite of the Czar, is named Aide-de-camp-General to his Imperial Majesty.

A letter from Odessa, dated Oct. 3, says:—"The Russian troops are disposed in such a manner, that on every point which may be attacked the enemy will meet with serious resistance. In twenty-four hours 50,000 men, and in forty-eight hours 100,000 men, can be assembled at any given point."

DENMARK.

LETTERS from Copenhagen say that the banishment of Prince Ferdinand from the capital—should he persist in his refusal to sign the new constitution—is spoken of. Rumour even assigns to him a forced place of residence—viz., the fortified city of Fredericia.

The Danish Government has invited the European Powers interested in the question of the Sound to send delegates to Copenhagen to discuss it, and come to an understanding on the subject. A similar invitation has been sent to the Government of the United States.

Letters from Hamburg state that the adjournment of the trial for high treason of the members of the late Danish Cabinet was at the request of the counsellor for the accused—made after he had failed in raising a formal objection to one of the judges. This term of Nov. 10, cannot, however, be again prolonged. At Copenhagen the condemnation of the accused is still considered as no improbable event.

ITALY.

A LETTER from Rome, in a Russian journal, says that on the occasion of the chanting of the "Te Deum" in that city in honour of the fall of the Malakoff, the French wished the flags of Sardinia and Turkey to be fixed in the church, but the Papal authorities refused; the one excommunicated, the other Mussulman—they could not admit of such a profanity. The French Minister telegraphed to Paris for instructions, and received for reply the order to insist upon the appearance of the flags in the church. "Happily," says the letter, "the reply did not arrive here until the religious ceremony was over."

SICILY.

THE "Opinione" of Turin mentions a correspondence from Messina, which, under date of the 5th, gives some details on the insurrectional movements which are said to have manifested themselves at Catania, in Sicily. According to these letters some sanguinary conflicts have taken place with the troops. Other letters state that there is nothing of a political character in the movement.

PIEDMONT.

THE Prince of Carignan has issued a decree, convoking the Sardinian Parliament for the 12th of November. Being a new session, it will be opened by a speech from the throne. It is said that the King's health is so much improved that he will open the session in person; and that he will be able to proceed on his journey to Paris by the end of the month.

INDIA.

THE SANTAL INSURRECTION.

THE Indian Mail brings the news up to Sept. 12. At that date the Santal insurrection had not entirely subsided. The insurgents were then scattered over the country, but the outrages with which their career commenced had in a great measure ended. The hope of supernatural aid has failed them. Their leader has been captured. Seven thousand of those engaged in the outbreak have surrendered. They find that their bows and arrows have not the slightest chance against our musketry, and that any mass of them, however large, is scattered by any detachment of our troops, however small. As the movement has thus become as purposeless as it is impotent—as the malecontents are without a guide or a purpose—and as they find themselves shot down or made prisoners whenever they are overtaken, all idea of serious danger from them has ceased. They are said to be endeavouring to emigrate with their families deeper into the mountain, in hopes of finding a place of refuge so remote that justice will not reach them. Their recent outrages cannot be overlooked, and the plan formerly hinted at of deporting them wholesale to British Burmah, seems very likely to be fallen back upon.

The War in the Crimea.

POSITION OF THE RUSSIAN FORTS.

Sept. 29.—On the north side of Sebastopol are few houses, but there are very large magazines. First, on the western extremity of the north shore stands Fort Constantine. The roof is covered in to a great depth with sandbags, and there are large guns mounted on it *en barbette*, but many of the embrasures are empty, and do not show guns. A very heavy parapet with traverses—in fact, a line of batteries—strikes out from the north side of the fort, and crests the seaward face of the cliff, communicating with the Wasp Fort, Star Fort, and the works of the sea defences towards the mouth of the Belbek. Next to Constantine, on the harbour, there is a large earthwork, with heavy guns, behind which is the citadel, which has recently been much strengthened, and is in a commanding position on a hillside. Next come more earthworks, a large stone storehouse, and the casemated walls of Fort Catherine, with two tiers of guns; then more earthworks, till the line of defence merges into the works at Inkermann. In fact, Fort Constantine, Sievernaia, Fort Michael, and Fort Catherine, with their connecting works, and their citadels and forts in their rear, form one great battery, too far off to injure us seriously behind Sebastopol, but quite able to withstand any infantry attack from the south side. The difficulty of the north side was foreseen all along—foreseen, but not provided for.

PROGRESS OF HOSTILITIES.

The British army is busily engaged road-making, hut-building, and drilling. Large parties go down every day to Sebastopol and return with timber, doors, window-frames, joists, slabs of marble and stonework, grates, glass, locks, iron, Stourbridge firebricks, of which a large quantity was found, and various other articles of use in camp, and the huts which arise on every side are models of ingenuity in adapting Russian property to British and French uses. As yet, however, the vast majority of the soldiers are under canvas, and are likely to be so for a couple of months longer. The trenches, those monuments of patient suffering, of endurance, of courage, will soon be no more. The guns are withdrawn; indeed, they are now nearly all gone. The gabions are going fast, for the men have received permission to use them for fuel—the earthworks will speedily sink, and next spring few traces will be left of the existence of these memorable works. The roads advance slowly, but are solidly and well made as far as they go, and the railway is assuming an appearance of solidity and permanence which gives satisfactory assurance of its efficiency for the winter.

"LOOTING."

The villas on the seacoast below Baidar have now been tolerably well plundered and emptied of their contents. We have had a trifling share of the "loot," but our Hussar outposts got some little mementos of their agreeable sojourn in those pleasant valleys, and one officer at least, who was especially detached to superintend the men and to prevent plundering, is in possession of a very fine China set since he was seen in the direction of Baidar, which did not form part of his original marching outfit. However, our Allies in this respect, as in many others, have the better of us. They even find it worth while to come over to the slaughter-grounds of our divisions, in order to gather the heads, hearts, livers, lights, and tails, which our men often throw away or bury as offal.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE VISITING HIS "BANTLINGS."

The Duke of Newcastle left the fleet this morning, on board her Majesty's ship *Hightower*, Captain Moore, in order to visit Circassia, and possibly to look at Kertch and the Eastern littoral of the Black Sea. He is

accompanied or followed by Mr. Simpson, the artist, who has been so long engaged on here recording with his pencil the principal scenes of the war, his Grace has examined into many things connected with the army with a good deal of care, and he had an opportunity (of which he did not avail himself) of paying the last tribute of respect and affection to one of his most favoured battalions—to wit, "the Mounted Staff Corps," which has just expired of inanition and atrophy. "The Ambulance Corps" has also ceased to exist as a separate body, but it is hard to decide who has the control over its atoms.

FINE WEATHER AND FOUL RUMOURS.

The weather continues very fine. The firing is heavy at intervals. Sir J. Jones is on board ship, unwell. There are rumours that Sir E. Lyons will soon relinquish his command, as his health is giving way.

POSITION OF THE ALLIED TROOPS.

The position of the Allied armies has, since the fall of Sebastopol, materially very little altered. They form now on the Tchernaya side one long line, which runs nearly straight from west to east, beginning at the harbour of Sebastopol, and following the course of the Tchernaya to Alca, then going over to the plateau to the south of Ozenbakh, and crowning the heights which enclose the valley of Baidar to the north, up to the point where the road leads from Baidar over the Simnikia mountain to the port of Belbek. The French, who occupy this position to our extreme right, are thus in possession of the heights which lead out of the valley of Baidar to the rear of the Russians. They hold the two only roads, one to the right which goes to Ma koul and Koluluz, and the other to the left, which runs by Ozenbakh into the Tcheoulion valley, and from there to the heights of Aitodor and Mangup Kalé. The Russians are still down the Markul, which is situated in the gorge formed by one of the feeders of the Belbek. They are, however, evidently only a strong *grande garde*, of a few battalions and the usual number of Cossacks. Towards Ozenbakh the Russian outposts hold the plateau on the right bank of the little stream of Upu, overlooking the head of the Tcheoulion valley. The outposts on both sides are so close to each other that shots are continually exchanged between them. The features of the country are particularly favourable for such encounters, the heights being covered with brushwood.

All these positions have been occupied by the French without anything worth the name of a fight. They were only occupied by Cossack videttes, who, as usual, at the approach of a force retired. We have evidently not come to the line which the Russians intend to defend.

THE APPROACHES TO THE RUSSIAN POSITION.

Our position at Baidar is a convenient point for approaching the Russian position. In that line of plateaux which extends from Bakschiserai down to the north plateau of Sebastopol, from north-east to south-west, there are three approaches. First, the double road leading up from Inkermann, the one straight, near the first Inkermann light, the other through the Trestan valley, joining the Mackenzie road. The second is the Mackenzie road. The third is the pass of Aitodor and Mangup Kalé. The fourth is the passage of the Belbek, by Kutshuk-Sioren. The fifth the ridge of the Katcha, by Katchik Kalé and Pishku. Then come the rocky heights of Tashit Kalé and the upper Alma, over which there are no roads except mountain passes to the north. One or more of these positions have to be forced if we wish to turn the Russian position to the north of Sebastopol from our position, unless we be in from the north. Whether there are means of transport to send a large force by sea to the north, and work down, having only some of the intervening rivers to force, which are too long to be effectually defended, and which may be always turned with the help of the fleet near their embouchure, is not clear, but it certainly seems that we should have much easier work from the north than from the south side.

FILLING-IN THE TRENCHES.

One of the orders which has been executed by the troops with the greatest pleasure, and which they perform amidst jokes and laughter, is that of filling up the trenches. Never was a work more popular in the camp, and every labourer, in burying these terrible parallels, in which so many brave men have met their death, buries the cares of the past winter. The bad weather has commenced without causing any alarm to the troops. The sufferings experienced in the trenches last winter will not be again undergone. In Sebastopol, the miners and the engineers are also busy. Very few houses in the town are in a state to be made use of; it would require too much trouble and expense to repair such ruins, and it is now pretty clear that the low part of Sebastopol is about to be destroyed. This operation is being carried on with great activity. French, English, Belgians, and Turks, are busily occupied in making roads round Sebastopol and in the plain of Baidar, while others are engaged in building wooden huts in the faubourgs of Sebastopol. These buildings, which are placed between the fortifications and the town, appear to indicate that the troops will take up their winter quarters there.

INDICATIONS OF FUTURE MOVEMENTS.

Oct. 2.—The army is amused by rumours of active service, while all around them gives token of hybernation and stagnation, except our Allies and the enemy. It is whispered that on Thursday next there will be a secret expedition for a place, the name of which is by no means secret, and that 25,000 French and 15,000 English troops are to go on board the fleet with all possible expedition on that day. Another indication of an intention to move is supposed to be conveyed by the fact that returns have been required from each regiment of the number of bat horses belonging to it, but those returns are not asked for in anticipation of any expedition whatever. Actually the work of the army is one of preparation, not for action but for stagnation.

ROAD PREPARATIONS FOR THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

The men are engaged on great roads from the ports to the front, which will be permanent marks of the existence of the Allied armies on this spot for centuries; in fact, with so much labour at their disposal, our authorities are determined, if possible, to atone for the apathy of last autumn. The roads which we are making are almost beyond the requirements of an army of temporary occupation. They are broad and well paved so far as they have gone—in some places they are levelled through the rock, which here and there can only be removed by heavy blasting charges. The railway is now assuming an appearance of great solidity. Beside it winds the Central road, and from the new central dépôt, under Mr. Brew, which has been removed from the Col de Balclava to an open space in the rear of the Second Division and between the Guards' Brigade and the Fourth Division, there are divisional roads in progress, which will communicate with the divisional dépôts. When the railway is worked by locomotives, instead of horses, the permanent way will endure much better, and a great deal more work will be got out of the line.

THE SECOND SUMMER IN THE CRIMEA.

For these peaceful labours we have been blessed by the most lovely weather. The days are warm, and the air is charmingly fresh and pure. The autumn or second summer of the Crimea has shown upon us with all the delightful influences of repose. The earth teems again with herbs and flowers of autumn. Numerous bulbous plants are springing up over the steppes, among which the "oleicum Autumnale" is prominent, and the hill sides ring with the frequent volleys directed upon innumerable gnats, against which our army wags its fierce battle at present.

A QUASI-SCIENTIFIC SAILOR DOING THE WORK OF THE ENEMY.

A shell from the Russians burst close to the barracks, and a merchant sailor ran to look at the crater it formed in the ground. Thence he entered the building itself, and snuntered about smoking his pipe till he came to some loose powder, on which, being of a scientific and experimentalising turn of mind, he tried the effects of dropping several sparks from the burning tobacco. The powder, as is not unusual in such cases, exploded with violence, and blew up the sailor and a sentry outside. They were both dreadfully burnt. As the floor was covered with cartridges and loose powder, the fire caught, and went leaping on by fits and starts to a large quantity of the same combustible matters. No one could approach to stop the fire. It at last caught the magazine, and the explosion blew out the walls and ceilings of the central barracks. The flames set fire to the dry woodwork, and in a short time the whole of the pile of buildings, which were of admirable construction, was in a blaze. The conflagration lasted till all that could be burned was consumed, and lighted up the sky at night to a great distance. All that remains of the Imperial Barracks of Sebastopol is a mass of charred and blackened stones, split by the action of fire.

The Russians, thinking that the accident had been caused by their own fire, piled their guns with increased vigour, and threw shot and shell around the place, but did no damage.

DESPATCHES FROM PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

A despatch from Prince Gortschakoff, dated the 13th, states:—
"The enemy quitted the Valley of the Upper Belbek this morning, and returned to the ridge separating it from the Valley of Baidar. This retreat is probably caused by our movement towards Tavri and Albat."

GENERAL AND SIMULTANEOUS ADVANCE OF THE ALIÉS.

Warsaw, October 14.
Despatches from Prince Gortschakoff to Prince Paskiewitch confirm the news of a simultaneous organised concentric advance of the Allies from Eupatoria, Baidar, Kertch, and Kinburn, with the intent of surrounding and cutting off the Russian forces.

A LING OF THE ALLIED FLEETS FROM ODESSA.

Despatches received at St. Petersburg Oct. 15, state that the Allied Fleets sailed on the 14th from Odessa, and anchored three miles from Kinburn.

DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS IN ASIA.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs at Constantinople sends the following despatch to the Turkish Envoy in London:—

Constantinople, October 13.

"An official report from the Commander-in-Chief at Kars communicates the following intelligence:—

"On the 29th of September the Russians had attacked Kars; the assault lasted eight hours, and during the conflict, which was fierce and obstinate, the enemy several times gained an entrance into some of the batteries with all their force, but were again driven back with considerable loss.

"After having made the greatest efforts, the Russians were compelled to yield before the courage of our brave troops, and to retire, completely routed. Besides the dead and wounded carried away during the action, they left in and around the trenches of the fortress 4,000 men killed, 100 prisoners, and one gun.

"Our loss is from 700 to 800 men, among whom we have to regret the death of several superior officers.

"The Russians are preparing to retreat and abandon the siege."

DESPATCH FROM MARSHAL PELISSIER.

THE CAVALRY ACTION ON THE 29TH.

The French Minister of War has received from Marshal Pelissier the following report:—

General Headquarters at Sebastopol, Oct. 1.

"Monsieur le Maréchal,—In informing your Excellency, in my despatch of Sept. 29, of General d'Allonville's departure for Eupatoria, with three regiments of his cavalry division (4th Hussars, 6th and 7th Dragoons, and a horse battery), I expressed the hope that the skilful activity of this general, zealously seconded by the Mushir Ahmet Pacha, would succeed in driving back to a distance the troops kept by the Russians round Eupatoria, and ultimately threatening the enemy's grand line of communication between Simpheropol and Perekop.

"A brilliant cavalry combat, fought on the 29th of September at Kouglhill (five leagues north-east of Eupatoria), in which the Russian cavalry of General Korff was completely defeated by ours, inaugurates very auspiciously the series of operations of which Eupatoria is to be the pivot.

"As had been agreed upon between Ahmet Mushir Pacha, and General d'Allonville, three columns left Eupatoria on the 29th, at three o'clock in the morning, to march against the enemy.

"The first column, directed to the south-east, went to take up a position at the extremity of the isthmus, towards Saki. It had only a few squadrons before it, and these it easily kept in check, assisted as it was by two gun-boats.

"The second, commanded by the Mushir in person, passing through Orar Atchin and Tivich, advanced on Djolichak, destroying on its march all the enemy's stores.

"The third, at the head of which was General d'Allonville, consisted of 12 squadrons of his division, of Armand's battery (horse artillery), with 200 irregular horse, and 6 Egyptian battalions. This column crossed one of the arms of Lake Sasik, and marched through Chiban on Djolichak, the joint rendezvous, where the two other columns arrived at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

"The two latter columns had driven before them some Russian squadrons, which had fallen back successively on their reserves. General d'Allonville was having the horses baited, when he observed a movement on the part of the enemy; the latter, with 18 squadrons, several sotnias of Cossacks, and some artillery, was endeavouring to turn the General's right by advancing between him and the lake.

"General d'Allonville, whom the Mushir caused to be supported in the rear by two regiments of Turkish cavalry and the six Egyptian battalions, immediately proceeded towards the end of the lake, in order to surround the enemy. The promptitude of this movement enabled the 4th Hussars, led on in the first line by General Walsin Esterhazy, to charge the enemy with drawn sabres, while General Champéron, with the 6th and 7th Dragoons, in the second and third lines, dashed at the Russian Uhlans, and drove them into headlong flight, harassing them for more than two leagues.

"As the enemy kept his ground at no point, and was flying in all directions, General d'Allonville caused his squadrons to halt, picking up, before retiring, all that remained on the field of battle.

"This day obtained for us six pieces of ordnance (three of them being guns and three howitzers), 12 chests, and one field forge, with the teams; 169 prisoners, of whom one is an officer, Lieutenant Procopowitch, of the 18th Uhlans; and 250 horses.

"The enemy left on the ground about 50 killed, among whom we recognised Colonel Andreouski, of the 18 Uhlans, of General Korff's division, who commanded against us on that day, and who was considered in the Russian army to be an officer of great merit.

"Our losses are, in comparison, extremely trifling. We had 6 killed and 29 wounded. Messrs. Pujade, A.D.C. to General Walsin, and D. Sibert de Cormillon, his ordnance officer, are among the latter.

"This fine affair does the greatest honour to the regiments engaged, as likewise to Generals Walsin and De Champéron, and to General d'Allonville, who has had reason to praise highly the assistance given him by Ahmet Mushir Pacha, and his Ottoman corps.

PELISSIER."

"A private communication from the Crimea, dated Oct. 6, states that on the evening of that day an expedition, consisting of 3,500 English troops, and 2,000 seamen, sailed for the mouth of the river Bug.

"It was believed that the light cavalry, under General Lord George Paget, would embark for Eupatoria."

DESPATCH FROM GENERAL SIMPSON.

ENGAGEMENT WITH THE COSSACKS AT KERTCH.

LORD PANMURE received a despatch from General Simpson last week, of which the following is the substance:—

Sebastopol, Sept. 29.

Since my last despatch, the troops have been employed, to the number of 9,500 men daily, in making the road from Balclava to the camp; and as, after a few hours of rain, the whole distance is converted into a mass of deep mud, the work that has to be performed, from this reason as well as the great distance that the stones have to be transported, is rendered one of great labour and difficulty.

The enemy have been firing from the batteries on the north side at the working parties in the town, and although causing some little annoyance, they have not prevented the work being carried on; one man killed and one wounded are the only casualties occasioned by their fire.

Owing to the explosion of a Russian magazine on the 27th inst., one officer and 19 men were wounded. The origin of this disaster was from the explosion of a hidden fougass, a number of which have been dug up in various parts of the town and batteries.

The invention of this machine is peculiarly Russian.

A letter from Lieut.-Colonel Ready, 71st Regiment, commanding her Majesty's troops at Yenikale, has been received, reporting the proceedings of a trading affair, in which a detachment of the 10th Hussars, in company with the Chasseurs d'Afrique, were engaged on the 21st inst. with the Cossacks.

Colonel D'Osmont, commanding the French troops at Kertch, received information that the Cossacks were collecting and driving away all the arabs from the neighbourhood, and, as he determined to endeavour to prevent this, he invited the assistance of the English cavalry to co-operate with the Chasseurs d'Afrique. For this service, Lieut.-Colonel Ready ordered two troops, commanded by Captains the Hon. F. Fitz-Clarence and Clarke, of the 10th Hussars.

The Cossacks were supposed to have assembled their arabs at two villages, named Koss-Serai Min and Seit Ali, equidistant from Kertch about 15 miles, and from one another, 64. Captain Fitz-Clarence's troop was ordered to the first village, and Captain Clarke's to the latter. At each of these villages they were to join a troop of the Chasseurs d'Afrique who had preceded them. On arriving at Koss-Serai Min, Captain Fitz-Clarence found both troops of the French Dragoons, and immediately sent off an order to Captain Clarke to join him that night; the letter was unfortunately not delivered until the following morning. In complying with this order, Captain Clarke, whose troop consisted only of 34 men, fell in with about 50 Cossacks, which he immediately charged and pursued, but as they were soon reinforced by upwards of 300, he was forced to retire upon the village, with a loss of his sergeant-major, farrier, and 13 men taken prisoners.

Captain Fitz-Clarence's troop, with the Chasseurs, the whole under the command of the officer commanding the French troops, having seen a large body of the enemy, skirmished with them at some distance, and moved in the direction of the village of Serai Min; where, after having joined Captain Clarke's troop, the whole force commenced their march upon Kertch.

At about the distance of half a mile from the village they were attacked by a large body of Cossacks, who were, however, beaten back by repeated charges. The loss of the 10th Hussars consisted of 2 privates, supposed to have been killed; 1 wounded; 1 troop-sergeant-major, 1 farrier, 13 men, 15 horses missing.

From information that has since been received, the Cossacks were supported within a quarter of an hour's march, by eight squadrons of Hussars and eight guns.

Colonel Ready informs me that nothing could exceed the coolness and courage of the troops in the presence of such overwhelming numbers of the enemy, who were only kept at bay by their steady movements.

The health of the army is excellent.

THE CAVALRY SKIRMISH AT KERTCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Kertch, Sept. 22, 1855.

I REGRET we have had rather an unfortunate affair here—another Balclava on a smaller scale. On the evening before last, 87 of the 10th Hussars stationed here, with 100 of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, preceded by a dozen or so of mounted Tartars, went out in a westerly direction from Kertch, for the purpose of making a reconnaissance, as it had been reported that some detached bodies of Cossacks had been seen hovering within a few miles of Kertch, and that they had been ransacking the villages in the immediate neighbourhood, and even torturing the inhabitants, simply because they had been supplying the Allies with various products of their industry. The Tartar peasantry, finding the Allies better paymasters than the Russians, kept the market at Kertch well-stocked with butter, eggs, fowls, milk, vegetables, fruit, &c., which they vended to all comers at a very cheap rate.

The Allied troops had ridden about twenty miles, when, as daylight began to break, they halted near a Tartar village in order to rest their horses and procure refreshments. They had only been out of their saddles about an hour when a body of Cossacks, numbering about three hundred, appeared about two miles off, coming towards them at a trot, down an easy slope. "To horse" was immediately sounded, and in an instant Hussar and Chasseur d'Afrique were advancing side by side, fondly anticipating, and expressing to each other as well as the flourish of a sabre could indicate it, the pleasure they felt that they were about to have something for their ride.

There were fully three hundred Cossacks. What of that? there were one hundred and eighty-seven Englishmen and Frenchmen. Their horses were jaded, but even they, like their riders, seemed eager for the fray, as with pricked ears and distended nostrils, they essayed to rush forward at a pace which would have been fatal to their strength had it been in its fullest vigour. On they went at a trot, on came the Cossacks in a manner which rather surprised, but by no means daunted the Allies; up went the carbines of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and in an instant a score of Cossack horses were rushing about riderless. The 10th were about to deliver their fire, when the retreat was sounded. Two large bodies of Cossacks, numbering 1,500 or 1,600, were observed galloping towards them from two distinct points. They immediately wheeled round. The Chasseurs d'Afrique were already in retreat. The Tartars had fled the moment they observed the second body of Cossacks. And now began one of the most desperate struggles that have perhaps taken place during the war—a struggle of brave men on tired-out horses to escape from a foe—despicable, indeed, when encountered in equal numbers, but terrible in this instance, from its overwhelming force, and from its horses being fresh.

To add to our discomfiture, it seems that from the men of the 10th having been called suddenly away, none of them had on their spurs, and to this circumstance they attribute, in a great measure, their inability to escape. Sixteen of them were taken prisoners, while the only three Cossacks which the Hussars secured were obliged to be released. Amongst those taken are the sergeant-major and his man. These were the two finest men in the regiment, each of them standing above six feet two inches. The other fourteen may be said to be among the finest remaining men in the corps. The 10th brought in two wounded Hussars and one wounded Chasseur d'Afrique. The Chasseur has received a severe cut from a sabre in the right hand, which nearly severed it in two. Of the two Hussars, one was wounded by a lance in the hip, and the other by a shot in the head—both are severely, but not dangerously hurt.

The escape of the 10th was greatly facilitated by their carbines being loaded when they began their retreat, as each invariably shot the first Cossack who overtook him. One noble fellow received the point of a Cossack lance in the side of his acket from behind, under the sword arm, which knocked him off his horse, but fortunately only grazed his skin. In an instant he was in his saddle again, and in another instant drove his sword clean through the Cossack's body.

The narrator of this incident, says that he saw the point of his comrade's sword projecting from the Cossack's back, four or five inches. The gallant fellow who gave the desperate thrust, was made prisoner almost at the same moment, by half a dozen Cossacks, who had come too late to the rescue of their unfortunate companion. Two of the Hussars' horses came galloping in last night, having on all their equipments, and the carbines of their riders. One came in this morning stripped of everything. The Cossacks had evidently tried to shoot him after he had escaped from them, as his hip was grazed as if with a bullet. Poor thing! he galloped up to the gate of his quarters, and immediately began pawing for admittance. These horses had probably come a distance of seven or eight miles, and had most likely escaped from several attempts to capture them by the way. Such is the force of instinct.

The Cossacks seem quite elated by this affair, and are showing themselves close to Kertch.

Some Chasseurs d'Afrique brought in a few mounted Tartars yesterday, who had attempted to go beyond the lines, apparently with the intention of deserting. If found guilty they will be shot.

Sept. 23rd.

Three companies of the 71st Regiment are to embark in H.M. steam gun-boat *Arrow* to-morrow, for the purpose of crossing over to Taman, a distance of twelve miles. The nature of the expedition is at present a secret. I shall be able to give you the results by next mail.



COMBAT NEAR KERTCH BETWEEN THE 10TH HUSSARS AND COSSACKS.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The latest news from Kertch supply us with full particulars of a desperate skirmish between a detachment of the 10th Hussars and a swarm of Cossacks. The result of this engagement, as the subjoined narrative of the encounter testifies, affords another proof of the utter incapacity of these half-savage hordes against a regular European cavalry.

It appears that detachments of Chasseurs d'Afrique and of the 10th Hussars went out for a reconnaissance, the former as first column, the second in support. The Chasseurs d'Afrique being as much as ten or twelve miles ahead, fell in with a body of Russian cavalry numbering nigh 600 men, and, not being able to encounter them with such odds, being only a troop of scarcely more than 100 men, they sent back to the place where the Hussars were stationed to get reinforcements. The commander of the latter, unwilling to leave the position which was to insure a safe retreat unprotected, left one troop there, and advanced with the other; but as the distance was considerable, and it was essential not to fatigue the horses, he could only arrive at nightfall at the appointed spot. The French Chasseurs, in the meantime, had found means of retiring, and when the morning broke, the troop of Hussars found itself alone, and its retreat cut off by the Russian cavalry, which in following the French had come into their rear.

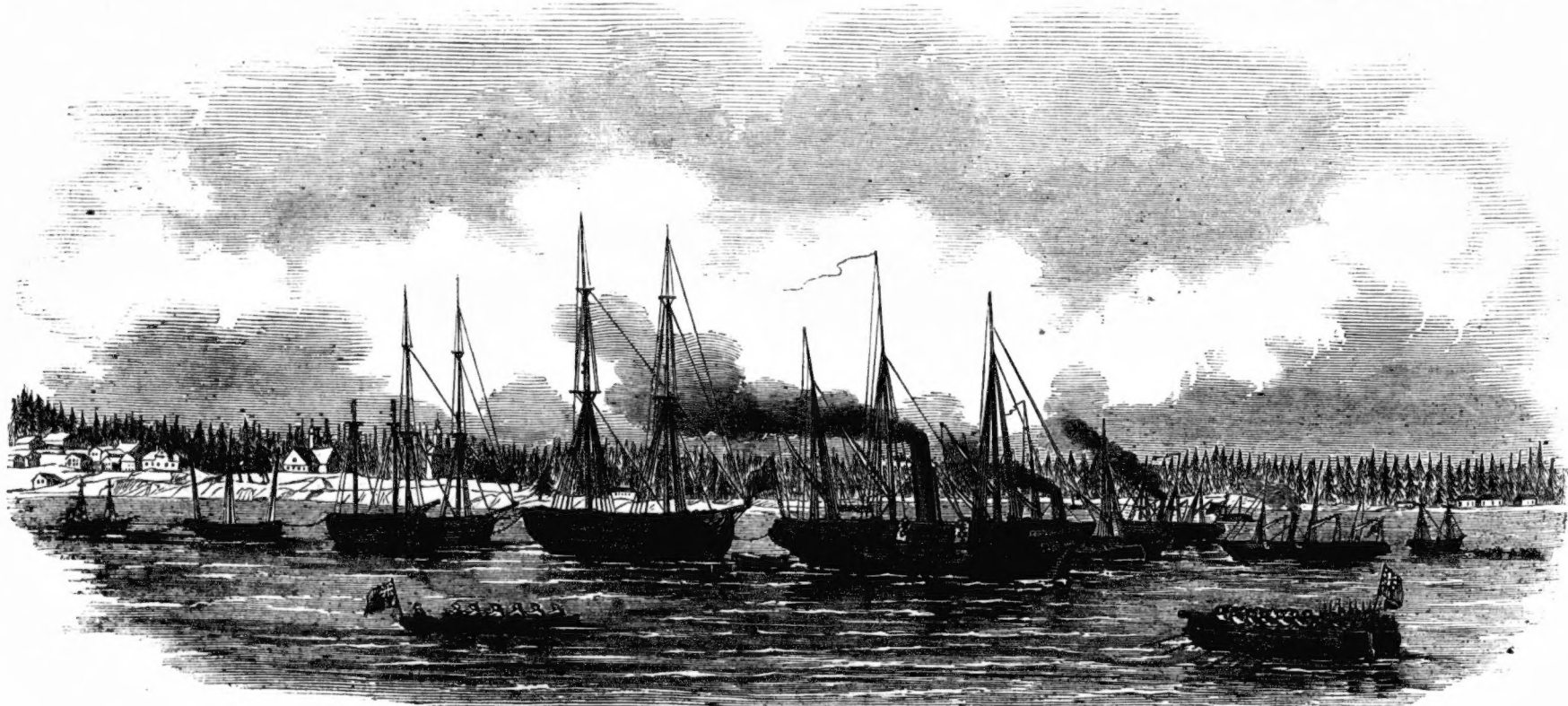
Flight was out of the question, and was probably not much to the taste of the intercepted detachment; so they prepared to make a dash for it at the sword's point. Seeing this, the confident Cossacks came on like a tornado, with levelled lances, and their accustomed whoops. The little band awaited them till the interval was reduced to some three hundred yards, when they dashed at them shoulder to shoulder, and had almost penetrated to the centre before their astounded assailants had unhorsed a man. The very numbers of the Cossacks neutralised their strength; and before five minutes after the first collision, our men had sabred more than two to one of their assailants. The struggle lasted in all some twenty minutes, during which the brave handful of Hussars thrust and slashed about within the dense circle that hedged them in, and which seemed only to grow the closer and more serried the more its numbers decreased. At length, however, a breach was effected, and our men gained the open, and effected their escape back into Kertch, with the loss of sixteen men. In page 315 will be found General Simpson's despatch, in which he gives a rather confused and perplexing account of this same engagement. By comparing that despatch with the particulars we have given above, and aided by the accompanying engraving, our readers will be enabled to form a tolerably correct ideal of what actually took place.

'CAPTURE' OF RUSSIAN MERCHANTMEN AT VIBORG.

A VERY pretty little piece of recent Baltic business is the subject of the above sketch. It is so rarely that we hear of anything being done in those regions, that we are glad to have the opportunity of laying it before our readers.

The scene is the Gulf of Viborg. It having come to the cognisance of Captain Munday of the *Nile* that a batch of merchant vessels and coasters were assembled there, he resolved to be down on them. It cannot be said (will our readers pardon the jest?) that *ex Nilo nihil fit*, for the proceedings were completely successful. They were of somewhat the following character:—

Captain Munday is senior officer of the squadron at Biosko and in Viborg. On the 12th ult. the *Nile* and *Centaur* proceeded up the last-mentioned gulf. Here they were joined by the *Arrogant* and four gun-boats. Troops, it appears, were in the place; so the Captain, with the politeness of modern war, sent in to say that if resistance were offered, he must burn the village—thus leaving "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" a chance of escape. The ship's boats and gun-boats then entered, manned and armed, and seized sixteen merchant craft. The soldiers on shore fired a volley; but, as they did no mischief, the place was spared.



CAPTURE OF RUSSIAN MERCHANTMEN IN THE GULF OF VIBORG. BOATS OF H.M.S. NILE AND ARROGANT, AND THE GUN-BOATS MAGPIE, RUBY, REDWING, AND WEASEL, CUTTING OUT MERCHANT CRAFT FROM VERTANEMI.—(SKETCHED BY DR. MESSER.)

We are glad to see even little things of this sort achieved; for they indicate habitual activity, and keep up the dread of us along the Russian coasts. An active fisherman hauls in little and big fish together; and in the old wars it was the boast of our squadrons that nothing should swim in regions which we thought proper to threaten. But, further, we suppose we must look on this as one of the last doings of the season—along with the attack on Riga. Our ships must soon withdraw from the Northern Sea, as the terrible winter begins to show itself. September is generally a very stormy month there, which we suppose to be the reason why the attack on the mouth of the Duna was postponed so late. However, the battery at Bullen seems to have suffered a good deal; and the latest impressions of us at Riga will incline that enlightened population to pause, during the long winter nights, on what is likely to befall them when a swarm of gun-boats appears like swallows on their coasts as harbingers of next year's summer. Our squadrons will hold out in their various stations, and will withdraw as gradually as possible, as the weather may compel. The gun-boats left Nargen on the 8th en route homewards.

CRICKETING AT NARGEN.

We have both peaceful and war-like pictures of Baltic Fleet life to lay before our subscribers, this week. On the previous page they will see our ship's boats cutting out merchant craft; here, our business is with cricket—not cannon—balls, with the recreations of our brave fellows, and their very English way of relieving the tedium of a blockade.

Nothing is so "slow" as a blockade; not a wet Sunday in Scotland—nor an oratorio by amateurs—nor a speech by Sir Joshua Walmsley. It is a weariness among wearinesses; it is the half-hour before dinner—of war. It soon settles into a regular routine. Each ship has her "beat" as regularly as a policeman, and there she remains. Now and then comes a flash of incident; but generally all is dull. In the mornings the ships "stand in" to the coast and make a kind of "demonstration," as much as to say, "Here we are, my fine fellows; come out if you dare!" But the Russ knows better. You may pick up a wretched brig carrying hides and tallow; but far away among white battlements and towers lie the thick spiral masts of the enemy's fleet, safe and sound. The Russian "lubbs" and "mids" are dining on shore; you are in the offing, sans milk, sans greens, sans eggs, sans everything!

What are you to do? Rumour says that even squadron scandal falls flat at last. Bolus is unfit for the command of the *Thunder*. Old Flogem, they say, has lost his nerves—and began to cry when the gale came on in Bitchsky Bay. Sir Popgoes Weasel is going home to England before the cold weather comes on. His son Weasel, of the *Corruption*, was promoted to other day, three days after passing, &c. &c. "If I commanded the fleet, I'd do so-and-so," says Higginbotham. And so the chat goes.

One can see what dull work blockading was in the last war, from Collingwood's letters. Ships were sometimes fifteen months afloat without dropping their anchor—their hulls fortified by layers of rope. Men grew apathetic, dyspeptic—goodness knows what.

It is an event when the opportunity arrives, and some ingenious person

seizes it to make the suggestion—and some such novelty as the cricketing is set on foot. There are always sharp, handy men, who can organize these kind of things in a squadron; the same fellows who get up theatricals and regattas, and bring the right sort of people together; and prevent the "Thunderers" from having it all their own way, or old Sapsby from spoiling it—and so forth. The idea originates at a lunch in the ward-room; men who can't play shake their heads; Flogem thinks it will ruin the profession; and obstacles are made, but conquered by the general good spirits and good-nature of the squadron. Much good is done by such amusements—liveliness and cordiality kept up, and ennui driven away.

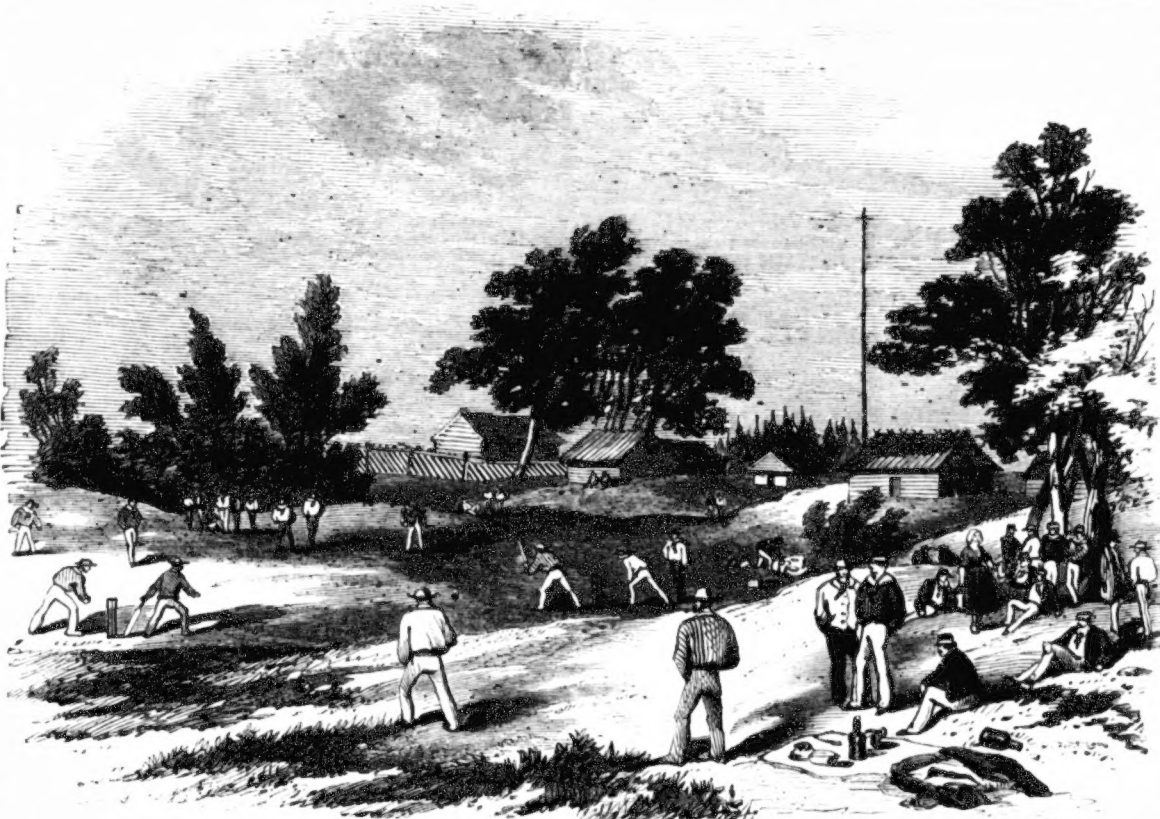
Cricket is a peculiarly English game; nor is it a new feature in naval recreations; for in the times of peace a naval cricket club played regularly every year at Malta—a fact which many who have visited that island hold in pleasant remembrance—hot work as it used to be.

FORT ST. NICHOLAS.

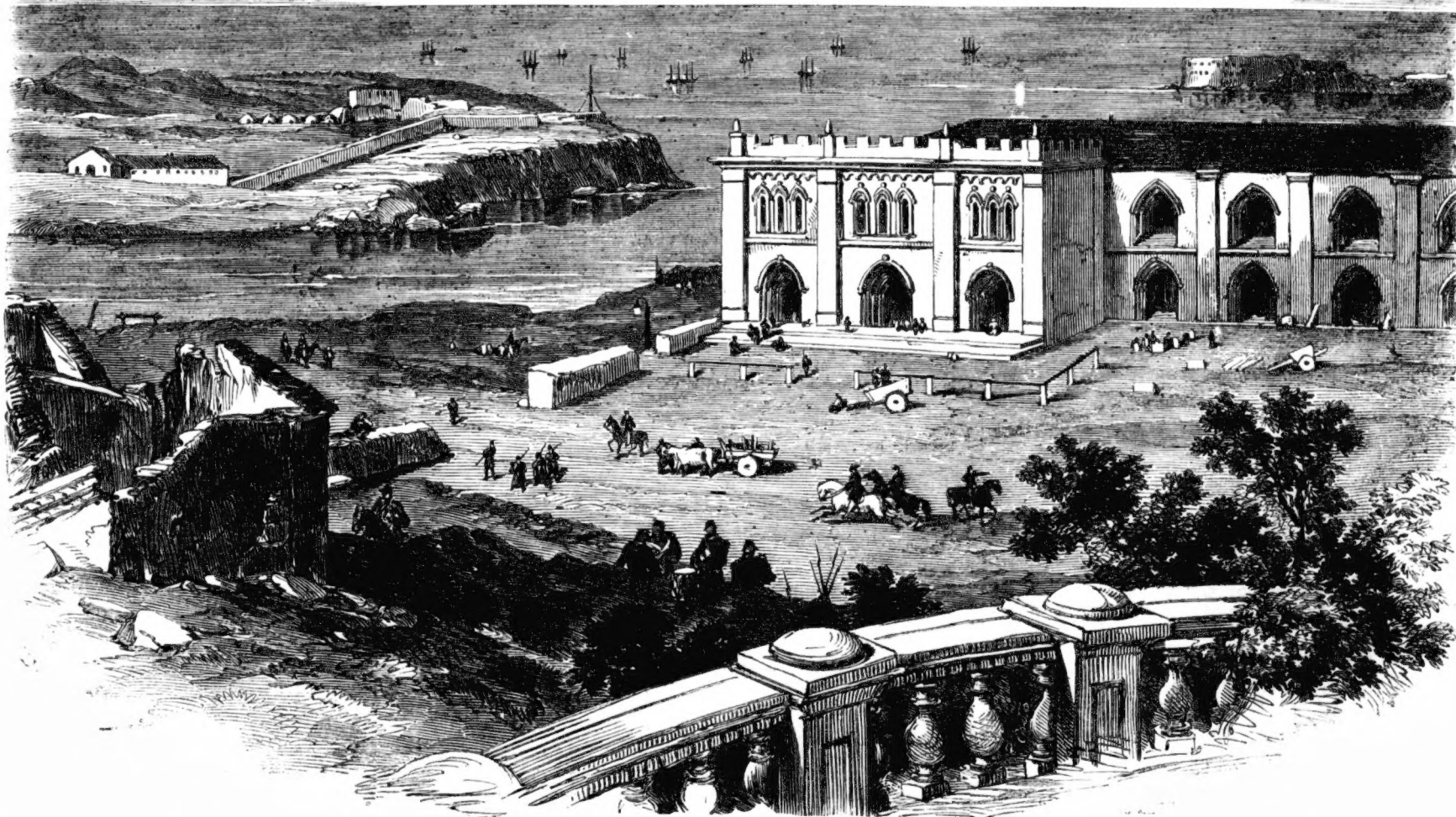
The annexed engraving presents a nearer view of one of the forts of Sebastopol than any that has yet been published. It will be observed that the reverse side of the building is shown; but this, nevertheless, sufficiently indicates the massive, and, at the same time, elegant character of these gigantic structures. The present sketch has been taken from the ornamental garden that encloses the monument of the Bronze Galley, which appeared in our last week's number. The balustrades in front are those which form the boundary of the grounds.

THE COST OF THE WAR.—To those who doubt the ability of the country to carry on the war at the cost of eighty or ninety millions a year as long as shall be necessary, it may be observed that, if England could bear taxation to the extent of £72,000,000 in 1815, it would not be too much to say that we could, with equal ease, bear taxation now to the extent of £100,000,000, when we bear in mind the increased population, wealth, and trade of the country. In 1815, the income assessed to the Property Tax was £170,000,000 a year; now, computing it upon the same basis, it cannot be less than £250,000,000. When, therefore, we speak of our ability to conduct the war, it is obvious that, whether we look to doing so by means of taxation or by loans, it is ample.

MUNITIONS OF WAR FOUND IN THE KARABELNAIA.—A letter from Sebastopol of the 2nd inst., states that the English have found in the Karabelnaia 2,322 guns, 390,000 bombs and round shot, engines to the value of £40,000, chains and anchors estimated at £20,000, and metals at £12,000, 2,000 tons of coal, more than 3,000,000 of rations, and arms and clothing of various kinds.



CRICKET MATCH BY OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE BALTIC FLEET, ON THE ISLE OF NARGEN.—(SKETCHED BY DR. MESSEK.)



QUARANTINE BATTERY AND BAY.

INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL, SKETCHED FROM NEAR THE BRONZE GALLEY.—(BY JULIAN FORBES.)

FORT NICHOLAS.

FORT CONSTANTINE.

THE BALTIC FLEET.

The fleet stationed off Nargen, were joined on the 6th inst. by the *Bulldog* from Seskar, and the *Starling* and *Jackdaw* from Dago, where they left the *Cossack*, to enjoy by herself, the "fat of the land." The owners of the islands of Wornoo and Dago are two Russian noblemen, who were told by the Emperor, at the commencement of the war, that he could not protect them, so they had better be on good terms with any of our vessels who visited them; acting upon this advice they are extremely civil, their houses (one of them is like a palace) are always open to the officers, where they can spend an agreeable evening with people who speak English almost without an accent. They have also established a tariff to regulate our traffic with their serfs. A sheep, which, when killed, weighs about 30lb., costs 6s.; very fine geese are 1s. each; and fowls 6d.; vegetables are dear, except potatoes, which are 4s. the 100lb.

Oct. 7.—The *Amphion* joined the fleet this morning, from watching the enemy to the west of Sweaborg, and stopping the trade in that direction. The other day she captured four large schooners laden with billets of wood, which is very scarce at Sweaborg, and so dear as to entice some of the coasters to run the risk of being caught in hopes of selling a cargo. She let the crews at liberty on condition that they took an oath not to trade again during the war; three of the schooners she set on fire, and the 4th she blew up by an infernal machine.

Oct. 8.—At 10 a.m., the *Lightning* returned from Haugo. Captain Hall in the *Blenheim*, has succeeded in fishing up a great many of the guns, which seem to be about 32-pounders, which the Russians threw into the water to hide, when they blew up the forts at Haugo. To-day the gun-boats have all been very busy completing, with provisions and coals, for a start home. Their guns have been taken out to lighten them, and placed on board the ship each was acting as tender to. They are to call at Elsinoe, Wingo Sound, and Christiansand, whence they take their departure for their respective ports.

Oct. 9.—Last evening, the master of the collier brig *Jessie* was lost overboard in a mysterious manner. He was last seen walking on the fore-castle of his brig, and shortly after could not be found. To-day, boats have been sweeping for his body, but it has not yet been recovered. The inhabitants of the islands in the Gulf prognosticate a late winter, from the fact that the birds have not yet begun to migrate south. We hear from Revel that the Russian Government have seized all the horses along the northern coast, for the purpose of conveying provisions to the Crimea, which does not look as if they were very well off in that quarter, from the haste with which it has been done.

Dantzic, Oct. 12.—There is a complete stagnation in all branches of trade in Dantzic at the present moment, and no business whatever is being done. Freights remain unaltered.

SUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON TAMAN AND PHANAGORIA IN THE STRAITS OF KERTCH.

THE "Moniteur" of Thursday publishes the following extract of a letter from Admiral Bruat to the Minister of Marine, dated October 2nd:—

"I am happy to be able to inform your Excellency that the expedition against Taman and Phanagoria has completely succeeded, and that the results are not without importance, inasmuch as they deprive the enemy of the base of operations which he might have selected for a winter campaign. Taman is capable of containing and sheltering several thousand troops. At Phanagoria are immense buildings, adapted for hospitals or barracks.

"The combined expedition left the Gulf of Kertch on the 24th of September, and steered for Taman. Commander Bouët had under him 10 gun-boats, and Captain Hall joined him with three gun-boats, one despatch boat, and one steamer of light draught, both well adapted for the transport of troops.

"On arriving before Phanagoria, Commandant Bouët threw a few shells into the redoubt, to compel its evacuation; meanwhile, gun-boats, loaded with troops, made for the shore, and effected a landing about a mile to the east of the fort, on a point where the cliffs were of such moderate elevation as to allow the ships to sweep the plain. The Cossacks never less assembled from all sides, and a great number of arabs were seen moving off, carrying into the interior everything that they could hastily load. The landing was effected without opposition. At four in the afternoon the troops were in full possession of the works and buildings, which they had left intact, but entirely abandoned. Before nightfall, every disposition for defending the place had been taken. The Allied troops had before them from 600 to 800 cavalry, who retired promptly upon having a few shells thrown among them. The next day we were occupied in demolishing such houses in Phanagoria as might supply resources and barrack materials for the soldiers at Cape St. Paul.

"We found at Phanagoria sixty-six pieces of cannon and four mortars already unserviceable. At Taman were discovered eleven 24-pounders buried in the sand, the trunnions of which were broken.

"Commandant Bouët thinks that by the 2nd or 3rd of October the destruction of Taman and Phanagoria will be complete, the landing of materials on Cape St. Paul at an end, and that we may enter, with troops and a flotilla, into the Gulf of Kertch."

The above particulars are confirmed by the despatches which Lord Panmure received from General Simpson on Thursday last.

BOMBARDMENT OF KINBURN. RUSSIAN DESPATCHES.

"The enemy has landed a portion of his troops at Kinburn Point, near the Salt Lakes, and in the evening six steamers bombarded the fortress. The fire was returned, damaging one steamer.

"Yesterday the cannonade between the enemy's gun-boats and the fortress of Kinburn was renewed.

"Our failure at Kars is attributable to the great number of Generals killed at the commencement of the attack."

Kinburn is situated at the extreme western point of a peninsula which forms the southern shore of the estuary of the Dnieper. On the opposite side is the celebrated Oczakoff. The projection of these promontories and the shallowness of the water leave only a narrow channel, of less than a mile in width, by which the Dnieper and the Bug can be reached. The water near Oczakoff and Kinburn is nowhere more than four fathoms in depth, and immediately the gulf of the Dnieper is entered it shoals to three fathoms. About 60 miles east of the entrance stands Cherson, at the head of the delta of the Dnieper. The Bug flows into the gulf of the Dnieper, and about 35 miles up the Bug is Nicolaieff, the building yard of the Black Sea fleet. Kinburn and Oczakoff therefore form the towers of the gate which leads to two of Russia's most important military towns.

THE RUSSIAN DEFEAT AT KARS.

A private despatch has been received at Hamburg, giving some details of the Russian defeat before Kars on Michaelmas-day. The battle lasted for more than eight hours, and was carried on with the greatest desperation on both sides; the Russians appearing determined to take the place, and the Turks manfully resolved to keep possession of it. At one time the Russians succeeded in taking two batteries; but before they had time to turn the guns round, or even to spike them, the Turks rushed upon them with such vigour as not only to regain possession of the batteries, but this movement, being effected suddenly, to decide the fortune of the day. Being repulsed with such fury, the Russians were quite taken by surprise and fell back upon their comrades, who were thrown into confusion. The Turks then rushed out of the fortress, and massacred an enormous number of the enemy, before they had time to form their ranks and recover from their surprise. The despatch adds that although a great number of killed and wounded were carried off the field of battle during the action, more than 4,000 were left dead under the walls of the fortress. A couple of hundred Russians were made prisoners, and some pieces of ordnance fell into the hands of the Turks. The Russians determined to raise the siege.

GRAND BANQUET AT GLASGOW TO CELEBRATE THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

On Friday, the 12th instant, the grand banquet in celebration of the Crimean victories took place in the City Hall, Glasgow, and was attended with the utmost success.

Previous to the day of meeting, the applications for tickets were so numerous as at once to satisfy the committee that the large hall would be fully occupied, and before the hour of meeting every available space was filled by a respectable and highly influential assembly.

His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon occupied the chair, and was supported on the platform by many distinguished noblemen and gentlemen.

In supporting the toast, "The Crimean Army, and Welcome to the Victorious Heroes who have returned," Sir A. Alison said:—

"It has indeed been a mighty contest, and mighty beyond all example have been the means employed on both sides. Two hundred and ten thousand French soldiers, eighty thousand English, and fifteen thousand Piedmontese, with twelve hundred guns, have been sent from the remotest parts of Western Europe to the theatre of conflict on the shores of the Crimea, and they have been confronted by at least an equal number of Russians. The annals of the world will be sought in vain for the waging of such a war at such a distance and with such means. In comparison with it the army of Alexander, the legions of Rome, the hosts of the Crusaders, sink into insignificance. Proportionally great have been the successes achieved in the terrible strife which ensued. Three victories in pitched battles in the field—an arduous and unparalleled siege of ten months' duration, terminating in a decisive triumph—the total destruction of a fleet of eighteen sail of the line and one hundred vessels of war—the capture of a first-rate fortress, with six thousand pieces of cannon—and the bloody defeat of an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, signalled the campaign before the Allied armies had been a year in the peninsula. Neither the storms of autumn nor the snows of winter—neither the floods of December nor the heats of July—neither the sword of the enemy nor the poison of pestilence, have been able to arrest that invincible host. More than all, they faced during ten long and dreary months the fearful service of the trenches—the most arduous that ever fell to the lot of soldiers to discharge. Let it not be said that it is in a foreign or unnational cause that this noble blood has been shed. It was poured forth like water in the great and enduring contest which from the earliest time has divided mankind—the strife of Greece against Persia, of Rome against Scythia, of the Cross against the Crescent—the everlasting struggle of European freedom against Asiatic despotism. Let it not be said we have changed sides in this conflict. We have changed Allies, but not principles. We stood by Russia when she was the last refuge of Europe against the ambition of the first Napoleon; and we stand by France when she is the bulwark of Europe, under the third Napoleon, against Muscovite aggression. I see here a change of men, but not of objects; and as long as there are inscribed on the banners of France the device of succour to the weak against the strong, the just against the unjust, I trust that ours will be found by their side. This is not the first time that the armies of England and France have been united in war. They fought side by side under Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus; they were united against the inroads of the Saracens as they have been against the aggressions of the Muscovite. By a strange and most striking coincidence, the events of the two wars are nearly parallel; Ascalon was the prototype of Alma, and Acre of Sebastopol. After a siege of two years, by the united arms of England and France, the fortress was at last taken by the impetuous assault of the French soldiery on La Tour Maudite—the Malakhoff of Acre—which had long repelled their arms. But though this was the case, history more just than our contemporaries, has assigned at least an equal place in the glorious crusade to the English under Richard as to the French under Philip Augustus. It is natural that after so many triumphs, the people of this country should regret that in the last assault their arms were not equally successful with the French. I will make no apologies for the failure at the Redan; I accept it as one of the most glorious passages in our military history, and so you may rest assured, will your children and children's children feel on this subject. It was impossible to hold it, even when carried, for being entirely open in the rear, it was commanded by other entrenchments equally strong as the one in front. Nothing but a force as large as the garrison of Sebastopol could hold it against the reserves sure to be brought up. Well, then, was it assaulted, when lasting success was impossible? Because the desperate undertaking was indispensable to draw off a part of the enemy's force when the decisive assault was made by the French on the Malakhoff. Our troops, officers, and soldiers knew this when they leapt out of the trenches, but with heroic devotion they not the less bravely carried and long held the Redan in order to enable their ancient rivals to maintain their footing in the Malakhoff, which was otherwise impossible. Whatever we may think, rely upon it this will not be deemed the least honourable page in British story. Leonidas did the same at Thermopylae—it was an army leaping like Curtius into the gulf to save his country. And the event has proved at what a cost the glorious sacrifice was made, and shows how the English officers led on their men, for while in the assault on the Redan there were 153 officers killed and wounded to 2,500 men, in the French on the Malakhoff there were only 360 officers killed and wounded and 7,500 men, and on the Russian side only 360 officers to 7,400 private soldiers. Rely upon it, this disinterested self-devotion will not be forgotten in history, any more than the heroic valour of the 3,500 soldiers has been who fell in the vain attempt to force the breaches of Balaklava, but thereby rendered the castle an easy conquest to Picton's men, who got in by escalade. And let us not detract from the merit of our gallant Allies, by saying their victory was owing to a surprise."

BOOK POST TO THE SEAT OF WAR.

On the 15th inst. the privileges of the book post (subject to certain regulations) were extended to the British forces serving in Turkey, Greece, the Black Sea, the Baltic, the White Sea, in the Foreign Legion stationed at Heligoland, and also to seamen serving in the transport service to Turkey and the Black Sea; on the understanding, however, that the conveyance of such books, &c., will be restricted to vessels of war and transports, or, in the case of books, &c., to the forces in the East, to direct packets, or to packets *via* Malta.

POSTAGE RATES.—For a packet not exceeding 4oz., 1d.; ditto exceeding 4oz., and not exceeding 8oz., 2d.; ditto exceeding 8oz., and not exceeding 16oz., 4d.; ditto exceeding 1lb., and not exceeding 1½lb., 6d.; and so on, 2d. being charged for every additional half-pound, or any less weight.

The postage must be prepaid in full by means of postage stamps affixed outside the packet or its cover.

Every packet must be sent either without a cover or in a cover open at the ends or sides.

If the postage paid on the packet amounts to as much as 4d., it may contain any number of separate books or other publications, votes and proceedings of Parliament, prints or maps, and any quantity of paper, parchment, or vellum (to the exclusion, however, of letters, whether sealed or open), and the books, or other publications, prints, maps, &c., may be either printed, written, or any mixture of the three. Further, all binding, mounting, or covering of a book, publication, &c., or of a portion thereof, will be allowed, whether such binding, &c., be loose or attached; as also rollers, in the case of prints or maps, markers (whether paper or otherwise), in the case of books, and, in short, whatever is necessary for the safe transmission of literary or artistic matter, or usually appertains thereto.

But if the postage paid be less than 4d. the packet must consist exclusively of printed matter, without restriction, however, either as to the number of publications or separate sheets, or as to whether they are bound or unbound.

A book packet, whatever may be the postage paid thereon, must not contain any letter, closed or open, or any enclosure sealed or otherwise closed against inspection, nor must there be any letter, or any communication of the nature of a letter, written or printed, in any such packet, or on its cover.

No book packet can be received if it exceeds two feet in length, width, or depth.

These regulations will not interfere with the privileges allowed to newspapers posted in accordance with the regulations applicable thereto.

LIUT.-GENERAL MARKHAM.—This officer, now coming home, is well known in military circles as "Duelling Markham." He underwent six months' imprisonment in the gaol of Kilmainham, Dublin, for being the second in the duel between Colonel Smyth, of the 10th Lancers, and Mr. O'Grady (a scion of the noble house of Guillemore), and in which the latter lost his life. General Markham was the second to Colonel Smyth, brother to the 1st Marquis of Capua.

ELECTRIC CANNON.—Mr. D. C. Mitchell, of the Dumfries Militia, has invented an electric cannon. It is fired without a touch-hole by means of electricity. It is so constructed, that in the event of the gun falling into the hands of the enemy, they would fail to discover for some time how the cannon was discharged. Having no touch-hole, it cannot be spiked, and it will last four times longer than an ordinary cannon.

TE DEUM FOR THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.—On Sunday last, in the several churches and chapels of the Roman Catholic diocese of Westminster, a solemn "Te Deum" was chanted, by order of the Cardinal Archbishop, for the fall of Sebastopol and the further successes of the Allies.

THE EARL OF LEICESTER ON THE LABOURING CLASSES.

The Dorking Agricultural Association celebrated its anniversary at the close of last week, at South Creke, near Fakenham, Norfolk. The Earl of Leicester presided at the dinner, and spoke as follows:—

"I believe if a little more attention is paid in looking after the labourers we employ, we may make them, in many cases, much more efficient, and give to a much greater interest in the soil on which they work, and the prosperity of the master who employs them. I believe that when we take labourers from another farm, by making a few inquiries into their characters at the place which they have left, by paying the same kind attention to them that we pay to our domestic servants, by taking, in short, an interest in them which we have not hitherto played, we might induce among labourers a regard for character which at present does not exist sufficiently in our district. I believe that the giving of largess is a most injurious effect upon our labourers: in many cases I think it is the introduction to the beer-shop. In saying this, I don't wish for a moment to lessen the number of holidays and indulgences which our labouring class possess, for they are few enough now, and I should be rather inclined to increase than to diminish them. It may be said that this custom of largess is an old custom; but if the custom, though old, is a bad one, there is no reason why we should not abandon it. Our forefathers lived on a corn and meat, but that is no reason why we should return to that food. If an old custom is a bad one, let us get rid of it. I believe that the plan carried out at Banham by Lord Albemarle and the clergy and gentry of that district, would prove of inestimable benefit to the county if it were adopted throughout Norfolk. One of the great evils we have to contend against is the vice of drunkenness. As an employer, I find I can deal with men, let their vices be what they will, if they are not given to drunkenness. With the drunkard I can do nothing. On the Friday, when he is paid, he goes to his beer-shop, and he won't appear again till Tuesday, and then he will come back in such a state that it is useless to employ him. I think if the society has already done so much good, with the assistance of Mr. Bayly and others, it might endeavour to put down a crying evil like that of drunkenness. I firmly believe that if we all our shoulders to the wheel much might be done, and, as far as I am concerned, I am ready to give you assistance both in time and money. It has been the custom at Holkham to give a large sum every year as a largess; it has all gone in drink, and I am ready to give that sum and double that sum, to assist any persons who are willing to use their energies to put a stop to that which I believe is a very great evil in this county."

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON AS A CATTLE-DEALER AND FARMER.

At a recent meeting of the Bawell Farmers' Club, Sir Joseph Paxton, in reply to the toast proposing his health, gave the following as the result of his farming experience:—

I should tell you that my father was a farmer, and that in early life I was brought up in the farm-yard. I am essentially, then, a Farmers' Club man. But I took to other occupations, and, through perseverance and determination, I became successful, and had the good fortune to be selected to come to Chatsworth. I was rather conceited at this; I don't mean conceited in myself, but in the system of cultivation I had learned; but when I came to Chatsworth, I soon found the cold bleak hills of Derbyshire different to the climate of the south, and this soon brought me to the study of what to do to get out of this difficulty. When first the Duke of Devonshire engaged me, and he engaged me himself, he told me Derbyshire was a beautiful county, but not a very fertile one—that at Chatsworth they never had any flowers and very little fruit; but in a few years we contrived to have flowers and fruit in great abundance. I became a farmer when first I came to Chatsworth, and never made so much money at one time as I did out of a cow I bought. I happened to be going to Chesterfield, and saw a good cow in a field, and went direct to the owner of the farm, and purchased the animal for £15 out of the field, and sent it direct home. I kept an account of that cow's produce for four years, and it paid me an average of 40s. a year. I was not here in time to see the stock to-day, but I believe I am the breeder of the bull which has taken the first prize. I have always taken an interest in practical agriculture in a national point of view, and have looked at these institutions as the best means of imparting instruction to the farmer.

The great principle to look at in agriculture is this: first of all, from nothing comes. If you attend to the land here, and sow the crops upon it at a period suitable to the climate, these crops will be perfection of their kind, but if you sow them at an unsuitable period, there will be no crops. All plants of a similar structure to corn require a given temperature in order to come to perfection; and it is on whether you get very much below or above it, that your success depends, because with corn grown at a lower temperature than its nature requires, the seed becomes husky and the corn of little value. The farmers in this county have improved more than in any other, and they deserve great praise for their exertions. They are satisfied that they must rest on their own energies, and work out their own salvation in farming, and not depend upon the Legislature for anything. They have fought through bad times like men. What I have told you about plants applies equally to cattle. You cannot keep cattle too warm; and the great secret of feeding is to go gradually on improving every pound of flesh until you give it into the hands of the butcher. I am always ready and most desirous to assist, as all the agents of the Duke of Devonshire are, to give improved facilities to farmers; but the error which most farmers fall into is, as Lord Ashburton said, "Men learn a good deal, but they don't learn common things." He frequently saw farmers lose their cattle too much exposed; whereas, by the use of a little thatch which might be made at a small expense, they might keep them warm, and this precaution would repay them hundredfold.

MR. GAVAN DUFFY'S BANQUET.—The banquet to Mr. Gavan Duffy, which was to have come off on Tuesday last, has been postponed since die. The reason assigned will be found in the following note from Mr. Duffy to the dinner committee:—"Our friend and colleague, the foremost man among us, Frederick Lucas, lies on a bed from which he may rise no more. Surely it is not for me to permit to hold a public festival at such a moment. I have just seen friends returned from visiting him, and their report is far from satisfactory. If it were God's will that our positions were reversed, I am convinced he would not accept a personal ovation under such circumstances. Nor, my dear Kennedy, can I. It is, therefore, my most urgent desire that the farewell dinner may be abandoned, as a token of respect and sympathy towards him."

THE WORKING MEN'S LIBRARY AT FAKENHAM.—An effort is about to be made at Fakenham, Norfolk, under the auspices of Lord Stanley, M.P., the Earl of Leicester, Sir Willoughby Jones, and Captain Townshend, M.P., to establish a rural library for the use of the small tradesmen and agricultural labourers of the district. The subscription is placed at one shilling per quarter, and the project, heartily supported, bids fair to command success, and deserves to be initiated in other rural districts.

SAXE COBURG GOTHA.—It has been stated that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha recently declared in the German Diet that he would oppose the demands of the nobles of his duchy for the restoration of their ancient privileges, abolished in 1848. In consequence, 21 villages of the duchy have just voted an address to his Royal Highness, expressing their gratitude for this liberal policy, and it was presented to him a few days ago, after his return from Paris, by a special deputation.

THE WILTON PAROCHIAL LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.—The triennial commemoration of this Library and Reading Room was celebrated by a public tea party in the National School House, at Wilton, last week, the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., presiding. There were about 500 persons present, including the family and visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and among them Mrs. Braebridge, the coadjutor of Miss Nightingale at the hospitals in the East, and the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne, as well as nearly all the leading families in Wilton and its vicinity.

WILL OF THE LATE HENRY COLBURN.—The will of this eminent publisher has been proved in the Consistory Court, Doctors' Commons. It is comprised in ten folio sheets, and is dated the 1st of August, 1854. The whole of his property, consisting of money in the funds, goods, chattels, and credits is sworn to be under £35,000. He has left his widow, Eliza Ann Colburn, sole executrix. He bequeathed to her sole use and benefit the sum of £10,000 together with his leasehold house in Bryanston Square, furniture, pictures, stock, copyrights, &c.; and a like sum of £10,000 to her sister, the wife of Mr. Malcolm Douglas Crosbie, and her six children. With the exception of a sum of £500 to Mrs. Hurst, and two small annuities of £50 and £50 respectively to two other persons, there are no bequests whatever to any of his friends or dependants.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CORPORATIONS.—It is said that on a certain occasion, the Earl of Aberdeen (confidentially) confessed to Sir James Graham, that he "knew not how to manage the Irish members." "Do I do with the corporation of Carlisle," said the Knight of Netherby. "How's that?" asked his Lordship. "Oh! them well—oh! them well," was the reply of Sir James.

NEW MUSICAL ENGINE OF TORMENT.—A Yankee genius has succeeded in harnessing steam to a musical instrument, which will out-sax Mr. Sax's noisy inventions most decidedly. One of these instruments can be heard from ten to twenty-five miles on the water, and every note perfect and full. It is the design of the inventor to place the instrument upon locomotives and steam-boats. Just fancy an organ made up of steam whistles, having a twenty-mile serech, for the delectation of worn and languid folk, after some days of rough weather.

EMIGRATION FROM ABERDEENSHIRE.—The emigration returns show a very remarkable state of things as existing in the county of Aberdeen. They state that the number of emigrants to Canada from that county alone has increased from 182 in 1849, to 1,412 in 1855. The increase has been as follows:—1849, 182; 1850, 233; 1851, 546; 1852, 599; 1853, 695; 1854, 1,509; 1855, 1,412. Total, 5,375. If to these we add the number who have emigrated to Australia, the total for last year amounts to about 1,800, and for the seven years to about 8,000, mostly all agricultural labourers and occupiers of small farms; and this increased emigration continues.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER AND LORD BROUGHAM AT A "SPIRIT RAPPING."

FROM various letters which have appeared in a morning contemporary, we learn that Sir David Brewster and Lord Brougham, visited Mr. Cox's house in Jernyn Street, and the former Mr. Rymers' country house at Ealing, "for the purpose of investigating the remarkable phenomena exhibited in the presence of Mr. Home, the American medium." A report of the proceedings having been published, Sir David has felt himself called upon to send the following explanatory letter to the Editor of the journal in which the report originally appeared:—

"In reply to Mr. Cox, I may take this opportunity to answer his request, by telling him what I have seen, and what I think of it. At Mr. Cox's house, Mr. Home, Mr. Cox, Lord Brougham, and myself, sat down to a small table. Mr. Home having previously requested us to examine if there was any machinery about his person, an examination, however, which we declined to make. When all our hands were upon the table, noises were heard—rappings in abundance; and, finally, when we rose up, the table actually rose, as appeared to me, from the ground. This result I do not pretend to explain; but rather than believe that spirits made the noise, I will conjecture that the raps were produced either by Mr. Home's toes, which, as will be seen, were active on another occasion; or, as Dr. Schell has shown, 'by the repeated displacement of the tendon of the peroneus longus muscle in the sheath in which it slides behind the external malleolus; and rather than believe that spirits raised the table, I will conjecture that it was done by the agency of Mr. Home's feet, which were always below it. "Some time after this experiment, Mr. Home left the room and returned; probably to equip himself for the feats which were to be performed by the spirits beneath a large round table covered with copious drapery, beneath which nobody was allowed to look.

"The spirits are powerless above board. Besides the experiments with the accordion subsequently mentioned, a small hand-bell, to be rung by the spirits, was placed on the ground, near my feet. I placed my feet round it in the form of an angle, to catch any intrusive apparatus. The bell did not ring, but when taken to a place near Mr. Home's feet, it speedily came across, and placed its handle in my hand. This was amusing.

"I did the same thing, bunglingly, to Lord Brougham, by knocking it off against his Lordship's knuckles, and after a jingle, it fell. How these effects were produced neither Lord Brougham nor I could say, but I conjecture that they may be produced by machinery attached to the lower extremities of Mr. Home.

"The scene was more curious at Ealing, where I was a more watchful and a more successful observer. I will not repeat the revelations made to Mrs. Trollope, who was there, lest I should wound the feelings of one so accomplished and sensitive. I remember them with unmingled pain. The spirits were here very active, prolific in raps of various intonations, making long tables heavy or light at command; tickling knees, male and female, but always on the side next the medium; tying knots in handkerchiefs drawn down from the table, and afterwards tossed into it; and prompting Mr. Home, when he had thrown himself into a trance, to a miserable paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer. During these experiments I made some observations worthy of notice. On one occasion the Spirit gave a strong affirmative answer to a question by three raps, unusually loud. They proceeded from a part of the table exactly within the reach of Mr. Home's foot, and I distinctly saw three movements in his loins, perfectly simultaneous with the three raps. In these experiments all hands are supposed to be upon the table. One of the earliest experiments was with an accordion, held below the table, in Mr. Home's right hand. It played, very imperfectly, two tunes asked for by the company. During the succeeding experiment, Mr. Home continued to hold the accordion, as we thought, but he might have placed it on the ground, and had his right hand free for any sub-tubular purpose. A handkerchief had been previously taken down to be knotted, and the fact had been forgotten amid the interest of other experiments; a knot could not be tied by feet, nor, we think, by the one hand of Mr. Home, below the table. The handkerchief, however, was, after half-an-hour's absence, tossed upon the table with five knots dexterously executed. How were those knots tied, unless by spirits? During the half-hour's absence of the handkerchief, Mr. Home, three or four times, gave a start, and looked wildly at the company, saying, 'Dear me, how the spirits are troubling me,' and at the same time putting down his left hand as if to push away his tormentors, or soothe the limb round which they had been clustering. He had, therefore, both his hands beneath the table for a sufficient time to tie the five marvellous knots."

In reply to the above, Mr. Cox says:—

"I assert that both Sir David and Lord Brougham were astonished at what they heard, saw, and felt. I assert that Sir David, in the fulness of his astonishment, made use of the exact expression, 'This upsets the philosophy of fifty years.' I assert that no hindrance existed to Sir David looking under the drapery of the table; on the contrary, he was so frequently invited to do so by Mr. Home, that I felt annoyed at Mr. Home's supposing he or I could be suspected of any imposition. I assert that Lord Brougham was so much interested that he begged me to arrange for him another sitting, and said he would put off every engagement for the purpose of further investigation."

A STORY ABOUT A VAMPIRE.

THE peasantry of Hungary, Croatia, Illyria, Dalmatia, Poland, and Turkey, still believe in vampires, and all attempts to eradicate the belief have failed. They hold that the vampires, when buried, remain with their eyes open, and that their hair and nails constantly grow; that they come from the tomb at dead of night, and suck the blood of their victims—leaving no traces behind, except a little red or blue spot on the neck or throat; and, finally, that the only way of getting rid of them is to cut off their heads and burn their bodies. A German paper relates a curious instance of this popular superstition, which recently occurred at Spalatro, in Dalmatia:—A young and beautiful girl, the daughter of wealthy peasants, had numerous suitors, and from amongst them, she selected one of her own station of life. The betrothal of the young couple was celebrated by a grand feast, given by the girl's father. Towards midnight, the girl and her mother retired to their chamber, leaving their father and the guests at table. All at once the women were heard to shriek dreadfully, and the moment after, the mother, pale and haggard, tottered into the room, carrying her daughter senseless in her arms, and crying, in a voice of indescribable agony, "A vampire! a vampire! my daughter is dead!" The village doctor happened to be amongst the guests, and he, seeing that the girl had only fainted, administered to her a cordial, which restored her to consciousness; and he then questioned her. She stated, that as she was undressing, a pale spectre, dressed in a shroud, had glided in by the window, rushed on her, and bitten her in the throat—after which, he had disappeared, and she added, that she had recognised him as one Krysnewsky, a rejected suitor of hers, who had died a fortnight before. The doctor attempted to persuade the girl that she must be labouring under some delusion, but she persisted in her story. The parents and all the guests unhesitatingly believed that she had really been bitten by a vampire, and they were very angry with the doctor for presuming to say to the contrary. The next day, nearly all the men of the village, armed with guns, and all the women, proceeded to the cemetery, uttering dreadful imprecations against the vampire Krysnewsky. The coffin of the deceased was dug up and forced open; and being raised on end, twenty guns were fired at the skull of the corpse. The fragments of the skull were then collected, and, in the midst of savage dances and cries, were burned in a huge fire, as was the body itself afterwards. The girl was taken seriously ill, and continued to get worse for about a fortnight, when she died. She constantly persisted in saying, that she had been bitten in the throat by a vampire, but she would on no account allow the doctor to examine the wound. After her death, however, he took the bandages from her neck, and found a small wound in the throat, which had the appearance of having been made by a harnesmaker's awl, which had been poisoned. The doctor then learned that one of the rejected suitors of the girl was a harnesmaker of an adjacent village, and he did not doubt that it was he who had stabbed the girl. He gave information to the authorities, but the young man hearing that he was to be arrested, fled to the mountains, and committed suicide by plunging into the torrent.

LONDON OMNIBUS PROPRIETORS.—A meeting of the London omnibus proprietors was held on Monday last in Hungerford Hall, for the purpose of taking into consideration overtures which had been made to them by the "Société du Crédit Mobilier," for the purchase of their property and interest in their omnibuses, horses, and the entire establishments connected therewith. After a protracted discussion, it appeared, to be the general feeling that the Society should be required to pay £500 for each omnibus, with its horses, that sum to include the good-will as well as the stock. There are, it is said, 700 omnibuses plying on the different routes in and immediately around the Metropolis, and if terms are agreed upon, the Society contemplate working them upon the Paris system of "correspondence," by means of which a passenger can pass from one vehicle to another with the same ticket, and for the same fare, to all parts of the capital.

FOREIGN POTATOES.—There has been of late a great decrease in the supply of foreign potatoes. In the eight months ended the 31st August, the importation was only 51,851 cwt., while in the same period last year, it was 106,568 cwt.

LONDON AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

I.

ARRIVAL OF THE VISITORS.

THE overcrowded state of the metropolis during the Universal Exhibition, was a pleasant fiction in England; in France, it has been a bitter truth.

Paris was quite full when her Majesty arrived on her visit to the French Emperor, accompanied by Heaven knows how many thousand tourists, all of whom expected to sleep in some sort of habitation.

At the same time, visitors made their appearance from all parts of Europe, several parts of Asia and Africa, and two parts of America—North and South.

There were Prussians from Prussia, Belgians from Belgium, Danes from Denmark.

There were, moreover, Austrians from Italy, Italians from Piedmont, Russians from Poland, Indians from the United States, Arabs from Algeria, and Jews from everywhere.

Finally, as the Chinese had already sent their China, China now sent its Chinese.

The dogs have their houses, and the horses have their stables. Even the inanimate doll has its little bedstead. But where are these Englishmen, Prussians, Belgians, Danes, Austrians, Italians, Russians, Indians, Arabs, Jews, and Chinese, to lay their heads?

II.

ACCOMMODATION FOR THE GUESTS.

A WRITER in the Paris "Charivari" complained that Paris, after inviting the whole world to visit her, had not a decent bed-room to offer to the greater number of her friends. We thank the writer for his sympathy, but we must, on the other hand, do Paris the justice to say, that she didn't ask her visitors to stay all night; and if it was an understood thing that they wouldn't go home the same evening, it was also understood that they must take the best accommodation they could find.

Accordingly many persons were prepared to sleep

On sofas,
On chairs, and
On mattresses placed on the floor.
They were, however, not prepared to sleep
In cupboards,
In porters' lodges,
In dog-kennels,
In ovens,
In cabs,
On billiard-tables, or
On roofs of houses.

After all, a large cupboard is not a bad place to sleep in—provided it be large enough.

The persons who slept in the porters' lodges were annoyed by the *concierges* resigning their functions entirely in their favour. The eternal "*cordon s'il vous plait*," disturbed the rest of many an honest traveller, and numbers were roundly abused in French, to which they could not reply, for neglecting to send up the newspapers and letters in time to the lodgers.

Of the gentlemen who slept in dog-kennels, we shall only say that no man could ever enter one without lowering himself considerably.

We have nothing to urge against the oven as a receptacle for a bed—always provided that there be no fire under it.

Everyone has slept in a cab when returning from a ball, or even from the theatre. Some have even slept in cabs when coming home from dinner parties. If it be possible to sleep in a cab which is in motion, it is evidently possible to sleep in one which is standing still. Accordingly, we do not pity the visitors who had to sleep in cabs. Of course, if they went to bed at twelve and slept until six, their rest would have put them to some expense, as they would have been charged night prices, *i.e.* three francs per hour.

But none of the visitors went to bed at twelve.

Some took a cigar after leaving the theatre, and did not get to bed until two.

Others took a moderate supper at the Café Leblond, and did not get to bed until four.

Many went to *bals de nuit*, and took immoderate suppers at the Café Anglais or the Maison Dorée. These did not get to bed until six.

The persons who did not get to bed until six had the advantage of being charged day prices—*i.e.* two francs an hour, if they happened to live in a *remise*, and a franc and three-quarters if they inhabited an ordinary *voiture de place*.

In the morning (if twelve o'clock can be considered the morning), how convenient to drive round to the baths, and afterwards to the *coiffeurs*! How far more agreeable than going to the baths for the purpose of sleeping, or than attending the theatre with the same object! Followed by your cab wherever you go, concealing yourself within whenever you are fatigued, you possess, as it were, the shell of the snail without either its sluggishness or the chance of being crushed by the garden-roller.

Those who dwelt on billiard tables were not to be envied. But then it must be remembered that their beds cost them comparatively nothing—24 *sous* an hour as long as the gas was kept burning, and 12 *sous* an hour afterwards. If they slept uneasily, or could not sleep at all, the lodgers had the right of getting up in the night and playing at billiards. It sometimes happened that the inhabitant of one billiard-table wished to play, while that of another in the same room wished to sleep. In those little disturbances which generally ensued, the player in most cases had the best of it. It was sometimes difficult to prevent him from playing, but it was always easy for him to prevent his enemy from sleeping.

Those who had beds made up for them on the roofs of houses and on the leads and terraces adjoining them, were well off in the hot weather, as long as it didn't rain. In the latter case, they were provided with umbrellas, which were charged for as extras. Two or three persons residing on roofs are said to have complained of cats. We may also mention that the vicinity of the chimneys appears to have been very generally avoided. We can fancy Nicole, the theologian, who, in his latter days, never left the house, lest a chimney-pot should fall on his head, having a strong objection to the situation, especially in windy weather.

III.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO SLEPT IN A WELL.

HE arrived too late.

He reached Boulogne just after the Queen had landed, and when it was impossible to proceed to Paris until after her Majesty's train had started. When he reached Paris, the Queen was at St. Cloud, and the million sight-seers had just returned from that suburb, demanding beds, beds, when there were no beds.

He asked for a bed, and they offered him a well.

He indignantly refused, and went out to call a cab, but there were no cabs to call.

The billiard-tables were all engaged, and there was not a cupboard or an oven to be had for love or money.

He returned to the house, and asked to see the well.

It was not so wide as a church door, but it was as deep as most wells. In the centre was a bucket, attached by a rope to a windlass. The young man was requested to place his legs in the bucket, and rest his arms and head on the top of the windlass. He did so, and didn't like it. But being fatigued with travelling and looking for cupboards, ovens, billiard-tables, and cabs, he at last fell asleep.

He slept soundly, and was only disturbed once, in the following manner: At about four in the morning, a domestic of matutinal habits, went to

the well for water, and, unwinding the windlass, dropped him into the depths below.

But, thinking she had done wrong, she wound him up again.

As he swore considerably, and gave other signs of life, he was put out to dry, and in due time recovered, and went to see the Exhibition, like everyone else, and said it was a grand sight; that Paris was the best place for pleasure, although London was the best place for business; that the communication between the two countries was becoming more rapid every day, and that Louis Napoleon was just the man the French wanted.

IV.

ENGLISH A LA FRANCAISE.

THE inscriptions in so-called English which are exhibited in such abundance in the shop windows of our Allies, may be divided into those which are false, and those which are unintelligible, but which would be discovered to be false if they were made intelligible.

In the first class we place the celebrated *English spoken*.

In the second we rank such announcements as *Mingling done; Combs brushes forth hair; one is prayed to renew his consumption; the withdrawing-rooms are served up after the bill; the second drink gives right a consummation of the elect, &c.*

In the third we put the recently-introduced *English assistant*.

To begin with the first class. In the shops where *English spoken* is seen in the window, English never is spoken, although a very tradesman-like imitation of it is in rare instances supplied to the British customer.

The mysterious announcements belonging to the second class, may be subdivided into those which are orthographically and otherwise grammatically incorrect, and those which are incorrect in an idiomatic point of view.

Mingling done is a specimen from Boulogne-sur-Mer, and stands for "Mangling done here."

We brought *Combs brushes forth hair* all the way from Avranches, in Normandy, where it figured in a perfumer's shop, to the consternation of the English inhabitants. The sentence should have been read—that is to say, it should have been written—thus: "Combs. Brushes for the hair."

One is prayed to renew his consumption, is the literal translation of "*On est prié de renouveler sa consommation*." The invitation is frequently painted on the curtain which is let down between the parts of the concert at the *cafés chantants*, and is intended as a hint to the visitors not to continue "consuming" the same cup of coffee during the entire evening.

The *withdrawing-rooms are served up after the bill* is an extract from the *carte* of the Restaurant Frascati. In order to understand the sentence, it is necessary to translate it back into French, and we are confident that no Englishman who was not very well versed in the language, and who, moreover, was not familiar with the phrases of the Parisian restaurants, would stand the least chance of discovering its meaning.

The *withdrawing-rooms*, signifying in all probability "private rooms," may be represented in French by *Les cabinets*. And for *are served up* we might risk *sont servis*.

Now comes the great puzzle. *After the bill* would be "*après l'addition*." Does this mean that the persons dining in private rooms are not served until after they have paid the bill, or are we to understand by *after the bill*, "according to the bill?"—that they are served well or ill according as the amount of the bill is large or small? Independently of the fact, that neither of these arrangements would be worthy of the good taste and politeness of the French, how could any one tell what the amount of the bill would be until after the dinner had been disposed of?

The only way of ascertaining the meaning of the latter part of the mysterious sentence is by making separate combinations of each and all the French equivalents for *after* with each and all of the equivalents for *bill*. After going through a series of linguistic experiments, which lead us to such abortive results as *selon la note* and *après la traite*, we at last arrive at *à la*, corresponding more or less to *after*, and *carte* corresponding more or less to *bill*. Accordingly we have—

After the bill meaning à la carte;

And, to give the sentence entire,

The withdrawing-rooms are served up after the bill, meaning *Les cabinets sont servis à la carte*.

In other words, persons who dine in private rooms must, instead of paying a fixed price for their dinner, order everything by the *carte*.

We despair of making the sentence, *The second drink gives right, &c.*, intelligible to any one who is unacquainted with the manners and customs of the Buffet American, to which the next chapter is dedicated.

(To be continued).

ARMY PROMOTION.—At Bergen-op-Zoom Captain Brough, of the 44th Regiment, commanded the Light Company. He was ordered by a senior officer, Lord —, of the —, to surrender, as his Lordship's regiment had surrendered. He refused, and out of 41 men, he brought away 37, and he was not promoted. Major —, of the —, was taken prisoner there. He was on his parole in a Dutch village, playing billiards with all the other prisoner officers; the "*Gazette*" was brought in and read aloud, and among the promotions was Major —, of the —, to be lieutenant-colonel, "for the gallant charge he made at the head of his regiment." "By Jove," said the Major, "here's a good joke; I never saw my regiment the whole night; but, huzza, I merit it as much as if I had served a campaign at the Horse Guards, or on the staff."

A SUNDAY MEETING IN HYDE PARK.—On Sunday last, about five thousand persons, the majority of whom were very respectably dressed, assembled on the green sward between the Serpentine and the Baywater Gate, with a view of adopting measures for a reduction in the price of articles of human consumption, but more especially flour and bread. The proceedings commenced about three o'clock, and several speakers having addressed the meeting as to the propriety of adopting legal and constitutional measures to procure a reduction in the price of all articles of food consumed by the labouring classes, especially bread, it was eventually carried that another meeting should be held in the Park to-morrow, to appoint delegates to watch over the interests of the working classes, and to wait upon the millers to know what they are going to charge for flour during the ensuing winter. Capt. Labanodiere, Mr. Superintendent Gibbs, and inspectors Dargan and Marsh, had the command of the police; but the meeting, after passing the resolution, quietly dispersed, and their services were not called into requisition.

THE PRUSSIAN ALLIANCE.—The following advertisement appeared in the "*Times*" of Saturday last:—"The Russian Alliance. Will anyone inform the writer why we should be more angry with Prussia for not joining us in the war than with Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain? And why we may not have a family alliance with a despotic Power, as well as a political one? B. B., Post Office, Chancery Lane."

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF AT WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL.—Among those present at the funeral of the late Duke of Wellington was a General past the prime of life, but distinguished by the energy and frankness which his countenance expressed. In the interval which preceded the arrival of the funeral car this foreigner was observed to be strangely occupied. He passed along the line of soldiers chosen from the various regiments, and turning up their trousers, attentively examining the make of their shoes. "What is the matter, Prince Gortschakoff?" said some one. "It is said at home," returned the Russian, "that your Guards are fitted with strong and well-made shoes, but that those of the line are inferior. I wished to learn the truth of the matter, and therefore examined them. There does not seem to be any difference." This minute disciplinarian was but an imitator of his master, who with his own imperial hands would open soldiers' coats on parade to see that their shirts were clean.

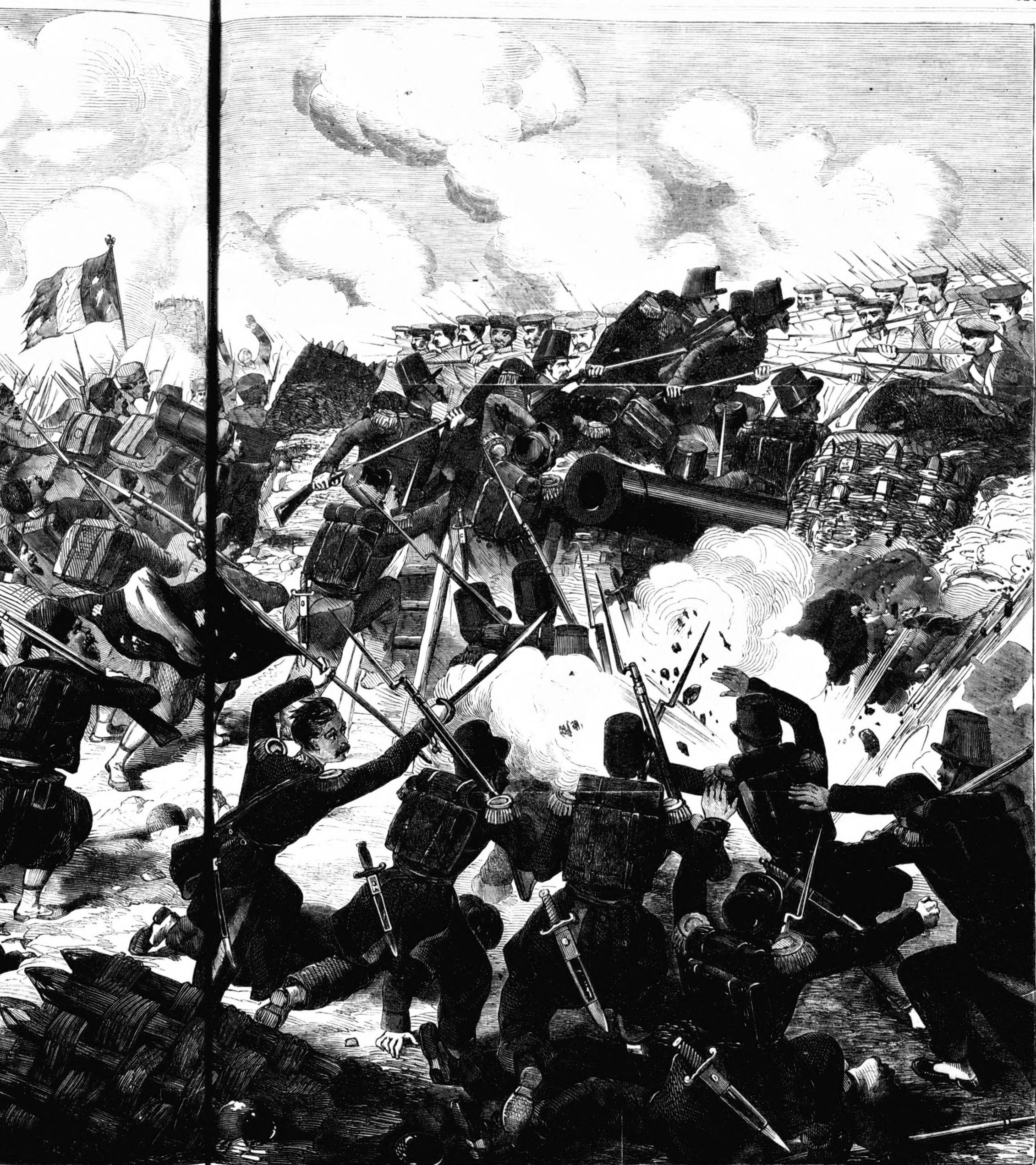
THE ORIGIN OF ALMOST ALL CRIME.—"Not a crime comes before me," said Mr. Justice Coleridge, "which is not directly or indirectly caused by drinking." "If it were not for this drinking," said Justice Patteson, a little while back, in the course of an address to the grand jury in Norfolk, "you and I, gentlemen, would have nothing to do." Baron Alderson follows:—"Drunkenness is the most fruitful cause of crime; if it were removed, this large calendar would be a very small one." Judge Wightman last year, being on the Norfolk Circuit, confirmed the statement of his yokel-fellow of justice:—"I find in this, as in every other calendar, that one unailing cause of four-fifths of the crimes is drunkenness."

FRENCH VERSUS ENGLISH HOLIDAY-MAKING.—I tell you where the French beat us—and it is this which I wish to see improved in this country, and for which I have accepted the chair this evening; they beat us in the art of holiday-keeping. I am sure I shall have all the ladies with me, when I say that the first great merit of our French neighbour is, that he does not think his holiday worth a sixpence unless he takes his wife under his arm. He is nothing, in fact, without his wife and children. Remember that, Englishmen, and consider if a disgrace to leave your wives at home. This is the first blow I intend to strike against the old harvest-home,—those who attend them don't take their wives and children with them, though they ought to be participants in all their amusements and in all their joys. The French labourer, moreover, is superior in this respect—he does not think it necessary to get drunk on a holiday.—The Earl of Albemarle on Harvest-Homage.



THE STORMING OF THE MALAKOFF

BY THE FRENCH,—(DRAWN BY E. T. DOLBY.)



THE STORMING OF THE MALAKOFF

BY THE FRENCH,—(DRAWN BY E. T. DOLBY.)

INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

In our next Number, we shall continue the publication of our Engravings of the various important incidents connected with the Capture of Sebastopol, and shall publish further Views of the Present Aspect of the great Russian Stronghold in the Black Sea, from Sketches by the talented Artists attached to this Journal.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1855.

WAR NEWS.

Up to the time at which we write, no details have been received of the combined advance of the Allies against the enemy's positions. The fact itself is stated in the "Daily News," on the authority of a telegraph message, dated Warsaw, Oct. 14, which professes to found it on despatches from Prince Gortschakoff to Prince Paskiewitch. It is certain that councils of Generals have been very frequent lately, and that something has been hanging in the wind, according to the opinions of the army, for several days. It would be too bad were no use made of what tolerable weather yet remains,—since if the Russians can hold the present heights for a few weeks longer, their position will be safe for the entire winter. In that case, tremendous efforts would no doubt be made to bring men down from the far North at any risk and any sacrifice, and the Crimean campaign of next year would be another siege of Sebastopol.

The work now in course of achievement—perhaps achieved—is of a sufficiently tough character. While the interior of the Crimea is a vast steppe, covered with coarse herbage, there is a great mountainous range or belt on the South,—and the country is broken into hill and valley, watered by such rivers as the Tchernaya, the Tchoulou, the Belbek, the Katcha—all flowing from the mountains in the direction of south to north-west. The Russian post has been the Tchoulou with their left wing along the Belbek. There, at the confluence of some mountain streams with the Belbek, they are known to have been fortifying the defiles and the branch roads which communicate with the road to Simpheropol. The Allies planted on the Baidar have been equally active, and the French advanced guard was known (before this last telegraph), to have crossed the ridge of mountains which separates the upper valley of the Tchernaya from that of the Belbek,—thus threatening the enemy on that river. Everything showed the probability of a battle among the hills and along the valley of the Belbek, and as it is not probable that the enemy's position was better than that which they had on the Alma, we have no need to doubt of the result.

The battle at Kars appears to have been bloody, obstinate, and very decisive. It lasted seven hours, and the result would seem to have been an awful slaughter of Russians, with a loss of Turks not exceeding a fourth of it. This is as good a proof as we could have of the fact that the Turks are not "effete,"—a hackneyed phrase against which our readers have heard us protest once or twice—and so mystifying a one, that revolutionary dullards applied it to the English nobility just about the time they produced BYRON. By the way, Phil-Hellene as the poet was, he would have rejoiced at the vigour of the blood of the Osmanlies as much as he would have pitied his favourite Greece, on seeing her sunk into the vassal of a Scythian under the rule of a *Céridon*.

We are glad to see that our fleets have appeared off the estuary of the Dnieper, having anchored off Kinburn after leaving Odessa. The Czar will probably hear their guns with his own august ears this time. It is one of the characteristics of modern war that kings, except in rare cases, never personally appear in them,—whereas the grand old feudal breed of kings, the PLANTAGENETS, the STEWARTS, and others of a class gone by, rode into the thick of the business.

"Charge where you see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war!"

Such was the cry of the right royal HENRI QUATRE—but even a Russian monarch (who ought to be the freshest left) stalks about his parade grounds in jack-boots and perfect safety.

Once closed upon—scattered—and crushed among the rocks and valleys of the Belbek, the Russians will have lost the southern portion of the Crimea, the only part of it where civilisation ever planted itself, or where beauty of the European order has been able to grow. They will be left to their wide and undulating plains—the great savage steppes of the interior—where the restless Tartar has for ages led his sterile but not ignoble life. And then,—shall we have peace? That is Russia's business; for it is essentially Russia's war. The question of peace is a question of her concessions.

So far from being surprised at the recent activity of the agitation for peace, we are surprised that anything like unanimity existed so long. No unanimity like it was ever known before—since NAPOLEON, for example, had always many friends here: Whig intriguers who shammed liberalism against PITT—Radicals, who hailed him as the child of Revolution—and a sprinkling of blackguards who hoped to join him in the plunder of the jewellers and other shopkeepers of the Strand. But the whole country went into this war, pell-mell—lords, parsons, costermongers, and old women. It is clear there cannot be peace till new conditions arise to alter the public opinion about Russia's position altogether. Public opinion is unsafe as a rule—statesmen may say: well, then, why did you make war upon its dictates?

But it is urged that "the integrity of Turkey is secured." We agree that, if it be so, the purposes of the war are attained. Then shall we at once withdraw from the Crimea,—leave Sebastopol open to architects and engineers,—allow Turkey to rot on as before, with no help, but Lord DE REDCLIFFE—and put all military questions to sleep again till Russia has got ready for the next round? We should be glad to see this course defended, or plain proofs given that Russia would act otherwise. What are our guarantees? We know that the war is a very very, serious matter; but we maintain that there are the same reasons for continuing it till more is done than there were for beginning it at all. There is a certain amount of chastisement which enrages the subject so much as to make him more dangerous wounded than whole, and we fancy this is about the allowance Russia has had hitherto.

PALMERSTON will go on with the war, because it is as useful to him as he is to it—perhaps a little more! If he dissolves, he will have a war majority. We are for PALMERSTON *versus* his old colleagues, who have never quite liked him in their snug family circle of Whiggery—the knot of second-rate historic houses, whose ancestors by plundering the Church, gave them the power of plundering the public. We counsel the noble Viscount—who is after all a man of parts, and not a dead constitutional pedant, like that pompous Lord JOHN—to make the most of the war while he has the opportunity. As for Lord JOHN, let him "rat," as his ancestor did in the civil war.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN, Prince Albert, the royal children, and suite returned to town from Scotland on Wednesday last.

IT IS RUMORED that General Simpson has tendered his resignation of the command of the army in the Crimea, at the same time recommending General Eyre as his successor; but that her Majesty's Government had declined to accept it.

COLONEL FRANCIS SEYMOUR, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, has arrived in England from the Crimea.

POSTAGE STAMPS of a square form, of a red colour, about the size of the English postage stamp, and inscribed with the words, "Correos Porte Franco Colon Chile 5 centenos," have been introduced into Chili.

THE FAMILY and entire household of Count Augustus Brunetta d'Usseaux, Colonel of the Savoy Regiment of Cavalry, have lately been poisoned by mushrooms.

THE SOUND DUES AFFAIR is to be submitted before long to a Congress of the States interested in the question, and Denmark has expressed a hope to see delegates assembled in the second fortnight in November.

THE RIGHT HON. W. KEOGH will, according to rumour, take his seat on the Bench during the ensuing Michaelmas Term.

ADMIRAL SIR MAURICE F. BERKELEY is stated to be on the eve of proceeding to North America on important service.

HER MAJESTY has presented the band of the Aberdeen Militia with 25 sovereigns, to indicate her satisfaction with their performance at the Balmoral Ball.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE is expected to arrive in England from the Crimea in about a fortnight from the present time.

CHEVALIER BUNSEN is said to have declared that he cannot accept a seat in the Prussian Chamber, as it is his firm intention to have nothing further to do with politics, but to confine himself to literary labours.

THE PIEMONTESE GOVERNMENT has granted 3,600 lire annually for the three best Italian plays successfully represented on the boards of the Theatre Royal at Turin.

IN THE BRITISH ITALIAN LEGION, although there are only 150 commissions available for applicants, there are no fewer than 5,000 candidates for appointments.

THE KING OF BAVARIA is having a monument raised to the memory of his tutor, the philosopher Schelling, who died at Ragatz, a canton of Saint-Gall.

THE PROCEEDS of Mr. Dickens's last serial, "Bleak House," are understood to have fallen little short of £13,000.

THE BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN mail steamer Africa, sailed from Liverpool for Boston on Saturday last, having on board a large cargo, the usual mails, and about 180 passengers, among whom was Mr. W. M. Thackeray.

MR. CHISWOLD ANSTREY's appointment as Attorney-General at Hong Kong, has been announced in the "Gazette."

MR. HENRY ROBERTS, formerly Under Secretary for War, has been appointed a Commissioner of Inland Revenue, in succession to Mr. Pressly.

THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT of the "Times" says that rumours prevail in Paris of an alleged matrimonial alliance between Prince Napoleon and the Princess Royal of England.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY have determined upon effecting a change in the uniform for the officers of the Royal Navy.

THE WHOLE CAVALRY in the Crimea have received orders to prepare for a winter campaign.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, attended by Colonel Tyrwhitt, returned to town on Saturday last, from visiting the Earl of Derby at Knowsley, near Prescot.

PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR reached town a few days since from staying with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond at Gordon Castle, near Fochabers, in North Britain, and has subsequently joined his battalion of the Guards at Aldershot.

HIS EXCELLENCY COUNT KIELMANSEGG, is expected to arrive at the Hanoverian Legation, in Grosvenor Place, next week, from Germany, to resume his diplomatic duties at the British Court.

THE STUDENTS of "The Working Men's College," Red Lion Square, have presented an address to the principal and council of teachers, as an expression of gratitude for their gratuitous services.

GENERAL WINDHAM has been voted a congratulatory address by the Magistrates of Norfolk, and measures are being taken to erect an appropriate memorial in honour of his signal valour at the assault on the Redan.

COLONEL THE HON. A. GORDON, son of the Earl of Aberdeen, has been appointed to the post of Assistant Quartermaster-General, in the room of the late Major-General TOTTEN.

MAURICE FITZGERALD, a Lieutenant in the 97th Regiment, aged 18, is said to have been the first to enter the Redan, and to have escaped with three slight wounds and a contusion from a stone.

LORD ERNEST VANE, whose recent adventure at Windsor scandalised all decent people, has now been consigned to the care of Lord George Paget, commanding the 4th Light Dragoons in the Crimea.

MESSRS. LONGMAN and other leading bookellers in "the Row" have decided on closing early on Saturdays, for the benefit of the employes, throughout the winter, as well as the summer months.

THE YOUTH of the city of Rome have sent a subscription of 1,600 livres to the Sardinian Contingent in the Crimea, for having supported with honour the glory, the name, and the flag of Italy.

MR. BRACKERIDGE delivered an address at St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, last Wednesday week, on his experience of the British hospitals in the East.

DR. BARTH, the African traveller, has arrived in Hamburg, his native place, and has been received with marked honour.

PRINCE ALBERT is to open the new building of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, at Pinner, near Harrow, on the 27th inst.

A NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL is commenced, "The American Publishers' Circular and Literary Gazette," the principal object of which is "to promote the acquisition and circulation of early and authentic intelligence on all subjects connected with publishing and the trade in books."

THE 16TH BATTALION of Foot Chasseurs, about 1,000 strong, which formed part of the Camp of the North, arrived on the 12th at Marseilles, there to embark for the East.

IT HAS BEEN calculated that the birth of the Emperor Napoleon's child will take place at a period not very remote from the anniversary of the birth of the King of Rome, and the return from the Island of Elba.

MR. ELLIS, the large hop-planter in West Kent, has sold his whole produce to an American house, realising in one payment upwards of £20,000.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON has two sons in the Highland Brigade in the Crimea, one of whom was in the Redan at the time an explosion took place, and the other was in the division which was to have been called upon to renew the attack next morning.

MANY PURCHASES of lead have been made lately by Americans in England and France on account of Russia.

HER MAJESTY, in order to mark her high sense of the services of her army in accomplishing the reduction of Sebastopol, has been pleased to command that a clasp should be added to the Crimean medal, bearing the inscription, "Sebastopol;" and further, that all those of her regiments of cavalry and infantry which have been engaged in the war, should bear on their standards and colours the name "Sebastopol."

MR. BRODIE, R.A., of Edinburgh, is about to execute a bust of the Poet Laureate.

THE INSIDE of the Cathedral of Bale (built, from about 1010 to 1019, by the Emperor Henry the Second) is being restored on a large scale.

THERE WERE no less than 22 inquests last week in Liverpool, being nearly one-half more than the average of corresponding weeks in previous years. During the year there have been 61 more cases than had been recorded up to the same period last year.

ONE CONSERVATIVE JOURNAL in London, and two or three in the provinces, are beginning to raise the question, "Whether enough has not been done?" "whether the objects of the war have not been attained?" and "whether it is not time to consider what terms of peace would be reasonable?"

A VIENNA LETTER states that M. de Bach, Minister of the Interior, has been affianced to the eldest daughter of Count de Buol, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

MR. PRESCOTT'S NEW WORK—"The History of the Reign of Philip II., King of Spain," with which that eminent American has been engaged for years, is announced to appear shortly.

THE COMMITTEE of the REVOLUTIONARY SOCIETY of FOREIGN REPUBLICANS have addressed a long letter to the Queen, denouncing her visit to the Emperor of the French; and predicting that her Imperial Ally will one day be executed at Montfaucon.

THE FALL of SEBASTOPOL, on being reported at New York, caused the utmost excitement, and was celebrated with joyous enthusiasm, by the English and French residents in that city.

IN FRANCE all the Imperial colleges and schools have had a week's extension of holidays for the taking of Sebastopol.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

Do you recollect, a week or two ago, Sir, my observations on the subject of assault, and my strong recommendation of the lash in such cases? This past fortnight has brought to light a ruffian who should be my first example. Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, youngest son of the Marchioness (Dowager) of Londonderry, a subaltern in that ponderous corps, the 2nd Life Guards, goes behind the scenes at the Windsor theatre, insults and assaults everyone he meets, breaks into the dressing-rooms where the actresses are changing their clothes, and on being remonstrated with and threatened with the police, makes an attack upon the manager that would not have disgraced the most "brutal and repulsive-looking ruffian" who ever afforded scope for virtuous indignation to Mr. Grossmith, the "Times" reporter at Bow Street. The manager,—who, when it is considered that he must be chiefly indebted to the military for support, will be allowed to have acted with a great deal of pluck,—after several vain attempts succeeded in obtaining a summons against his assailant, and this illustrious scion of the house of Caithness was brought before the talented judicial dignitaries of Windsor, and—fined £5, which, of course, was "immediately paid." The manager then writes to the "Times," stating his case, and is backed by that journal in a slashing leader. The Mayor and one of the magistrates reply to this very lamely, and Lord Hardinge, who is closely connected by marriage with this young ruffian, thinks it better to move him out of the way for the present, and effects an exchange for him from the 2nd Life Guards to the 4th Dragoons, now serving in the Crimea. Now, Sir, how long is this state of things to continue? How much longer are the people of England tamely to submit to the misdoings of the Horse Guards, which weekly, almost daily, are brought under their notice? Heaven knows, I am no "Publicola" or "Cauticus"—no democrat, letter-writer, no parochial legislator, no Park-village Hampden, no withstander of the little tyrant of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; but as an Englishman of the middle-classes, I claim your assistance, and the aid of every right-thinking person wielding editorial power, in making known these abuses, and in endeavouring to find some check for them! During the last two years, how many cases of military blackguardism have been brought before the public? What must the intelligent foreigner think of our military-social status when he reads the details of the Perry case, the Baumgarten case, the Ernest Vane case? Again, when is the present effete state of provincial magistracy to be remedied? Why should "mayor" be synonymous with "ass"? Why should "unpaid magistrate" mean a person who to gross ignorance unites dogged obstinacy? Have we not had splendid specimens of our provincial magistrates recently, and their decisions in the Collins and Nathaniel Williams cases? And further, why has Windsor thus distinguished itself on one or two occasions? To this last query I can give an answer. It is because Windsor is utterly be-castled and be-barracked. If you are not a hanger-on of the Court, or an officer in quarters, you are nobody! In Windsor, flunkeyism holds its headquarters and servility revels. Alfred Tennyson (before he was a poet-laureate) went to live in the neighbourhood. He was ignored—no one called on him or took the slightest notice of him. The Queen and Prince Albert heard of his arrival after a few weeks, and, with an appreciation of talent for which they deserve the highest credit, invited him to the Castle. The wonders worked by Harlequin's wand, Sir, were nothing to those accomplished by the Royal missive. As soon as the news got wind, all the tearing snobs in the vicinity called upon the poet; but he, with a proper appreciation of the disgusting flunkeyism, returned all the cards! As to Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, he is a worthy scion of an illustrious house. His brother, Lord Adolphus Vane, was, when a younger man, one of the pests of London evening public society, and this young man has shown himself to be a cowardly and stupid boy. "A whip for the ass, a bridle for the horse, and a rod for the fool's back." Give him a month with hard labour, and a flogging twice within the period, and I'll warrant we should hear of no more "juvenile indiscretions" among the military for a long time. But what is to be done to Field-Marshal Lord Viscount Hardinge, the General Commanding-in-Chief?

The proposed coalition between Messrs. Disraeli, Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, and Sir James Graham, those eminent patriots who have shown that their zeal for the welfare of their country is untouched by any consideration of place and party, will, I should think, fall to the ground. Dizzy is a bold and a clever man, but he has overrated his influence with his adulated set, and should he attempt to persevere in his designs, will infallibly be left in the lurch. Major Beresford has manfully and unequivocally stated his determination to give his support to the vigorous prosecution of the war, whatever Government may be in power; and letters have appeared in the "Times" from "Essex and Norfolk Conservatives," disclaiming any connection with the peace-mongers. Sir Bulwer Lytton also manfully avows the same views. Mr. Disraeli has not spoken upon the subject, but the "Press," which is known to be his organ, recently had an article strongly advocating a concession to the views of the Emperor of Russia. As this journal has a class circulation only, the article would have obtained no extended publicity, but the "Times" got hold of the subject, and now the fact being known, the public are on the alert, and antagonistic measures can be organised.

Gun-boats are dropping back from the Baltic, and the threatened bombardment of Odessa appears to have been merely a blind. There is a rumour that Russia intends building some hundred gun-boats, to be ready by next season, and is determined that our fleet shall no longer be permitted to sail about at its pleasure. This rumour is not to be credited, the "where-with" is wanting, money in the imperial dominions being awfully scarce, and, moreover, why interfere with the movements of our fleet, which is surely the largest and most harmless that ever attempted a blockade?

On Saturday, the 13th, Mr. Thackeray sailed for America; on the 10th he delivered a farewell lecture on "Humour and Charity," at the new Literary Institution in the City, and on the 11th he attended the dinner given to him by his friends, of which such great things were predicted. No reporters being present, I obtain my knowledge of the proceedings from Flathers, a young man in the Waste-Paper office, who, having written a book on the East, with the racy and alliterative title "From Bobocroft's to Bucharest," and who being also in the habit of occasionally enumerating comic periodicals with his dulness, deservedly ranks as a literary man, and as such was invited to the dinner. Sixty-five people, he says, were present, Mr. Charles Dickens in the chair; the ends of the table, which was of horse-shoe form, being taken by Mr. Mark Lemon, and Mr. Peter Cunningham. With the Chairman's speech, Flathers was in ecstasies. He says the allusions to Thackeray were graceful without being fulsome, and profuse without becoming tiresome. He also said that Mr. Dickens made a sort of *amende* to the Americans, speaking of them as a "worthy, great, and generous-hearted nation." According to Flathers, when Mr. Thackeray commenced returning thanks, he was very much affected, but gaining strength as he proceeded, he made a very effective, natural, and Thackerayish speech, (how Flathers can reconcile these terms, I do not understand). I think Flathers was rather bored by the length of an appropriate song written by Mr. Shirley Brooks, and sung by Mr. Deane, but he appears to have been restored to equanimity by a "patter song" of Mr. Albert Smith's, rapidly detailing the proceedings of the evening. He expresses his regret that Mr. Macready (whom he familiarly and vulgarly styles "old Mac") did not speak; and he also states that he did not get enough of Dickens for his money. Flathers is a fast young man, and a hero-worshipper, from a distance; did he but know Mr. Dickens personally, I have no doubt that he would equal even any of that gentleman's present *clientelle* in his readiness to fetch and carry!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW—A BATCH OF SKILLING BOOKS.

THE two most noticeable articles in the new number of the "Edinburgh," are on Tennyson's "Maud," and "In Memoriam," and on "The Newspaper Press." In the first of these, commencing by endeavouring to explain the grounds upon which the popularity of the Laureate is based, the reviewer states his opinion, that the chief part of the secret lies in Tennyson having had the unprecedented luck of having been practically without a rival. His poems, according to the reviewer, have no narrative interest like the works of Byron and Scott, and no sensual appealings like

of Moore. Neither do they animate the Clapham public—delightful class of persons, who bow down to Mr. Martin Tupper, the Rev. Robert Montgomery. A classic finish of expression, a result of indefatigable labour, and of days spent sometimes on a single observation of natural objects, so affectionately accurate and minute as to be almost microscopic, but the microscopic eye of him who is in the poet's mind, a poet: a preference of that kind of beauty which can never read, which is the "harvest of a quiet eye," a search for life and tranquillity of heart—two very rare things—to comprehend it: a most fastidious taste in the melody of the poetry, a purity of tone even at the expense of strength on the one hand, and on the other, and scarcely ever resting until it has reached the end of our rough and consonant English to the bell of the Italian. These are catalogue as the qualities by which the poetry is chiefly characterised, and while all credit is given to the poet, it is denied to contain the elements of general popularity. The best reason is that next advanced by the reviewer, viz., that the "apparition" in that "lull in the groves of Parnassus" that is the "strain of song" which distinguished the first twenty years of the present century.

Coming from general ties to the works before him, the writer ranks "Maud" with Shakespeare's sonnets, as curiosities of passion, rather than as most great poems are, for the touch of nature makes the whole world kin, but for the exceptional feeling which the whole world wondrous. The almost unpleasant tenderness of the poet, when it is considered that they are addressed to a man, is exactly the Edinburgh Reviewer, who says, "Between boys, or very young men, who have never been in love, a passionate and absorbing passion, founded generally on a diversity of character, so great as to constitute a weak image of the contrast of sex, is not uncommon." "Maud" is not; I never experienced such affection myself, and sincerely trust never may. The question of the Tennysonian religion is next touched, and it is shown, curiously enough, that from divers passages in "In Memoriam," not only does each party in the Established Church claim the poem as an adherent to their sect, but dissenters and sceptics also put in a claim for him.

Finally, the reviewer sums up "In Memoriam," as not only the best poem of style which Mr. Tennyson has produced, but one that surpasses, in this respect, all poems of great magnitude written during the present century.

"Maud" is received with much less favour; the story is found fault with—the verse blamed, and the whole argument declared a *non sequitur*. "Maud" is compared with the author's earlier poem, St. Simon Stylites, and leaving the mind of the reader in a painful state of confusion as to the merits of the same and the insane. Both are written with unquestionable power, and an undercurrent of dramatic irony, and in neither is it possible to discover where the irony is intended to begin and the truth to end. This passion of taking a morbid pleasure in the subject of insanity is well evinced in the "Review," and the notion adopted by the writer is that Mr. Tennyson's purpose has been to pitch the tone of the work in a key of extraordinarily high poetic sensibility, and at once provide for the expression of thoughts and feelings with the strongest emphasis, and with almost total irresponsibility on the part of the writer.

So much for "Maud." I am glad to find that my humble opinion, regarding "The Brook," expressed in your columns some month or two ago, is shared by the great Edinburgh Reviewer, who pronounces this idyl to be "a book of so masterly a kind that no touch can be omitted from the rural picture," and again: "Mr. Tennyson never wrote anything more wholesome, sweet, and real than this idyl, which seems as if it had been expressly composed to refresh the spirits, and restore us to a sense of life and nature after the feverish dreams of 'Maud.'"

The article on the "Newspaper Press," is a summary of the history of journalism, commencing with the establishment of the "Weekly News," in 1822, and concluding with a tribute to the talent of "The Times" of 1855, which stands on its power and universal monopoly, for which the Thackerays have always favoured the "Review" with a stinging leading article. The reviewer asserts indisputable facts, but shows us no way of escaping from the evils, which he asserts are proved by the facts. He states that the "Republic of Letters" has become a despotism—that a sole organ has become that "Fourth Estate" which should be the aggregate result of a multitude of conflicting and mutually modifying organs—that if (i.e., "The Times") has become a nuisance in the realm; but it shows us no plan for lessening this "extraordinary and dangerous eminence." Besides, this style of argument will not hold water. How has "The Times" retained its present position? Not by flattery, intrigue, bribery. The solution of the question with which it stuck to one particular party? Not a bit of it. Because it is of all parties; because no expense is begrudged in its production; because the first talent is employed upon it, and because this talent is directed, not as the public suppose, to leading their opinion, but following up the first hint of the way in which that opinion is likely to follow. Besides, are there not degrees of excellence in all things? Does not one, the Avon's rod, swallow up all the rest? Does not the very Edinburgh Reviewer who penned this article fancy himself superior to the crowd of writers in the "London," the "National," the "New Quarterly," &c., &c., and, in his inmost soul, does he not hold the blue and buff-coloured periodical superior to every other quarterly publication in existence?

Other articles in the "Edinburgh" are upon the "Memoirs of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain," "The Private Life of the King of Oude," "The Plurality of Worlds," and "Mr. Russell's History of the War."

The zest for shilling books, which, about two years ago, was at its height, has evidently died away. The Messrs. Routledge, the emperors of this kind of literature, have become much more discriminating in their selections, warned by the fate of other publishers, who imagined that a catching title, helped by a gaudy frontispiece, was all that was required to obtain for a book a tremendous circulation. Warned, I say, by the fate of these pretenders, the Messrs. Routledge have for some time been far less profuse in their publications; but once inoculated with cheap-bookselling, they seem unable to get clear of the disease in some shape or other; and accordingly before me are lying two of their most recent American importations, "The Hidden Path" and "The Watchman," more arrant nonsense than either of which I will defy you to find at a day's notice. A moral romance is a ghastly thing. "The Hidden Path" and "The Watchman" are bad specimens of this offensive class. A far better book is a story published in Routledge's original series, called "My Brother's Wife," which contains much that is really excellent. The sentiment is in parts a little strained; there is a little too much hyperbole, a decided tendency to imitate Longfellow's "Hyperion," and a slight smack of Dickens's detective police knowledge and Edgar Poe's power of analysis. But there is a great deal of good original description, forcible dialogue, and natural observation, scattered up and down the volume; and when it is taken into consideration that this is the first work of the authoress (Miss Amelia Edwards), I think she may yet make a name in the world.

I am sorry I cannot say the same for the author of "Adrien," a very unwholesome Minerva-pressish affair; nor for Mr. Cuthbert Bede, who, in his "Love's Provocations," is simply Horace-Mayhew-and-water, and of the strength of that beverage I leave you to judge!

By the way, as I am closing my letter, a city friend connected with literature, gives me the following statistics of the demand for the new volumes of "Macaulay's History," which he informs me have just been "subscribed," as it is called—that is, shown round the trade to ascertain the numbers required. The orders given by the City booksellers alone amount to 6,500 copies. Of this number, the extensive house of Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., alone take 2,250; Hamilton and Co., 750; Whittaker and Co., 650; Kent and Co., 600; Aylott and Co., 500; Smith, Elder, and Co., 500; Bartlett and Co., 175; Hall and Co., 125; while one retail house—that of Sotheran and Son, of Tower Street, order 300 copies, with numerous others, varying in amount from 50 copies downwards. As the price of each copy is 36s., this does not seem to savour much of badness of trade or doubled income-tax!

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE nicest, prettiest, little drama that I have seen for a long time, is unquestionably "The Little Treenure," at the Haymarket. It is of course

a translation, adapted from "La Joie de la Maison" by Mr. Augustus Harris, the well-known manager of the Royal Italian Opera, who, I hear, offered it to Mr. Webster, with a view to its production at the Adelphi, with Miss Mary Keeley in the principal character. Be this as it may, the English version has eventually first seen the light on Mr. Buckstone's boards, and he will find it a trump card. There is an outline of the plot. Sir Charles and Lady Howard—husband and wife, have, at the commencement of the action, been separated for twelve years, partly on account of certain irregularities on the part of Sir Charles, but principally owing to the ungovernable temper and irritating disposition of Mrs. Middleton, Lady Howard's mother, who still resides with her daughter and grand-daughter, now a girl of 16, at a villa in Richmond. This young lady has an unconquerable desire to make the acquaintance of her father; but, whenever his name is mentioned, her mother and grandmother "shut up," hinting that he is in India, but giving what in official language would be called "a very unsatisfactory explanation." The girl, however, is determined to worm out the reason of the separation, and eventually she succeeds in hearing the whole story from Captain Walter Maydenblush, a family cousin, who adds that the only method he can discover for bringing her parents to an interview would be by her marriage, to settle the necessary formalities for which they must infallibly meet.

Miss Gertrude at once determines to take this step; proposes forthwith to her bashful cousin, who, taken unawares, consents; obtains the maternal and grandmaternal sanction to the marriage; tells her mother that the mystery regarding her father need no longer be kept up; and proposes to start off at once for his house in Curzon Street, and gain his consent. It is scarcely necessary to pursue the story. Sir Charles Howard is tired of a gay life; fights a duel with a man who sneers at Lady Howard's name; gets very maudlin and pathetic at the sight of his daughter; gives his consent; goes down to Richmond to settle the preliminaries for the marriage; sees his wife; finds his old love return; Mrs. Middleton owns her fault, and declares her intention of no longer interfering in their happiness by residing with them; and the curtain falls on universal love and reconciliation.

Such is a sketch of the story—which is not strong, nor, in parts, particularly clear. It is in the acting that the charm lies. Miss Blanche Fane, from first to last, is excellent; her vivacity, dress, the arrangement of her hair—all was in perfect keeping with her character. It is not going too far to say, that, on the English stage, we have not for years, if ever, had an actress to equal her in her peculiar line. Miss Swanborough, who plays Lady Howard, is graceful and ladylike, and delivers her little bits of sentiment without affectation, and in excellent taste. Mr. Buckstone is—Mr. Buckstone. Mr. Howe is as manly, chivalrous, and badly dressed as usual; and Mrs. Poynder is a glorious specimen of the British mother-in-law. A word or two on minor matters. The piece is excellently put upon the stage; and, a thing of very rare occurrence, a *real* pier-glass, and not a blue-painted abomination, is used. This gives a *raisonnement* to the scene; but it has its drawbacks, as all that passes behind the scenes is distinctly reflected in it. By its aid I had the opportunity of studying the normal habits of two scene-shifters, who alternately slept and drank during the progress of the piece. Sir Charles Howard's "swell" friends were awful "guys"—such as Madame Vestris would never have permitted on her stage; and Mr. Buckstone comes down, in the middle of the day, to Richmond, in the identical white choker and full evening dress in which we had seen him at a dinner-party the night before. This remark may appear hypercritical; but the anomaly is one into which no French actor would have permitted himself to fall.

Drury Lane has been crowded nightly, partly to see the properties, scenery, and effects of "Nitoris," partly to laugh at Charles Mathews, who, in a piece five-and-twenty years of age, rattles, and jumps, and jigs about in the irresistible Charles Mathews manner, and carries the audience with him throughout.

The National Opera Company, of which I made mention last week, is, I believe, getting on tolerably well. They propose taking the Lyceum Theatre, and playing heavy and light opera. An English operatic entertainment will not fill up an entire evening, and I would strongly advise the engagement of a good Farce Company, to bring the amusements to a delightful termination. I have not, however, heard that any such step is in contemplation. Mr. Alfred Mellon is mentioned as conductor; Mr. Sims Reeves principal tenor; Miss Esott principal soprano; Mr. Weiss principal bass, and engagements are pending with several clever native artists.

At the Adelphi, Mr. Albert Smith's burlesque of "Valentine and Orson," will be shortly reproduced, by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley. New jokes and new allusions are being added to it by the author, who is at present in Paris.

I have received a communication—the acknowledgment of which has been too long delayed—on theatrical subjects, from a correspondent who signs himself, "Trois Ettoles," and who is a very smart fellow. I will endeavour to do him justice next week.

PRINCIPAL SCOTT'S LECTURE ON ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

ON Friday the 12th inst. A. J. Scott, the principal, delivered a lecture at Owen's College, Manchester, on "Education in relation to public business," or, in other words, on administrative reform. The following is a condensed report of the lecture:—

Two years ago, considerable hope with regard to the connection of education with administrative reform had been excited by the friends of education. It was thought that the universally acknowledged deficiency would lead to an effort being made to raise the standard of education, in the permanent civil service especially. Two circumstances had extinguished these hopes—first, the determination actually come to by her Majesty's Government, and published by an order in council of May, 1854; and, secondly, the direction, or rather no direction, which public feeling had taken on the matter. Educational deficiency had been the subject of very general, nay almost universal acknowledgment—men speaking from such different quarters of the political horizon, as Mr. Chadwick, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir C. Trevelyan, with Mr. Jowett of Balliol, Oxford—all agreeing the question admitted of no doubt. Sir S. Northcote, in his report, mentioned only four persons who had been admitted to the public service on the grounds of being fitly educated; and it was very desirable that the standard of education should be raised, especially in those who were to hold office in the country's permanent civil service. The question arose—By what means was this to be effected? In the very interesting report presented by Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir C. Trevelyan, it was made a requisite that a young man should be possessed of moral character and bodily health, before he was admitted even as a candidate for office, and that, having been admitted a candidate, he could obtain the most subordinate office only after examination. This plan had been adopted by the Government; but, as it was adopted by an order in council, and not by an act of Parliament, it was quite at the mercy of succeeding governments. According to the Northcote and Trevelyan plan, the examinations must be competitive, and the offices were to be allotted, beginning with the highest and so down to the lowest, according to the merits of the candidates examined. Thus the offices would stand in the same light as university prizes. The candidates were to be examined in four classes:—1, classical literature, as being of general importance in mental culture; 2, mathematics, with practical application; 3, political economy, law, and moral philosophy; 4, modern languages and history, including international law. By these tests men were to be promoted at once to the best offices. He did not think the plan would answer.

In the first instance, it had been intended to take advantage of all the available education in the country, so that a man excelling in any given department or on any given subject, would be enabled to make his peculiar excellence tell, but this intention had been abandoned. The grand distinction between the Northcote and Trevelyan and Mr. Chadwick's plan was that the latter cared less about what a man knows than what he can do; and he (the lecturer), though in favour of the competitive system to decide as to fitness for office, thought that a successful examination admitting a man at once to the best office, and desired that it might only entitle him to a subordinate place where they might have scope to display peculiar fitness for more exalted situations. There was another plan, not competitive, by which the person nominated to an office had to be examined, no doubt; that was, the Under Secretary for the Foreign Department would say to the board of examiners—"I have a young friend who wants a situation in the Foreign Office, and of course he will not get it if you don't pass him. I don't want you to be influenced by any private considerations, but—But men were influenced, and in this respect the best of men were likely to err the soonest. Besides, the examinations of the board of examiners would be nugatory, for their proceedings would not arrest public attention, whilst if there were competitive and periodical examinations, it would be easy for the examiners honestly and efficiently to discharge their duties.

THE REFORMATION OF YOUNG CRIMINALS—THE METTRAY INSTITUTION.

M. DE METZ, the founder of the Mettray Institution, being on a visit to Mr. Commissioner Hill, at Heath House, Stapleton, Bristol, advantage was taken of his presence by the learned Commissioner to invite to meet him those benevolent persons in the neighbourhood of Bristol who take an interest in the reformation of juvenile criminals. M. de Metz addressed the meeting in French. With reference to the Mettray Institution, he said:

M. Courtes and himself commenced the institution of Mettray in July, 1839, by receiving twenty-three youths of respectable parentage, whom for six months they occupied themselves in training for labour. To y then began the "sole preparatory" or school for officials, which he believed to be the most important feature of the institution—so important, indeed, that if it were to be relinquished, he believed that Mettray itself would soon cease to exist. In Jan., 1840, they admitted twelve young criminals, and very gradually increased the number. Mettray had for its basis—first, religion, without which it was impossible for such an institution to succeed; secondly, the family principle for a bond; and thirdly, military discipline for a means of inculcating order. The military discipline adopted at Mettray was this—the lads wore uniforms, and they marched to and from their work, their lessons, and their meals, with the precision of soldiers, and to the sound of a drum and drum; but as the sound of these instruments led men in to perform acts of heroism, and to surmount the greatest difficulties, might they not reasonably employ them with the same object at a reformatory school, wherein in resisting vicious habits, and conquering their true heroism was displayed, and where a marvellous power of overcoming difficulties must be called forth? A striking proof of the hold which the system had obtained over the minds of the boys was given at the time of the French Revolution in 1848. France from one end of the nation to the other was in a state of anarchy and all the Government schools in rebellion. At Mettray, without walls and without coercion, there was not a sign of insubordination, not a single child attempted to run away. It was in allusion to the absence of walls that M. le Baron de la Crosse, secrétaire du Sénat, observed, "Here is a wonderful prison, where there is no key but the chief des clamps." During the revolution a band of workmen came to Mettray with flags flying and trumpets sounding, and meeting the children returning fatigued from field-labour, their pickets on their shoulders, thus addressed them, "My boys, don't be such fools as to work any longer; bread is plentiful. It is ready for you without labour." The chief who was conducting the lads, and who behaved with the greatest calmness and tact, immediately cried, "Halt. Form in line." The lads, being accustomed to military discipline, immediately formed, and the chief stepped forward and said to them, "My friends, you have learned to labour. You have a right to rest, but leave these lads here; let them learn now, and when their turn comes they may rest as you do." The men went away, the boys marched home, and Mettray was saved—saved, as he believed, by its habit of military discipline.

A similar meeting to the foregoing was held at Birmingham a few weeks back, and other meetings connected with the subject have been since held in London and various parts of the provinces.

NICOLAIEFF.

IN a fine plain, on the south side of the Ingul, near its confluence with the Bug—here a wide and noble stream—about a hundred miles from Perekop, and rather more than that distance from Odessa, stands the town of Nicolaieff, which the recent movements of the Czar Alexander have invested with an interest it did not previously possess in the eyes of Europe. The town, which was founded in 1791, occupies a considerable space, and consists of wide and regular streets, many of them planted with trees on both sides, but in general badly paved. Almost all the houses are built of stone, but, though many of them are elegant, few can pretend to any magnificence.

Nicolaieff is, nevertheless, an interesting town, and its vast dockyards attract a whole population of workmen, whose presence swells its wealth and importance. Its position on the Bug, its new houses, and pleasant walks planted with poplars, delight the eyes of most travellers.

In the port and docks, there are, besides completed vessels, gun-boats, &c., of all sizes, immense stores of canvas, iron, &c., worked up ready for use. As in the case of every ship, an exact model of every part, 1-24th of the full size, is made, with the different parts numbered, with which the ship, when finished, is compared. Some of the gun-boats are furnished with sails and with numerous oars. The timber for the ships comes chiefly by the Dnieper to Cherson, and thence to Nicolaieff. All the vessels constructed there are transported many versts down the river to Chukovye, where they take in their cannon, tackle, &c., and proceed thence to the Black Sea upon camels, on account of a sandbank near Kinburn. The Admiral in Chief of the Black Sea and a number of inferior officers have their permanent residence at Nicolaieff. The Admiral's house, consisting of a single story, is in one of the principal streets, upon the high banks of the Ingul, where his flag is displayed and signals are made. In the angle between the Bug and the Ingul is Spasskii, formerly the residence of Prince Potemkin, and since inhabited by the Admiral of the Black Sea fleet. The arsenal recently contained prodigious supplies of matériel of war, which had been collected there during the last ten years, but a great part must have been sent to Sebastopol during the war.

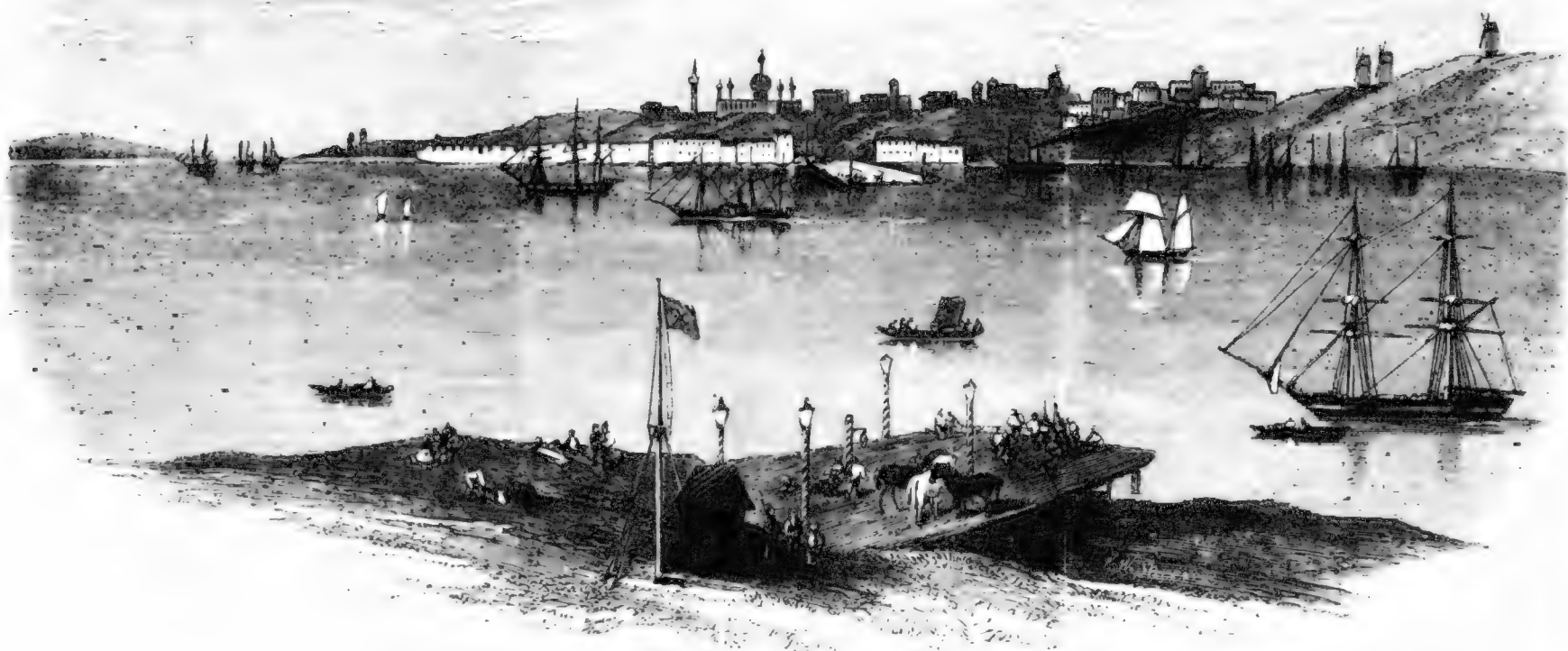
The fine healthy climate, the pure air, and the cheapness of lodging and all the necessities of life, except firewood, make Nicolaieff a favourite resort with the Russian nobility; and the town contains about 35,000 inhabitants. It boasts of six Greek churches, and a Catholic and a Lutheran place of worship; there are also two synagogues, one for the common Jews and the other for the Karaites. The principal buildings are the Admiralty, several barracks with room for 25,000 men, the hydrographic institution, and the observatory. The Museum, or Depot de Cartes, as it is called, founded by the Marquis de Traversey, contains, besides a good collection of maps, charts, instruments, such as quadrants, telescopes, &c., a pretty extensive library, and some stone monuments, with Latin, and more frequently Greek, inscriptions on them. There is no bridge across the rivers, and the communication between the two shores is kept up by means of flat-bottomed boats or ferris.

Nicolaieff was, before the war, quite undefended, except by a wall, which has been built, not for military, but for police purposes, to prevent speculation and smuggling, by allowing no ingress or egress without permission.

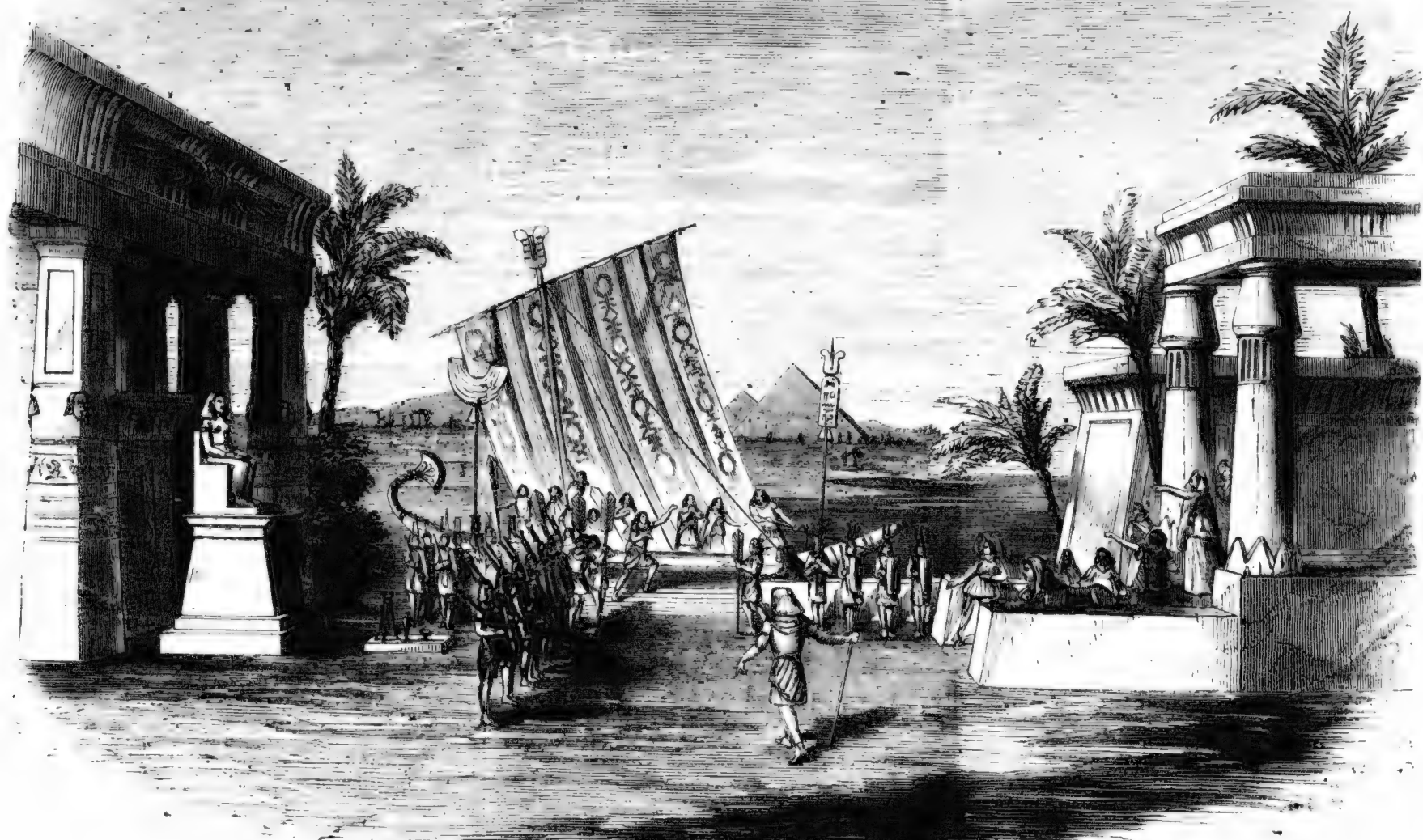
When the operations of the Allies in the Sea of Azoff were exciting expectations of further naval exploits in the East, the well-known importance of Nicolaieff, the cradle of the Black Sea navy, pointed it out at once as a desirable object of attack. In May last, it was commonly said that there were 60,000 troops there. For some time, this camp has not been much spoken of, but the place has again been brought into notice by a statement to which much prominence has been given of late, that the Russian Government had resolved to make Nicolaieff replace Sebastopol. If any place on the coast is formidable now, it is Nicolaieff, as a depot of naval and rendezvous of military forces; and its existence is calculated to prepossess the public against the idea of any peace being "patched up" with the enemy of Europe, of freedom, and of civilisation.

The most recent news received from Nicolaieff informs us that, immediately on the arrival of the Emperor, the principal officer of the engineers at Odessa, Captain Volokoff, was sent for by a telegraphic message, and orders were given him for the construction of five large redoubts, capable of mounting 400 pieces of artillery. At the same time, the building of 500 gun-boats was commenced in the dockyards, under the personal inspection of the Grand Duke Admiral Constantine, who had brought with him from Cronstadt a large body of working shipwrights and mechanics. These gun-boats are to be armed with two and four guns of heavy calibre, which have already arrived from the great cannon foundry at Kiew. The guns for the armament of the two new frigates, *Vitjas* and *Tiger*, have also arrived from Kiew.

Whilst the Emperor was inspecting the naval hospital at Nicolaieff, containing the few remains of those sailors that formerly manned his Black Sea fleet, Lieutenant Dorschinsky, of the 45th naval equipage, was presented to him. This officer was severely injured at Sebastopol by the explosion of the bastion No. 2. On observing that the first attempt to fire the mine proved a failure, he seized the burning fuse from the sergeant who held it, and deliberately thrust it into an open powder barrel, which immediately had the desired effect, but the gallant fellow was severely burnt in the face and arms by the explosion, which also set his uniform on fire. The Emperor expressed his thanks for this proof of his devotion; and to reward him for his noble conduct, took off his own decoration of the Order of St. George, and handed it himself to the Lieutenant.



NIOOLIEFF.—(FROM A SKETCH BY PRINCE GALATZIN.)



SCENE FROM NITOCRIS, THE EGYPTIAN SPECTACLE, AT DRURY LANE THEATRE,

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE
THACKERAY.

Mr. THACKERAY sailed for New York last Saturday, the 13th inst. He is to lecture on the "Four Georges,"—(not on the Kings' only, but on their respective eras)—and expects to return to his own country next summer. Meanwhile, we present our readers with a portrait of him taken from the best extant, that by S. Laurence; and we accompany it by a memoir, written by a literary man who knows him personally very well, and who writes with no reserve except that which is properly due to a living writer.—ED.

Mr. Thackeray is of Saxon descent, and of a landed family settled from the earliest period in the county of York. From that county's families came Swift, and Cleveland, and Dr. Garth, and Pope's mother, and Bentley, so that it has produced its share of the humourists and satirists of England. The Reverend Richard Thackeray, rector of Hadley, in Middlesex, was the novelist's grandfather. His father was in the service of the East India Company, and he was born in Calcutta. He was educated, first at the Charter House, afterwards at Cambridge; and on attaining his majority, succeeded, I believe, to a good fortune.

Mr. Thackeray's bent towards art has always been as strong, or stronger, than his bent towards literature. He knows art and artists well, and loves them and their pursuit. One can see that, and all his personal tastes, in his books—which is the reason his books are so real. For, as I shall observe presently, it is conspicuously reality which constitutes the merit of his fiction—as of all fiction that is not hollow and untrue. Rembrandt, they say, learned to paint light and shade because they were so vividly exhibited in the room of his father's mill. And just as the romances of Europe all originated in its actual history, so life will always supply better subjects from its real truths than the most lively and vagrant fancy can invent.

Having studied art and travelled in his youth, Thackeray found himself drawn to letters by that combination of instinct within and accident without—which somehow brings all able men to their proper sphere sooner or later. When he first entered on literary life, poor old Maginn was the great gun of magazines and journals, and I dare say Thackeray looked up to him with the admiration due to scholarship and fame. Of Maginn I cannot ever say *vidi tantum*, for he had gone "early to bed" (as Lockhart writes in his epitaph) in the little church-yard of Walton-on-Thames, while I was yet a bungler over the tougher bits of Cicero's orations. But I can understand that he was a charming though dangerous companion,—for he talked and drank like the old school in their—

"Tavern hours of mighty wits,
Our elders and our betters."

I know stories about Thackeray's kindness to him which he would be the last



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR."

man to allow to be published, but which please me like a bit of "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis."

Thackeray then became connected with "Fraser's Magazine," where he wrote for many years,—wrote likewise (reviews and fancy chiefly) for the "Times," and elsewhere. He served his apprenticeship to Fame like most of those whom that goddess intends to patronise for any extended period. He was some 12 or 15 years writing before he became famous. No doubt, there are people now who pretend to have thought wonderfully of him all along. But the fact is, he was not famous, or generally read till about 1847, when "Vanity Fair" made its hit. His "Chronicle of the Dream"—a comic poem quite equal to Hood, and far beyond the range of Anti-Jacobins, Peter Pindars, Colmans, Smiths, and such like—scarcely excited the commonest notice. How many wonderful "last new novels" glittered and crackled (and disappeared) with three times three, during the years when the great philosophical novelist was obscurely preparing for his substantial renown! Yet, turn to those volumes of "Fraser"—read the "Barry Lyndons," "Yellow-Plush Papers," "Hogarty Diamonds," and so forth; they are quite worthy of him in sense, observation, humour, and light, commanding vigour of touch. There are many capital critical papers, too,—quite worthy of the author of the "Humourists." His travels—published under his favourite pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh—were, indeed, considerably successful. The "Cornhill to Cairo" is the best man-of-the-worldly and modern view of the East which we possess,—but it never attained a tithe of the success of the "Crescent and the Cross." Thackeray had to bide his time. Canting people said he was bitter, and dull people said he was "slow." Of the cleverer section, some feared his penetration, and some dreaded his rise; some disliked him because he steered clear of cliques, and some hated him because he was a gentleman.

The "Snob Papers" in "Punch" first showed to a wide section of the English people that a satirist was among them such as they had not had (in prose, at least) since Henry Fielding went to his grave in the Protestant churchyard in Lisbon. The leading idea of these papers—(the only things ever published in "Punch," except Jerrold's and the "Song of the Shirt," which will live in our literature)—is the exposure of the servility to rank, wealth, and fashion, which characterises the English middle-classes. He gave a new meaning to the word "snob," and added a new word of description to our social vocabulary. Like the word "bore," "snob" expresses (thanks to this satirist) what no other word in our language does. It implies a mean, cowardly, servile form of character, quite indescribable otherwise, except in detail. Of old, it simply meant a low fellow—what the French call a *manant*, and university-men a "cad." Thackeray extended and deepened the meaning,—made it quite another affair, and a very subtle word too. A man



WITHERNSEA, A NEW WATERING PLACE ON THE EAST COAST.

man may be honourable and well-mannered, and yet a "snob" in Thackeray's language. It is a good moral effect,—the word. A man who carries a snob, or a "snob," or a poor man who, rising in the world, cuts his relations,—and a hundred such. It belongs to no class. A duke is a snob if he avails himself of a platform or a newspaper to insult a duke. The little social family pictures in which Thackeray exhibits his dukes, are as good as anything he ever did. They are real, lively, and delicate. Indeed, delicacy is a great feature of his satire, and makes it resemble what the Romans called *urbanitas*—the satire of gentlemen, and courtiers, and princes, and scholars.

The best proof that Thackeray was not appreciated, up to 1846 at least, is that his proposal of "Vanity Fair" was rejected by a certain sage publisher. I perfectly remember that the yellow numbers came abroad at first with no great notice on the part of reading mankind, who thought them clever enough, but seemed to expect nothing wonderful. By degrees, people found the book out. The "Edinburgh" fired a solemn signal gun. That review, I believe, sent the sale up about a thousand copies. By the time the book was finished, a large party existed which pronounced the author the first novelist of his time. In *romance* he has many superiors, said they; in the *novel*, strictly so called—taking the novel as a modern picture of modern life, of the real, the actual, the familiar, in its surface and its depths—where is his competitor?

As I have observed above, it is reality which is his characteristic. Nothing and nobody is idealised. He does not paint people leaning against a column looking up at the sky, but in their every-day clothes—chattering, driving, and dining. He abhors the "stagey," the flighty, the over-done. Here lies his merit; and here, too, are his deficiencies. He commands neither poetical nor romantic interest, though he reads and feels both poetry and romance. In passionateness, in poetic humour, in a certain fairy-like waywardness of imaginative power, and the play of that intensely enjoyable fun which you feel with all your veins like a child—he cannot be compared (and no man knows it better than himself) with Charles Dickens. In quickness of sensibility, tremendous quickness in receiving beautiful, and humorous, and fantastic impressions; in describing the scenery of external nature, and making light and shadow, and the images of leaves, fly across his sunny page—Dickens of course excels him. It would be equally impossible for Dickens to write a page of "Vanity Fair," as for Thackeray to write a page of the "Christmas Carol."

I suppose I need not detail the publication of "Pendennis," "Esmond," the "Humourists," the "Newcomers." I think that all these books are pretty generally considered worthy of "Vanity Fair," and that any of them published before that work would have had much the same success. I confess to preferring "Esmond," as exhibiting the highest of Thackeray's qualities. The "Humourists," too, is favourite reading of mine, though I differ from him about several of the men criticised. Had Swift been a healthy man, I half believe he would have been more like Thackeray than any of the batch; only, one must read Swift (which is somehow a little detail that many critics omit) before seeing the likeness. Thackeray was unjust to Sterne—whom also he somewhat resembles. But do you know, reader, there are no men you hate so much as those who are somewhat like you?—just as a relation who is your enemy, is more hateful than a stranger.

It is not violating, I trust, the sacredness of the *mensæ*—the mahogany—to give a little sketch of this great sketcher of men. Our novelist is a tall, largely and firmly built man, with quiet, well-bred manners—perhaps as remarkable-looking a man as the craft possesses. Gray-headed—speckled—with a forehead and mouth in which mind and character are shown pretty much as you would expect them to be. A stranger would be tempted to think him "somebody," almost as surely as he would be to pronounce him a gentleman. He is pleasant, hospitable—not demonstrative—an observing, quiet, solid-looking man. He talks—but not after the regular "talker's" fashion—sensibly and playfully, and occasionally says a "good thing" in an easy, homely way. He is well up in *belles lettres*,—fond of Horace, and the last century men, and French, and anecdotes, and one of those persons who are both social and domestic. Those who know him best are most anxious that he shall prosper, and most heartily breathe a *reddus incoleum precor* to the stately vessel which bore him away.

WITHERNSEA.

OUR readers will recollect rather an amusing account of a baby-show at WitherNSEA, given in a previous number of our paper, at which exhibition, we have since been informed, the disappointed mothers expressed their dissatisfaction at the award of the prizes in unmistakable terms. An artist occasionally engaged upon the "Illustrated Times," happened to be at WitherNSEA on the day in question, and, with a laudable anxiety to be of service to the paper, commenced making a sketch of the interesting scene. He being of rather venerable aspect, with snow-white hair, and equally snow-white neck-cloth, was thought to be one of the judges, and every respect was shown to him as he walked about the building pencil and paper in hand, and when he stopped to sketch some chubby baby-face, of more than usual rotundity, it was considered by the proud and anxious mother, that he was undoubtedly making notes of her baby's multitudinous perfections. When, however, the prizes had been declared, one and all of the disappointed parents commenced directing threats of vengeance against him, and he had literally to run away ere he had finished his sketch. He brought back with him, however, a sketch of WitherNSEA itself; and as some degree of interest attaches to this rising watering-place, we have engraved the view in our present number.

This town, the existence of which was hardly even known to those residents, but a short distance from it, some few years back, has of late given indications of its rising importance. Before the railroad to it was opened last year, it was a straggling hamlet of a few houses, more resembling those seen on the West coast of Ireland, than on the East Coast of England. Although *Withernsea* (as it was then spelled), about 500 years ago, was a place of some considerable note, celebrated for its breed of horses,—this once flourishing town has, however, since disappeared beneath the waters of the sea. WitherNSEA is about eighteen miles from Hull, and four from Patrington. The inhabitants employ themselves in the collection of cobbles, or stones on the sea beach, and send away by rail on an average about 30 tons a day.

There are fine level sands after high tides, and when not too rough a sea, there is excellent bathing. Through a break in the cliffs on the coast, the land from the town gradually shelves down towards the sea.

What could ever have been the motive for a railway company making a terminus at such a spot, many wonder; but it is said that the Chairman of the Company, and one or two more, saw deeper into the future than the resident gentry, but dared not avow their motive, or they would have been opposed by them, as they are the commissioners of the drainage of Holderness. It is stated that a company is about being formed, to carry the whole of the Holderness drainage into the sea at WitherNSEA, and to form a harbour and docks for the fishing boats, whose fishing resort on the Dogger bank and Silver Pits, is immediately opposite the town. The drainage will form the back water, and the piers will protect the cliffs from further encroachment.

The Railway Company, foreseeing the terminus of the line must offer some inducement to cause people to travel, have constructed a magnificent hotel—which forms the chief object in the annexed engraving—after the designs of Mr. Brodbeck, of Hull, the architect of the New Town Hall, at Leeds. The building, with its furniture, has cost nearly £10,000.

Adjoining the hotel, but detached from it, there is a large garden, containing an out-door orchestra, a large dancing saloon, a maze, marine aquaria, bowling greens, quail grounds, &c. The whole has been designed by Mr. Warner, the enterprising landlord of the hotel, and laid out by Mr. Nevin, the curator of the Botanical Gardens at Hull. So favourable a place of resort is WitherNSEA for the inhabitants of Hull, that the railroad has conveyed thither, during a period of four months this year, upwards of 100,000 persons.

In the engraving, to the left of the hotel are the picturesque ruins of the Old Church of WitherNSEA. This was built between the years 1444 and 1488—one date being when the foundation was laid, and the other when the edifice was consecrated.

MURDER AT SOUTHAMPTON.

A SHOCKING murder was committed on Sunday last in Southampton, at the residence of the Rev. Mr. Poynder, a clergyman, who is not at present performing any clerical duties, and who is temporarily away from home. His household consists of his wife and children, two maid servants and a man servant. Mrs. Poynder was at church in the forenoon, and the three servants were at home. It appears that the man servant, named Abraham Baker, about 29 years of age, formed an attachment to one of the maid servants, a good-looking young woman, but this attachment was not reciprocated by her, and something connected with him having displeased her, she gave him to understand she should have nothing more to say to him. This had so preyed upon his mind that he appears to have resolved on taking her life, and on the forenoon of Sunday, he went into the kitchen and shot the poor girl through the head with a pistol.

On Monday the prisoner was brought before the magistrates of Southampton, charged with the offence. He is a man of short stature, about 29 years of age, and exhibited a most wretched and melancholy appearance. He declined throughout the examination to say anything.

The first witness, Charlotte Lacy, cook to the Rev. William Poynder, deposed—The prisoner was footman in the service of my master. On his return, as I supposed, from church, about a quarter past 12 yesterday, Naomi Kingswell, the deceased, opened the door to him. As he passed the kitchen door, I asked him if he had been to church. He answered, "No." I then asked him if he knew it was Sunday, and he answered, "No." He then came into the kitchen, and I asked him to lay the luncheon-cloth; and he went into the pantry for the purpose of preparing to lay the cloth. He afterwards came again into the kitchen, but did not speak, and went back into the pantry. He returned a third time to the kitchen, and the deceased and myself were talking together at the end of the screen at the side of the fire. I had hold of the screen. The prisoner stood at the other end of the screen, and rested his left elbow upon it, but did not speak. His right hand was behind him, under his coat. I saw his arm move from behind his back in the direction of the deceased, and I immediately saw the flash and heard the report of a pistol. Kingswell immediately fell, and I saw blood flow from the left ear. There was not a word passed between the deceased and the prisoner. As soon as I saw the deceased fall, I exclaimed, "Baker, Baker, what have you done?" He made no reply. I immediately ran to the front door, and called for assistance. A policeman came in and took the prisoner into custody. As he was going out of the door, I took hold of the prisoner's hand, and again said, "Baker, Baker, what have you done?" He replied, "I have done it; she deserved it, you know." Nothing more was said.

By Mr. Tucker—I did not know there was any intimacy between deceased and prisoner.

Police-Constable Tatchell, No. 10, deposed—About ten minutes before 1 o'clock yesterday, I was called to Moira Place, No. 1. From information I received from the last witness, I went down stairs to go to the kitchen. When I got to the foot of the stairs, I met the prisoner, and took him into custody. When we got to the front door, the last witness identified him. I then took him down stairs again, and saw the deceased lying under the kitchen table, her head all in a gore of blood, and quite dead. I then told the prisoner he was charged with shooting her. He said, "I'm aware of it." I then asked the prisoner where the pistol was. He told me in the pantry in the next room. I then asked the prisoner to go and point it out to me, and he did so. There was a large box in front of the fireplace, and the pistol was placed betwixt the box and fender, from which place I took it. I took the weapon to the station-house, and gave it to the inspector. The prisoner also went with me. Nothing passed between me and the prisoner.

Robert Welsh, of 1, Sussex Place, and member of the College of Surgeons, deposed—About 1 o'clock yesterday, I was called upon to go to Moira Place, to see a person who had been shot. I immediately went, and on going into the kitchen of the house, I saw the deceased lying on the floor, partly on her back and partly on her side. I felt the pulse, but could detect no pulsation. I then put my ear to the chest, but the heart had ceased to beat. I then examined the deceased's head, and observed a discolouration of the skin from grains of gunpowder on the face and neck, on the left side. The head of the deceased lay in a pool of blood. I lifted the head, and observed another opening on the right side. I also observed on the floor a portion of the skull, and another piece was shown me by the police-officer. She was dead when I first saw her.

Police-Constable Ralf, No. 1, deposed—Yesterday, about ten minutes before 1, I was informed of a murder in Moira Place. I went into the house, and, after searching, found the ball produced in the hairs of a long-handled brush, which was standing in the kitchen. The ball was somewhat flattened, and covered with portions of the wall and ceiling. I also found some small portions of skull on the other side of the kitchen, near the place where I found the ball. I then searched the prisoner's box, which was in his room, and in a flannel I found five leaden bullets, 22 percussion caps, and some powder. I also found in a small tin box more percussion caps, and some wads.

Alfred Clayton, gunmaker, of High Street, deposed to the prisoner coming into his shop on Saturday night, and purchasing the pistol produced. Prisoner afterwards asked for balls, powder, and caps, with which he was supplied. Witness asked prisoner if he was going to fight a duel. He answered, the pistol would do, he thought, to shoot a large dog. Witness then replied, "Oh, that'll do for him." Prisoner then paid 15s. 6d. for the pistol, powder, and balls, and went away.

Mr. Enright, superintendent of police, deposed to the prisoner being brought to the station-house about 1 o'clock. Shortly afterwards, witness received information of the prisoner having written a letter, and on being asked to whom he had written, replied to his father, who lived at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. Witness then went to the Post Office and detained the letter, and showed it to the prisoner. Prisoner acknowledged it to be the letter he wrote. Witness then held it, and prisoner read the contents out aloud. There was sixpence in the letter.

The following letter was then read:—

"Dear Father and Mother,—This may be the last time I shall have to write to you, and I will leave all my things for you and mother. One box is at Mr. Wood's eating-house. You must come and see me to-morrow morning, and fetch all my things away for yourselves. There is three large boxes, two band-boxes, a large bundle of clothes, my watch and clock, leather hat-box, and all my money you can have."

The prisoner, who declined saying anything, was committed to take his trial at the next Winchester Assizes, on the charge of wilful murder.

THE HOTWELL MURDER.—The offer by the Government of a reward of £100 for the discovery of the perpetrator of this cruel murder has been published in handbills and extensively circulated throughout Bristol; but no evidence has been procured that would warrant the Magistrates in acting upon it.

COMMITTAL FOR WILFUL MURDER AT NOTTINGHAM.—Johanna Dutton, the wife of a farmer residing at the village of Carlton, near Nottingham, was brought before the county magistrates at Nottingham, Oct. 12, charged with wilfully murdering her daughter Mary, by throwing her into a pond near Carlton. The investigation was a very protracted one. After being several times remanded, Mrs. Dutton was brought before the bench, and finally committed to take her trial at the next Nottinghamshire Assizes on the charge of wilful murder.

THE LATE MURDER AT BROMLEY, IN KENT.—On Monday last, a man named Mark Wheeler, a ticket-of-leave man, and who had a cottage in Gloucestershire, was brought from that place by a London warrant officer, to be conveyed to Portsmouth to serve the remainder of his sentence (seven years) for having harboured the man now awaiting his trial for the late dreadful murder at Bromley, in Kent. Wheeler's time will expire about Christmas, 1858.

THE NORFOLK GIANT IN ADVERSITY.—Hales, landlord of the Craven Head, Drury Lane, popularly known as "The Norfolk Giant," appeared before the Insolvent Debtors' Court, on Monday. The announcement that his case would come on attracted a crowd. The officer of Whitecross Street Prison, where Hales had been some time confined, applied that he might stand at the corner of the court, as the box allotted to insolvents was not of sufficient dimensions for his accommodation; and the Chief Commissioner said he might stand where it was convenient. The debts exceed £2,000; but property to some extent has been given up for the creditors. The hearing is appointed for the 2nd November, before Mr. Commissioner Murphy.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

A BILL DISCOUNTER AND AN ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.—ROBERTSON.—This breach of promise case, in which the damages were £100, came on for hearing at the close of Trinity Term, in the Court of Exchequer, on the counsel for the defendant intimating that he would make extraordinary disclosures, the Lord Chief Baron suggested it be advisable to refer the case to some gentleman of the bar.

Accordingly, it was submitted to the arbitration of Mr. Sergeant some strange facts were elicited in the course of the inquiry.

It appeared that Miss Emma Rogers, the daughter of a deceased barrister, was residing with her widowed mother at the village of Old Church, and by her skill in painting for paper-mache work she was earning herself and her surviving parent in respectability. In the exercise of her duties, she had to come up to London for orders; and, in the course of last year, she became accidentally acquainted with Thompson, who carries on the business of a machine-rule maker, who is also a bill-discounter.

The latter, a deformed little man, considerably her senior, after on with a couple of friends, and drinking more wine than prudence was best forth with his party for a ramble. When passing along the Strand a young and pretty woman looking in at a shop window. One of the bill-discounters, a bottle of wine that he would not have courage to sell. He did address her; he was not repulsed, and the lady adjourned to a tavern, where they partook of sundry refreshments. Miss Emma Rogers, eventually, Mr. Thompson, who had the longest of the party, so far as himself into the fair nymph's favour, that he had the felicity of securing a cab, to the railway station. They continued to meet on subsequent by the lady's own appointment, for, in one of her letters, she wrote that will be at the corner of the court at the usual time. We will go to Drury (Theatre), and I will stop."

The indiscreet bill-discounter ere long became fascinated with the charms; after repeated interviews, he was an accepted suitor; the breakfast was appointed to take place at the house of a Mrs. Barkin, Westminster Road; and it was set that two of that lady's daughters, officiate as bridesmaids. The bridegroom, however, did not make appearance, and Miss Emma subsequently discovered, to her grief and astonishment, that he was a married man, having a living wife and a large family of children.

From the evidence adduced, it appeared that the defendant had in fact given the plaintiff sums of money, but there was nothing to sustain the contract, with the exception of some letters, which were proved to be mere fabrications. The award was consequently for the defendant.

THE PRINCE OF CARICATURISTS AND A BURGLARIOUS PORK BUTCHER.—A man named Edward Edwards, aged 52, and described as a pork butcher, tried at the Middlesex Sessions, on Monday, for unlawfully attempting, openly and burglariously, to break and enter the dwelling-house of George Shank, the celebrated artist.

It appeared that, on the night of the 27th of September, the house of Mr. Cruskank, in Mornington Place, Hampstead Road, was securely fastened at 10 o'clock, and the inmates retired to bed. At two on the following morning a cook was awakened by the breaking of glass and the ringing of a bell attached to the shutter of a back window. She called her master, who, in conjunction with the police, made a search, and it was found that an attempt had been made to enter the house by breaking the first-floor landing window. The police then themselves on the watch outside, while Mr. Cruskank watched in the house. In about ten minutes a man—the prisoner—came up to him and asked if they had caught the fellow. Mr. Cruskank replied, "Yes, you are to be whereupon the prisoner took to his heels and got over a wall. The police in pursuit, and chased him to an area in the Crescent, and thence to a house, where they found him crouched down by the side of the road, being asked what he did there, he said, nothing that he knew of, and afterwards, probably under the idea of tempting the worthy caricaturist to leniency with the prospect of making a convert to the great cause of temperance, he added that drink had brought him to his last penny, and that he was regardless of what occurred to him. He was nevertheless taken into custody, and in the course of the morning, a life-preserver, two knives, and a piece of wax candle, were found in the area in which the prisoner jumped in his retreat.

A constable proved that in 1852, the prisoner was tried at the Old Bailey for burglary, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' transportation.

The jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES' BANKRUPTCY.—At the Court of Bankruptcy on Friday week, the dividend meeting was adjourned to the 11th of December. Debts to the extent of £10,000, in addition to those stated in our last issue, were admitted against the estate, exclusive of claims for pledged and appropriated securities, reaching a total of £123,000. The question with respect to the position of the assets of Halford and Co., as distinguished from those of Strahan, Paul, and Co., remains undecided. Several proofs were brought forward in connection with the affairs of Messrs. Gaudell and Co., the foreign railway contractors.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

MARY LEE, a fashionably-dressed young woman, of superior address and manners, was brought before the Clerkenwell Police Court, on Saturday, charged by Mr. John Lacey, a gentleman residing in the Hampstead Road, with having robbed him of twelve sovereigns.

A police sergeant said, that Mr. Lacey was not in attendance, although he was told to be at the court at eleven o'clock. He was a highly respectable man, and probably he was ashamed, under the circumstances, to come forward.

The Magistrate then ordered the prisoner to be detained till the prosecutor, a respectable-looking man of forty, or thereabouts, entered the Court.

It appeared from the evidence, that on the previous evening he left home to transact some business in the city, when he partook of a little wine with some friends. On his road home he was attracted by the soft charms of the prisoner, with whom he entered into conversation, and he was induced to accompany her to an hotel in the Hampstead Road, where they remained together for two hours and a-half. She rose, and went to the coal cupboard; he immediately suspected all was not right, and jumped up and locked the door. He massed twelve sovereigns from his pocket, and accused her of robbing him; he called to the police, and, on searching the coal cupboard five sovereigns were found in the coal dust, half a sovereign on the mantel-piece, and the remainder was missing. At the time of the robbery he had £15 in notes, besides the lost property, in his possession.

The police-constable gave confirmatory evidence. The prisoner denied the robbery, saying that she had received the money on a post-office order from a friend in the country.

The Magistrate fully committed her for trial.

SIMON CONNOR, a lodging-house keeper, was brought, on Monday, before the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, charged with having received a gold watch, part of the property stolen from the premises of Messrs. Deane and Dray, of King William Street, City, ironmongers and silversmiths, well knowing that it had been stolen.

A metropolitan policeman said—In consequence of information which I received, I went on Saturday to Cambridge, and received the gold watch I produce from Mr. Hendley, of Stapleford, which he told me he bought of a Mr. Faultless, a beer-shop keeper, in Drury Lane. I went and saw Faultless, and from what he told me, I took the prisoner into custody at his house, No. 11, Parker Street, Drury Lane. I asked him if he knew Mr. Faultless, and he said, "Yes; he has been a neighbour of mine for years." I asked him if he had at any time sold Mr. Faultless a gold watch, or any watch of any kind. He replied, "No; I never sold him a watch of any kind in my life, nor did he ever have any watches from me." I then took him to the house of Mr. Faultless, and said to the latter, "Is this the person you state you bought the watch from?" Mr. Faultless replied, "Yes; that is the man from whom I got it. I do not know the number of the watch, but that is it."

Mr. Faultless said—I am a coach harness-maker, and my wife keeps a beer-shop at No. 154, Drury Lane. I have had this watch in my possession six or seven weeks. The prisoner offered it to me for sale at his house, on a Monday or Tuesday, six or seven weeks ago. I told him that I did not want the watch for myself, but I knew a young man who was asking about a gold watch. He asked me £1 10s. for the watch. I told him, if he would allow me to take it to a watchmaker's, and see if it was worth the money, I would buy it. He told me I might take it where I liked, to any shop or any place. I said, I would not take it then, but I would call again; and about a week afterwards I called for it, and the prisoner gave it to me, and I took it to a watchmaker's, and from what he said, I bought it, and paid the prisoner for it.

The Lord Mayor—Where did he say he got it?

Mr. Faultless—He told me he had worn it a long while, and that he had bought it at a shop in the Edgeware Road, or that it had been bought there. I do not know which. I kept the watch till the 8th of October, and then I delivered it to Mr. Hendley, who advanced me £2 5s. upon it, and was to give me the remainder of £1 10s. The prisoner told me it came from a respectable shop, and I might show it wherever I liked. I took it to a watchmaker, who told me that in its condition at the time, I ought not to give more than £5 for it.

The foreman to Messrs. Deane and Dray stated, that between the 7th and 9th of July, a robbery took place at the warehouse of his employers, and, among other things, a number of watches were stolen, and the watch produced was one of them.

Connor said he had several questions to put to Faultless, but he was not prepared to do so in the present occasion.

He was then remanded.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired Clergyman, having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known to others the means of CURE: he will therefore send (free) on receiving a stamped envelope, properly addressed, a copy of the prescription used. Direct Rev. E. DOUGLAS 18, Holland Street, Brighton, London.

desirable: but it must be a real one,—that is, one based on an alteration of the conditions which produced the war. If Russia is left *in statu quo*, what shall we have gained? The public attention, once turned to new scenes, would soon think no more of the East. But were we stationary, Russia would not be so. In the war of Russia with Turkey, which followed on the independence of Greece, Russia (though she left Turkey at its close much exhausted), showed no vigour equal to that which she has shown this time—she could not then have achieved such a vigorous massacre as that of Sinope. We talk of “progress” here—but it is Russia that progresses, and we must look the fact in the face. We must provide, before we make peace, that things are so settled as to give no pretext for war for half-a-century to come. Otherwise, we shall have the business to begin again, and who can be sure we shall ever be so ready for it? We have now a trained army, powerful fleets, and the machinery of war in full working order: shall we run the risk of having to sacrifice another 20,000 men to get into working order once more in fifteen or twenty years?

We proceed to explain some causes why the peace movement has lately been more active.

The peace party proper is small. The landed men, as a general rule, and those dependent on them, like the war. All aristocracies like war: it puts them on their mettle; gives them excitement, interest, and personal honour, and no wonder, while they can still produce Windhams! Farmers, of course, always like war. There is no large party, in fact, that is for peace. There are eminent individuals who are—but who, and why? Some who broke down in conducting it, and so hope to rise by stopping it; some who want it in hopes that it will devolve on them to make it; some who are sorry to see Lord Palmerston so stable. There are others who fear the democratic direction it may take—though we beg to remind these gentlemen that nothing could be more dangerous in that way than by a hasty peace to turn public excitement to the question, “why no more was done?” War, *per se*, is a conserving thing. Has it not made Lord Cardigan popular? Has it not promoted friendly gatherings in the counties, and sympathy with the Crown? Would our nobles risk such a style of remark as this—“Oh, they are afraid to go on, for fear of showing how used-up the system is, and how much it wants new blood—and they do not want to give us our chance,” &c. A nation once excited does not cool very easily, and especially when its excitement has ended in disappointment. But besides, we do not believe that the really powerful and intelligent part of the public hold wild views about the future of the war. They think Russia a harsh and over-bearing Power, and they hate her all the more for her serfage and her savagery. But we are sure they are not seriously bent on what may be called a “general European row.” They are not speculative enough, nor sufficiently curious, even, about foreign politics. They want Russia in a straightforward way thoroughly well thrashed, and left to her own devices.

Now, how are we to know when she has had enough? Clearly—from herself—the only competent authority. Let her come forward and say so. Till then—there is no course open but to go on with spirit.

Suppose her, then, to come forward, our terms must be regulated by our successes. There is no other measurement in war. We cannot grant the same terms, for instance, as we might have done had we failed to take Sebastopol. To do so would be to declare all the blood shed in the trenches and the storm wasted, and to insult the memory of the brave who fell in those terrible operations.

In considering the question of terms, it will be as well to confine ourselves to the matter of Turkey's future. To undo, for example, what Russia has been achieving for a century, we think impossible; as, for instance, to occupy the Crimea, a task which would drain our resources, and which might ultimately embarrass us with France. But the freedom of the Danube and the independence of the Black Sea must be insisted on as matters of course. A limitation of the Black Sea fleet should be another provision; and it is questionable whether Sebastopol should be allowed to rise from its ashes into anything like its pristine magnificence. Turkey would, of course, be called upon to make her share of concessions to her Christian subjects. Indeed, her future security must depend on the way in which she now incorporates herself with the European system. She has seen at Kars what her armies can do under English leaders,—and she saw long ago what advantages were gained over her by her vassal the Viceroy of Egypt, owing to his constant improvement of his position by the use of European ideas and inventions.

We suppose that a hard diplomatic battle must be fought before we can hope for peace—and we trust sincerely we shall be this time better provided with a diplomatist. Have we not a gentleman with sufficient tact, dexterity, and accomplishments, to play the part? Lord John failed, we believe, chiefly because he is a parliamentary pedant, accustomed to lord it over a servile crew of followers,—wanting in that happy adaptation of one's self to new positions and new acquaintances which diplomacy demands. The situation wanted a Chesterfield—a man of the world,—not a vain and pompous buff and blue political prig.

We are sorry to add that this new Austrian embroilment with Sardinia is exceedingly likely to throw difficulties in the way of a settlement. The position of Austria with regard to Russia makes her doings of the last importance in this matter. Unhappily, she is more bent on securing her despotic power, and avenging all that offends it, than on honourably contributing to a settlement of the Eastern difficulty. But if she persists in her threats,—there are means of terrifying her, to which Lord Palmerston very well knows how to resort.

We sincerely trust nothing of the kind will be necessary. England is neither politically nor socially so well off that we need be eager to extend the war beyond its present limits. We are just now placed between two dangers,—the danger of a peace without satisfactory provisions,—and of a war, vague, revolutionary, and desolating. Does the reader know the alternatives to which the last of these would reduce Europe in about twenty years? Anarchy, with social wretchedness and want,—or military despotisms twice as stringent as any with which we are now afflicted.

NEW MORTAR SHELL.—A young man, residing at Hawarden, a few miles from Chester, has received a summons to attend in London to lay before the Board of Ordnance the description and particulars connected with the invention of a new shell for the use of mortars. This projectile differs not in shape from those commonly used, but the novelty consists in the possession of the important property of instant explosion upon the slightest contact, without reference to the length of fuse. It is understood that the slightest concussion causes the explosion, but that contact with an opposing body is necessary to bring out the full force of the shell. This is an important item in the destructive power of projectiles.

THE CZAR AND HIS BROTHERS.

Among the august personages who at present preside over the destinies of Europe, there are none whose position and power of doing mischief render them more worthy of attention than the princes of the House of Romanoff—the inheritors of the policy of Peter the Great, the want of principle which characterised Catherine, the Quixotic tendency that led Paul into more than one desperate enterprise, and the peculiar superstitions and sentiments which influenced the mind and coloured the career of the First Alexander.

Foremost, of course, in position, though not perhaps in influence, among the sons of the unscrupulous Nicholas, is Alexander the Second, Emperor and Autocrat, a man whose easy disposition and moderate talents little qualify him to preside over a war waged against the united hosts of England and France. The Czar is now rather more than thirty-eight years of age, having first seen the light in April, 1818. His form is tall and robust—indeed, inclining to corpulence; and, unlike his father, whose fair countenance and fine physiognomy told of his German descent, he has a Russian look, being dark in complexion, with full round eyes, now and then lighted up with flashes of merriment, but generally expressive of a settled melancholy. His face wears an expression of kindness and benevolence, and he has none of that severe aspect supposed to distinguish men born to rule and destined to subjugate, but rather appears to be one of those hapless beings whom fate has, in mere mockery, made a monarch, and whom circumstances have compelled to enact a part for which he was never intended by nature. On accepting from his departed sire the fearful legacy of a hopeless and humiliating war, the Czar is understood to have felt so little qualified for that struggle that he resigned its conduct, in a great measure, to a council, in which a prominent place was assigned to his brother Constantine.

The Czar, when hereditary Grand Duke, espoused Maria, sister of the Duke of Hesse. By that lady he is father of four sons to inherit his crown and his pretensions, and he is reputed to possess excellent qualities as husband and father. With all his outward amiability, some do not hesitate to assert that there is an air of dissimulation about the Czar; and, indeed, it is the misfortune of those wearing the Imperial crown of Russia, that however true their original character, they sooner or later become types of guile and falsehood.

The Grand Duke Constantine, who, from his fierce, daring, and impetuous character, is the hero of the Russian nobility, was born in the year 1827, after Nicholas had ascended the throne; and the circumstance of his having been thus “born in the purple,” according to Petersburg gossip, raised, in their young days, a dispute between the brothers, Constantine asserting that he was the eldest son of the Emperor, since, at Alexander's birth, Nicholas had only been Grand Duke. As late as this summer, there were apprehensions of a revolution, with the object of dethroning Alexander and substituting Constantine in his place. That danger seems, for the present, to have passed over. Constantine is, compared with his brother, spare and diminutive in person. His features are regular, but bear marks of premature care; and if the expression of his countenance may be taken as evidence, his temper is the reverse of angelic. He was educated for the navy, trained on board ship, performed a voyage round the world in company with his governor, Admiral Lutke, seemed to identify himself with the maritime power of the empire, and is distinguished by manners and speech as bluff as any sailor need be. Though reputed to hate England with a perfect hatred, he visited our shores in 1847, and inspected our naval arsenals and dockyards in their minutest details, and with the most careful attention. He is said to be surrounded at St. Petersburg by a band of followers rejoicing in the name of the “old Russian party,” and is suspected to govern the empire over which his brother nominally reigns. Hitherto, however, he has given no proof of eminent talent. Speaking of the Grand Duke Constantine, the author of “Nine Years' Residence in Russia” says,—“It has been insinuated that he rules the empire, over which his brother nominally reigns. Such statements, however, like those which affirm the existence of powerful opposing parties in Russia, must be received with great caution. As long as the Czar, in the absoluteness of his authority, can by a word consign his nearest relative, like any other subject, to a dungeon, or send him into exile, or appoint him to a distant and sterile command—and of such family discipline there are precedents abundant in the history of Russian sovereigns—so long will it be impossible for any Russian liegeman to exercise aught but a delegated authority, or to foster a party that would have more than a semblance of influence, or, indeed, of existence.”

The Czar's younger brothers, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael—one born in 1831, the other in 1832—are chiefly known to the public from the part they took at the battle of Inkerman. Previous to the conflict the Grand Duke Michael, a fine, stout young fellow, who was noticed on several occasions riding about with a white dog for his companion, informed the soldiers that the Czar had issued orders that every Frenchman and Englishman should be driven into the sea ere the year closed; but when the Grand Dukes heard of the slaughter of their men they grew pale; and when the day was irretrievably lost, they burst into tears, retreated with their staff, and implored Menschikoff to make the best capitulation he could, and abandon the hopeless struggle. The Grand Duke Nicholas has recently been nominated chief of the division of the pioneers of the Cavalry of the Guard; and the Grand Duke Michael, chief of the 2nd division of the Artillery of the Guard.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The “Moniteur” publishes the returns of the principal merchandise imported into France during the nine months of 1855, ending on the 1st of October, and of the Customs duties levied thereon, which amounted to 151,139,275*fr.* Compared with those of 1854, they show an augmentation of 43,961,388*fr.* The receipts during the month of September were 11,875,065*fr.*, or 1,529,783*fr.* less than in the corresponding month of last year. The salt tax produced during the nine months of 1855, 23,737,740*fr.*

The trade of Paris continues to suffer from the restrictive measures adopted by the Bank of France. The refusal of that establishment to re-scind its resolution respecting bills above seventy-five days has created considerable discontent, particularly in the departments. Much is said about giving forced currency to bank-notes; but the Bank has not yet obtained the consent of the Emperor, who opposes the measure personally, because he fears that it would produce a bad effect abroad.

The Minister of the Interior has addressed a circular to the prefects on the “Food question,” of which the following are the most important paragraphs:—

“As soon as the small yield of the harvest became known, the Emperor instantly ordered all the measures which might alleviate the calamity. By his orders the prohibition on the export of corn, buck-wheat, maize, potatoes, and chestnuts was renewed, and not one of these products of our soil can at this moment, even in the smallest quantity, be withdrawn from French consumption. The distillation of grains has been prohibited. The cereals of our Algeria are exclusively reserved for us; the most complete security has been guaranteed to commerce, which demands of the foreign markets their corn and flour for distribution amongst ours. Every possible favour has been granted to these importations, and to the navigation which realises them. The railway tariffs for the conveyance of corn to the interior have been reduced. Severe measures are prescribed against any stock-jobbers attempting to create a fraudulent rise in the rural districts.

The Emperor has specially remembered that numerous part of the population which only lives on the toil of each day; he has wished to multiply the works in their behalf, and where the wages were not in proportion to the temporary dearth of the necessities of life, to elicit the beneficent organisation of a helping fund. It is with this twofold object that the credit of ten millions has been opened, the distribution of which forms the subject of this circular.”

Sixteen people were killed and six wounded on the Lyons Railway on Monday. A fast express train ran into a slow cattle train. The drivers were seated in the back carriages, into which the express rushed at a speed of sixty miles an hour. The grossest carelessness gave rise to the accident.

The departure of the Duke and Duchess of Brabant from their visit to the Emperor of the French, took place on Wednesday.

SPAIN.

The Spanish government have conferred the Grand Cross of the Military Order of San Fernando on Marshal Pelissier and General Serran. The Grand Cross of Charles III. is also to be conferred on Generals Canrobert, Bosquet, and Della Marmora.

Although the Carlists continue still up and doing, whenever government forces come in contact with them, they are forced to surrender.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria has returned to Vienna. A Concordat has been concluded between the Holy See and the Austrian Government. The Holy See is said to be delighted at the signing of the Concordat, and evinces great gratitude for the rights conceded. These rights are, in fact, so extensive, that, short of present, the church ought to be everything, and the civil power almost nothing. In the state, the Holy See could hardly require more. Besides, the maintenance of the imperial placet, the maintenance of titles, the ecclesiastical tribunals, the absolute right of possessing and disposing of property, the guarantee of all the rights and prerogatives the church enjoys, the first article of the Concordat says, “according to the order established by God and the canonical constitutions,” &c., the Concordat gives up education almost entirely to the clergy throughout the whole extent of the empire. It confers on the bishops the right of appointing whatever books they shall deem contrary to religion and good morals, and the government will be bound to support them by the armed power, preventing the publication of such writings.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian army has just presented to the King, on the 5th anniversary of his entrance into his ranks, a magnificent salute, the value of which is of solid gold. The presentation was made by a number of royal officers, at the head of whom was the Prince of Prussia. The King was present at the ceremony, as chief of a regiment of cuirassiers, and wore the colours of her corps.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor Alexander, on leaving for the south, gave the most pressing and imperative orders for the completion of the fortifications of Krasnodar. This fact would appear like a proof that fears were still entertained in Russia of Austria taking part in the war.

The “Austrian Gazette,” after describing the emotion caused at Odessa by the arrival of the Allied fleets, announces that the consular authorities addressed a note to the admirals wherein they remind them that the town of Odessa gives shelter to a crowd of foreign families, subjects of their sovereigns, and that the greatest part of the moveable and immovable property belongs to them. They venture, therefore, to hope that their excellencies will exempt the town from the disastrous effects of bombardment.

An imperial ukase just issued permits the free importation of European colonial produce into the Transcaucasian provinces *en route* for the overland routes of Persia and Turkey, during the continuance of the war.

POLAND.

It is now generally reported that Prince Paskiewitch has come to some of the highest officials at Warsaw the extraordinary intention that on the return of the Emperor from the South some very important changes will be made in the administration of affairs in Poland, and there will be “another government.”

DENMARK.

The amount of revenue derived by Denmark from the Sound-tolls exceeds two million thalers (above £300,000), an important sum to a population of 1,500,000. The Danish Government is now said to be anxious to settle the matter by capitalising this amount, which would have been raised by the various States interested in proportion to the amount of their yearly contributions. The United States and Prussia have, on several occasions, endeavoured to redeem this charge by the payment of a sum once for all, but were never successful, Denmark having hitherto had the support of Russia to fall back upon; now, however, it is understood that Russia consents to a commutation being effected. The system hitherto pursued has been that the vessel and its cargo paid the Sound-dues on passing Elsinore without reference to their destination, the tariff varying slightly according as the nation of the ship belonged to the list of favoured nations or not. The practical result of this has been that the exporter of the goods thus passing through those straits has paid the tolls, whether he ever recovered them from the consumer or not. The view seems now to gain ground, that it will be much more advantageous to all parties to let the duties be defrayed on the landing of the goods by the importer, the Danish Government appointing an Inspector of Customs in each of the Baltic ports to watch over the fiscal interests. This plan would have the great advantage for Denmark, that it would in a great measure disarm and put out of the field of contention England, France, and the United States, and all commercial nations this side of the Sound, and restrict the contest to the deliberations of the six Baltic States, viz.:—Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, Mecklenburg, and Lubeck. Prussia and Sweden have, it is said, announced their willingness to treat on this basis. Of the intentions of Russia on this point, nothing has transpired.

Although it was no secret that the King had contracted a left-handed marriage with a former milliner of the name of Lola Rasmussen, whom he has elevated to the rank of Countess Danner, yet that step had never been publicly or officially made known. It therefore caused great sensation when the King, at the court and levee he held on his birthday at the palace of Christiansborg in Copenhagen, caused her to be present, and presented her to the foreign ambassadors, requesting the latter to notify his marriage to their respective courts. On new year's day she is to be elevated to the rank of Duchess. Her antecedents and former mode of life had better be passed over in silence.

SWEDEN.

SCARCELY has a week elapsed since the return of Baron Koud-Bondé from his secret mission to Paris, when a diplomatic journey is undertaken by Admiral Virgin, the real object of which is studiously kept a secret. It is generally believed that he has also gone to Paris, and it is added that he is the bearer of the King's ultimatum as to the conditions he requires as the price of his throwing up his neutrality and joining the Western Powers in the prosecution of the war. Such a step would not fail to make him very popular, and it would be received with the greatest enthusiasm throughout the whole of the Scandinavian peninsula. Admiral Virgin was, last year, for a short time, Swedish Envoy Extraordinary in London.

SARDINIA.

The Cabinet of Turin has applied to that of Paris to request its mediation in the new dispute which has arisen between Sardinia and Austria, in consequence of the resolution taken by the latter to lay the property of the religious corporations, secularised by the recent law, under sequestration. The French Government has, however, declined meddling in the matter.

There are rumours that the King of Sardinia is suffering from the effects of poison; and that to the same cause the numerous deaths in his family are to be attributed. His Majesty had, however, so far recovered on the 17th as to be able to preside at a Council of Ministers.

Troops continue to be sent to the Crimea, to keep up the effective force of the Sardinian Contingent.

Diplomatic relations between the Sardinian and Tuscan Governments have been now for some time suspended. The cause is of a private nature, but the dispute has already assumed a somewhat serious aspect, and may have important results.

NAPLES.

The feeling at Naples becomes daily stronger and stronger in favour of invoking the name of Murat as the watchword of party, and it is said that men are merging their differences in order to secure a greater union. “Were it the archfiend himself we would gladly accept him would he promise us liberty,” is the saying; but the name of Murat comes recommended by the glorious reminiscences of the past, and the exciting interest of a French union.

The success of the projected railway between Naples and Brindisi is now probable; 50,000 shares have been already taken, and they are continually being called for. The inauguration of the commencement of it, will take

under the auspices of the Hereditary Prince in the middle of next year. The plans and measurements have received the Royal approbation, and permission to enter on the work has been conceded.

GREECE.

From Athens state that the representatives of France and England have demanded positive promises from the King:—1. In respect to the display of the Russian cause. 2. In regard to the issue of robbers which disturb the peace and quiet of the country. 3. In regard to the Greek press. The King is said to have declared:—1. He had no influence over the sympathies of his subjects. 2. He had no influence over the press. Mr. Wyse is understood to have replied to the Greek press. The King is said to have declared:—1. He had no influence over the sympathies of his subjects. 2. He had no influence over the press. Mr. Wyse is understood to have replied to the Greek press. The King is said to have declared:—1. He had no influence over the sympathies of his subjects. 2. He had no influence over the press. Mr. Wyse is understood to have replied to the Greek press.

TURKEY.

Accounts state that Osman Pacha, who was wounded and taken at Sinope, has been exchanged, with 14 of his seamen, for Russian prisoners, and is now at Constantinople. The Sultan has addressed a flattering letter to General La Marmora and his staff, and has ordered the Turkish troops under his command in the Crimea. Preparations are being made at Scutari for the reception of 1,000 prisoners from the Crimea, where they are to winter. On the 1st inst., General Vivian left Constantinople for the Crimea, to take command of the Turkish troops. He is expected to arrive at Scutari on the 8th, and has since gone to the Dardanelles to arrange the future disposition of the irregulars lately under the command of General Beaumont. The Artillery of this force is now encamped near the Cemetery of Scutari, under the command of Colonel Crofton. On the 1st inst., General Vivian left Constantinople for the Crimea, to take command of the Turkish troops. He is expected to arrive at Scutari on the 8th, and has since gone to the Dardanelles to arrange the future disposition of the irregulars lately under the command of General Beaumont. The Artillery of this force is now encamped near the Cemetery of Scutari, under the command of Colonel Crofton.

AUSTRALIA.

According to recent accounts, some new diggings have been discovered in the Whistler Scrub, about 14 or 15 miles from Sandhurst. A numerous meeting of Scottish Highlanders had been held at Sandhurst, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of affording relief to the suffering poor of the Highlands and islands of Scotland, and also to discuss the position of many of the working class of the colony, relative to certain debts due by them to the Highland and Island Emigration Society. An expedition was about to start from Sydney to explore the interior of the Australian continent. A report of the 17th of July, from Adelaide, mentions that the weather was mild and seasonable. The necessities of life were very high in price. A number of unemployed single women supported at Government expense in Adelaide was 519, and on board ships at Port Adelaide 376.

The War.

SURRENDER OF KINBURN.

1,500 PRISONERS AND 70 GUNS TAKEN.—FRENCH OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

The Minister of Marine has received from Admiral Bruat the following despatch:—

"Kinburn, Oct. 17.

On the morning of the 14th of October, the squadron left the roadstead of Odessa as soon as the heavy easterly winds, which had checked operations since the 8th of October, had ceased. In the evening of the same day, they anchored off Kinburn.

In the night, four French gun-boats—*Tirailleur*, *Stridente*, *Mour*, and *Mutine*—sent by Rear-Admiral Pellion, under the orders of the *Albatros*, sailed with five English gun-boats through the narrows of the Dnieper, and entered the Dnieper.

The next day, Oct. 15, at daybreak, the troops were landed at about 150 metres from the place to the south of it. In the afternoon, the batteries opened their fire; but they were obliged to suspend it when it fell, on account of the swell, which rendered the aim uncertain.

The entire day of the 16th was nearly lost for us, as the winds had shifted round to the south-west. The troops were occupied in entrenching themselves and making reconnaissances towards the south. The gun-boats in the Dnieper were alone able to annoy the place.

The wind having shifted to the north during the night, we were engaged early in the morning, Admiral Lyons and myself, in causing to be put into execution the plan of attack arranged on the previous evening, in conformity to the soundings taken by Captain Spratt, of the *Spitfire*, and Lieutenant Cloué, of the *Brandon*, assisted by Messrs. Floix and Manen, photographic engineers. At 20 minutes past 9, the three floating batteries, *Devastation*, *Lave*, and *Tonnante*, opened their fire.

The success they obtained on this day has answered all the hopes of the Emperor. The rampart they battered presented very speedily, and on several points, practicable breaches.

The French and English mortar vessels opened their fire at 45 minutes past 9. Their aim, rectified by the signals of the paddle steamers, was admirably directed. I attribute to them, in a great measure, the successful surrender of the place.

The five French gun-boats, the *Grenade*, *Fleche*, *Mitraille*, *Flamme*, and *Requin*, sustained by six English gun-boats, took up their positions nearly at the same time as the mortar vessels. Their aim ricocheted very advantageously the open batteries (*à barbette*), which were contending against the floating batteries.

As soon as the firing of the place had slackened, our gun-boats advanced, at the signal given by the captain of the *Grenade*, M. Jauréguiberry, to the line formed by the floating batteries. They were accompanied by the movement of the English gun-boats.

Precisely at noon, the ships, followed by the frigates, corvettes, and paddle steamers, got up steam. The ships formed on a front line; they anchored, and lay with their broadsides to the forts at a distance of 100 metres in 200 feet of water. At the same moment, six English frigates commanded by Rear-Admiral Stewart, and three French frigates under the orders of Rear-Admiral Pellion, the *Asmodée*, *Cucique*, and *Albatros*, made for the pass of Otschakow in order to take the forts of Kinburn in the rear. The English ship, the *Hannibal*, advanced to the middle of the pass. Generals Bazaine and Spencer brought up their riflemen and field-pieces to about 400 metres from the place.

These bold manoeuvres and the imposing front presented by the nine French and English ships, broadsides on and bowsprit to stern, thundering with all their guns, had a decisive effect. At thirty-five minutes past one, observing that the fort of Kinburn fired no longer, although the northern batteries continued still to make use of their mortars, Admiral Lyons and myself thought it right to respect the courage of the brave fellows we were fighting against; consequently we made the signal to cease firing, and hoisted the flag of truce, sending a French boat and an English one on shore.

The forts accepted the capitulation offered. The garrison left the place with the honours of war and gave themselves up as prisoners. Our troops occupy all the Russian works.

The capitulation stipulated that the place should be given up to us in the state it was then in. We take possession, therefore, of the enemy's stores and munitions. Admiral Lyons and myself are sending the surgeons of the two squadrons to tend the Russian wounded, numbering about eighty.

The number of prisoners is from twelve to fifteen hundred. We are going to occupy ourselves with forming here a solid establishment."

Marshal Pelissier has forwarded to the Minister of War the following communication relating to the operations of the Allied forces at Kinburn:—

"Sebastopol, Oct. 21, 5 p.m.

"I have just received from General Bazain his report of the capture of Kinburn.

"The Anglo-French division of the army has actively contributed to the success of the Allied squadron.

"Having been landed on the peninsula about 5 kilometres from the fortress, it took up its position, and in the night of the 16th, opened the trenches at 800 metres from the works.

"When the fleet commenced its heavy fire on the 17th, two companies of Chasseurs, under cover at a distance of 400 metres from the batteries, were able to keep up a fusillade on the Russian artillerymen at their guns.

"The field artillery also played an effective part in the operation. We have taken 1,120 prisoners, including General Konowitch and 40 officers, with 171 pieces of cannon and a quantity of ammunition and stores. We are now in full occupation of an important position.

"Such are the results to the Allies of this successful expedition. The Russians have rendered this success complete by themselves blowing up the fortifications of Otschakow, on the 18th.

"I send you the standard, with the arms of Russia, which floated over the walls of Kinburn."

ENGLISH OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

The following telegraphic message has been received from Rear-Admiral Sir E. Lyons:—

Off the mouth of the Dnieper, Oct. 17.

"The three forts in the Kinburn Spit, mounting upwards of 70 guns, and garrisoned by 1,300 men, under General Konowitch, have this day capitulated to the Allied forces.

"The day before yesterday a flotilla of gun-vessels forced the entrance into the Dnieper, and the Allied troops landed on the spit to the southward of the forts; thus, by their simultaneous operation, the retreat of the garrisons and the arrival of reinforcements were effectually cut off, so that the forts being bombarded to-day by the mortar-vessels, gun-vessels, and French floating batteries, and being closely cannonaded by the steam line of battle ships and frigates (having only two feet of water under their keels), were soon obliged to surrender. The casualties in the fleet were very few, but the enemy had 45 killed and 130 wounded. A steam squadron, under the orders of Rear-Admirals Stewart and Pellion, lie at anchor in the Dnieper, and command the entrance to Nicolaieff and Kherson.

"The forts are occupied by the Allied troops.

"The prisoners will be sent to Constantinople immediately."

DESTRUCTION OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF OTSCHAKOW.

The following telegraphic despatch was received at the Admiralty on the 23rd inst., from Rear-Admiral Sir E. Lyons:—

Off the Mouth of the Dnieper, Oct. 18.

"This morning the enemy blew up his fortifications on Otschakow Point, mounting twenty-three guns, which were assailable by our mortar vessels."



THE RUSSIAN DEFEAT AT KARS.

It was in Asia that the Russians placed their best hopes; it was there that the organs of the Russian Government gave vent to their boastful inspirations. "The Turks," they said, "will encounter a fearful fate when attacked in Asia." Now, after much hesitation, the attack has been made, and has failed, the Russians having been defeated. It seems that a species of malediction overlies Russia in this war. The second year has arrived without witnessing a single victory. Sinope was the last triumph of Russia; and then from Oltenitz to Kars, what a series of defeats—what hecatombs of human life, and what loss of prestige!

The victory of the Turks at Kars, on Michaelmas-day last, appears to have been complete. The battle lasted for more than eight hours, and was carried on with the greatest desperation on both sides; the Russians appearing determined to take the place, and the Turks manfully resolved to keep possession of it. Four times did the Russians succeed in taking two batteries; but before they had time to turn the guns round, or even to spike them, the Turks rushed upon them with such vigour as not only to regain possession of the batteries, but by this movement, effected suddenly, on the last occasion to decide the fortune of the day. Being repulsed with such fury, the Russians were quite taken by surprise, and fell back upon their comrades, who were thrown into confusion. The Turks then rushed out of the fortress, and massacred an enormous number of the enemy, before they had time to form their ranks and recover from their surprise. The despatch adds that although a great number of killed and wounded were carried off the field of battle during the action, more than 4,000 were left dead under the walls of the fortress. A couple of hundred Russians were made prisoners, and some pieces of ordnance fell into the hands of the Turks. Kennedy, the Hungarian General, and General Williams, commanded in the absence of Vassif Pacha.

The Russians were commanded by General Mouravieff, "the first of Russian tacticians," of whom the following anecdote is told:—Some years since, after having distinguished himself greatly in the Caucasus, Mouravieff returned to St. Petersburg. The late Czar, who had heard the General highly spoken of, one day said to him, "As you play the professor in the Caucasus, I must judge for myself whether your pretensions are well founded. Take the command of a corps, and manoeuvre against another which shall act under my directions. Do your best; for I do not intend to spare you." The manoeuvres had hardly commenced when the Emperor lost sight of the corps opposed to him. Some hours passed, and, as no Mouravieff appeared, the imperial force retired towards the Neva; but, unfortunately for the military reputation of the Sovereign, the corps of his adversary was concealed behind some high ground close to the spot to which he had withdrawn. Mouravieff suddenly appeared, pushed forward a column, which separated the Czar from the body of his corps, and eventually managed to get the latter between his artillery and the river. On seeing this, General Yermoloff galloped up to Mouravieff, and thus addressed him: "I congratulate you, on a victory which will prove to be a defeat." Yermoloff knew his master. Mouravieff was under a cloud, and nothing more was heard of him until very recently.

KINBURN AND OTSCHAKOW.

The waters of the Bug and the Dnieper debouch into the sea by a single branch. After forming a lake, where they blend, the two rivers flow together, between Otschakow on the north, and Kinburn on the south, through a narrow channel of variable depth (15 feet the minimum) much nearer Kinburn than Otschakow.

Otschakow, but for its strategic position, would be considered at this day as an unimportant village. Kinburn, the Kalburun of the Tartars, is not even a village. These two points, previous to the present war, were scarcely fortified, and the most recent accounts only mention the existence of one battery at Otschakow; but, since the bombardment of Odessa, the Russians comprehended the necessity of defending that passage, and the siege of Sebastopol has taught us the promptitude with which the enemy can raise fortifications, and make up in that respect for lost time.

Otschakow, on the right shore, is built on the top of a cliff of middling height, advancing in an acute angle straight to the south, and throwing out a low flat on which rises a fort of Genoese origin, in a very dilapidated state. A battery of nine guns of large calibre, recently erected on the cliff outside the channel, taking it in enfilade, but at a long range, completes the defence of this side, without presenting any serious obstacles.

It is on the left shore, on the tongue of land formed by the alluvial deposits of the two rivers, that the citadel of Kinburn is built, commanding the passage much nearer, as its guns act both outside and inside, constituting in a word the sole defence of the mouth of the Dnieper.

The citadel of Kinburn is a hornwork of masonry, with earthen parapets, surrounded by a moat wherever it is not washed by the sea, containing barracks and other buildings, the roofs and chimneys of which are visible above the rampart. It is armed in all its faces, having one tier of guns covered and casemated, which tier is crowned by a battery *à barbette*, the whole possibly presenting some sixty guns, half of which sweep the sea outside, from the south-east to the north-north-west.

Kinburn has the war-dag always flying, the sign of armament, and contains a garrison of two thousand men, not including the military colonists settled outside, in a village regularly built, to the south, and within range of the fort guns. Two fresh batteries were lately erected to the north-west of the fortress.

The capture of these two fortresses of Kinburn and Otschakow, will open the passage of the mouth of the Dnieper to the Anglo-French squadrons, and in consequence the road to Nicolaieff and Kherson. The occupation of Otschakow would, moreover, permit the despatch of a land expedition against the first-named town. Nicolaieff forms the point of a triangle, having the mouth of the Dnieper for basis, and of which the citadel of Otschakow and the town of Kherson occupy the other extremities. The roads which conduct to them do not appear to offer any serious obstacles.

KHERSON.

KHERSON, the capital of the government of the same name, was for many years the central point of the naval and commercial resources of Russia in the Black Sea. It boasted both arsenals and dock-yards; but Sebastopol and Nicolaieff successively deprived it of its importance as a military establishment. Later it was abandoned by commerce in favour of Odessa, and its population, which once comprised from 15,000 to 18,000 souls, fell to 6,000 or 8,000.

The town is defended by nature against the approach of large ships (for the navigable channels of the Dnieper cannot receive vessels exceeding five hundred tons). It stands on the right bank of the river. It was founded in 1778, by Potemkin, and owed its prosperity in some measure to its corn trade, that being the staple of the province of which it is the capital. Its grain generally filled up the deficit in Western Europe, into which it was imported under the name of Odessa corn; as it is from the province of Kherson that Odessa chiefly draws the corn that has rendered it so celebrated.

The climate of the province is dry; the cold is severe in winter, and the heat oppressive in summer. As a compensation, it has those rich harvests which Odessa turns to so good an account. Kherson is also a cattle-breeding country. It possesses large forests towards the north, in the neighbourhood of Elisabethgrad. To all this, part of the inhabitants add the resources of fishing. From Alekhi, a small town of Tauris, lying opposite to Kherson just as Kinburn lies opposite to Otschakow, a road leads to Perekop, which is about 27 leagues distant.

THE BALTIC FLEET.

ERECTION OF A MEMORIAL ON THE SITE OF THE HANGO MASSACRE.

Captain Hall, of the *Neuseis*, has been hovering about Hango for some time. After harassing in every way in his power the Cossacks stationed in the neighbourhood, he one morning landed all his marines, who at once formed a cordon round the village of Hango, placed the gun-boats close in shore, and, with a party of blue-jackets, carrying a flag-staff with an ensign half-mast on it, the band playing the "Dead March in Saul" in front of them, marched up to the place where two of the boat's crew and the Finnish captain, who was to have been released, were buried. On arriving at the graves the chaplain of the ship read the funeral service. After that being over, a tablet, which had been neatly carved on board the *Blenheim*, was placed, by way of a tombstone, over the spot, with the following inscription:—

"Sacred to the memory of the boat's crew of her Britannic Majesty's ship *Cossack* and a Finnish master of a merchant vessel, who were barbarously murdered by Russian troops, under the command of an officer, when under the protection of a flag of truce, and to that of the wife of the above-named Finnish master, who died of grief at Helsingfors when she heard of her husband's death and her country's dishonour."

Having done this, the whole party re-embarked. Several Cossacks were hovering about, but did not come within shot of the marines.

OFF REVEL, Oct. 16.—According to present arrangements, the line-of-battle ships are to leave the Gulf of Finland at the termination of the present month, and to proceed at various intervals, in small squadrons, down the Baltic. The *Nile* and *Cressy* will be the two first ships of their class to arrive at the home ports, where they may be expected in the third week of November.

It was considered by France and England highly desirable that a part of the allied squadrons should winter in some Scandinavian port, in order to be near the field of action early in the spring, and the island of Gothland was fixed on for the purpose. Permission was asked of the King of Sweden to put this plan in execution, but he has negatived it in the most unqualified manner, even at the risk of disturbing the good understanding existing between him and the Western Powers.

While the *Nile* was stationed in Björkö Sound, one of her officers, an assistant-clerk, disappeared in a mysterious manner. He went on shore in company with one of his messmates, from whom, while walking through the woods, he by accident separated, lost the footpath leading back to the shore, and has not since been heard of, notwithstanding scouts were sent out in all directions for two or three successive days in search of him.

The first hard frost of the present winter set in during the night of the 13th inst. On the main land, and the immediate vicinity of Revel, snow fell, remaining on the ground to the depth of six inches.

DANTSIC, Oct. 19.—During the last three weeks a report has been circulating in the fleet that Admiral Dundas purposes taking a trip in the *Dragon* to Stockholm, to pay a personal visit to the King of Sweden.



PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S FORMER HEAD-QUARTERS IN SEBASTOPOL.

THE FORTIFICATIONS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF SEBASTOPOL.

As seen from the broad esplanade behind the dockyard shears, the whole northern slope appears to be covered with redoubts and batteries to an extent which will render it, if defended, but little inferior in strength to the lines on the town side, which have cost us an eleven months' siege. Without a glass may be counted twelve heavy earth batteries at various points from the neighbourhood of Fort Constantine up to the inner extremity of the harbour, one of which especially, on the summit of the highest brow of the slope, appears equal in extent and weight of metal to the Great Redan itself. Out of the centre of this long and heavily-armed work rises what may be termed a low tower or circular fort, much like the Malakhoff before it was finally reduced to a level with the outer parapet; on the side of it which bears upon the harbour, this inner work has five embrasures, which, if it be circular, would indicate an armament of some 18 or 20 heavy pieces. The other works—which occupy every point of command along the whole extent of the slope—range from a strength of five up to twenty guns, and appear to differ little in construction from the batteries

on the south side, except in being of a seemingly more “finished” workmanship. About half way between the crown of the slope and the harbour, and in a line with the long heavy battery to which reference has been made, is a very strong redoubt, which is approached from below, and defended by armed zigzag platforms of massive masonry. Along the base of this work are several one-storey buildings, apparently storehouses, and a few perches lower down is the extremity of the little creek, in which, surrounded by other sunken craft, lies the dismantled steamer *Wladimir*, side up. About the same elevation from the harbour, and some hundred perches further up from its mouth, is another very strong redoubt, the outer face of which is entirely constructed of earth, with the embrasures as neatly bevelled in as those of any battery on the Thames or the Medway; and below it, a little further up the harbour still, is a small Tartar village, in the neighbourhood of which some red-tiled storehouses are also visible. Off this hamlet are moored the one-masted harbour boats, or barges, which, with a few rowing boats, constitute—if ever they belonged to it—the last humble relics of the once proud Russian fleet of the Black Sea. Away

again on the ridge behind this, appears a long line of white tents, belonging probably to the field force which stretches from this point all along the plateau of Inkermann to the heights beyond the bridge of Traktir. At night, the camp fires of this army of observation sparkle like huge worms along the whole face of the plateau slope, at little more than 1000 yds. shot from the outlying pickets of the French encampment to the right of our Light Division; and, during the day, many a round shot passes over the narrow ravine of the Tchernaya which divides the two armies. In fact, the whole of this northern position is of a strength which will give us trouble in spring, if not turned before then by a flank movement.

VIEWS IN SEBASTOPOL.

ONE of the most interesting of the illustrations which we this week publish, is the view of Prince Menschikoff's former head-quarters in Sebastopol, now occupied by a French officer of distinction. It is said to have been the club-house which the aristocracy of this Queen City of the East



THE FRENCH TELEGRAPH ABOVE THE WHITE TOWER OF THE MALAKHOFF.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

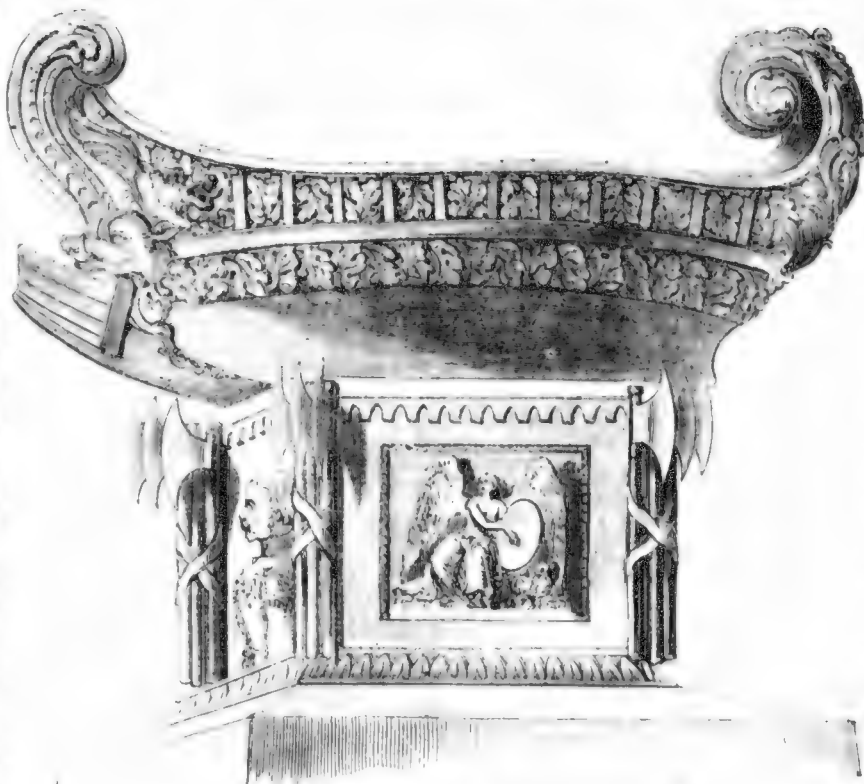
we made their favourite place of resort long before the faculty of the Holy Places had assumed an aspect of importance in the minds of men bent on checking the excessive spirit of the Czars. Here, no doubt, was frequently discussed the probability of that descent upon Constantinople which must have been a matter of every-day talk among the officials of Sebastopol, who knew enough the intended object of that immense accumulation of warlike material that choked its arsenals, contemplated destination of that fleet which crowded its capacious harbour.

WHITE TOWER, MALAKHOFF.

The engraving at the foot of the opposite page represents all that now remains of the round White Tower, a singular distinguishing feature of the far-famed Malakoff. Its importance in a military point of view, was proved before the first parallel of the Allies was opened. "A round tower of white stone," writes the "Times" correspondent, in his first letter from before Sebastopol, "promises to prove very troublesome." In a subsequent letter, he states that the Russians had thrown up extensive entrenchments around it, armed with heavy guns. "The round tower itself," he continues, "is provided with guns which, equally with those in the earthworks below, throw shot and shell right over our advanced posts and working parties, and sometimes catch them over the hills in our front into the camps below. At a distance of 1,200 yards from the Round Tower, our first batteries will be formed."

No sooner, however, was the bombardment commenced in earnest, than the Malakoff proved how very troublesome an adversary it was likely to be. The newspaper correspondents agreed in terming the practice of our batteries splendid, "but our works," say they, "are much cut up by fire from the Redan and from the works round the circular martello tower on our right."

On the second day after opening our first fire, a magazine was exploded inside the Malakoff, and the Russian Admiral Korniloff, received such severe injuries in the thigh while superintending the gunners employed within this work, that he had to undergo an amputation, of which he died. During the progress of the bombard-



THE BRONZE GALLEY OF SEBASTOPOL.

ment, the correspondents attached to the camp reported that the fire from the works of the round tower continued as brisk as ever. A few days more, however, sufficient to knock the tower itself to pieces, and we have little doubt but that it even then presented much the same appearance as is indicated in our engraving, which is taken from a sketch made after the fall of Sebastopol. It was at that time described as a mass of crumbled stone, from which two guns, however, kept obstinately blazing away.

The lull in the progress of the siege caused by the fearful havoc of the winter, was taken advantage of by the Russians. In the month of January it was reported that the new works, thrown up in the rear of the Malakoff, seemed to be very perfect and well made. These consisted of three entrenchments with broad ditches in front, and levelled slopes to the parapets, rising with the ground, one over the other, so that the rear of the first was under the fire of the second, and the rear of the first and the second under the fire of the third. These formidable earthworks were armed with 80 heavy guns, and lookers-on among the Allies, while expressing admiration of their solidity, workmanship, and finish, could not but feel, what had been previously hinted at in the camp, namely, that the Malakoff—as has been since proved beyond a doubt—was unmistakably the key of the Russian position.

Our readers know the story of the various attacks to which this outwork was subjected; how the rifle pits in front had first of all to be carried, and how the Mamelon had to be assaulted and retained, ere it could be calculated that the formidable Malakoff would succumb.

BRONZE GALLEY.

Our next engraving is an enlarged view of the Bronze Galley, that we gave a representation of in a previous number. There are a variety of contradictory stories as to the precise object this monumental trophy was erected to commemorate. It will be recollected that our artist, in his letter, spoke of it as being in honour of the Empress Catherine. Some of the correspondents of the daily newspapers conceived it to have been erected in commemoration of the conquest of the Crimea, others



THE BRIDGE BATTERY, HARBOUR OF SEBASTOPOL.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

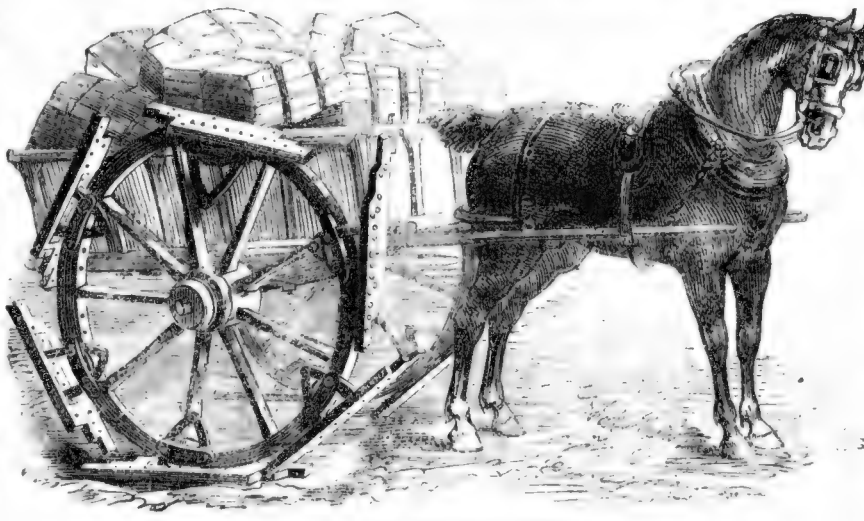
found they saw in it an emblem of the City of Sebastopol; but we believe the French have discovered its real significance, and that it is nothing more nor less than a monument to a Russian Admiral of distinction.

BRIDGE BATTERY.

The next illustration is one of the embrasures of a work of defence which existed along the bridge that crosses the military harbour—facing the Redan and the Greenhill Battery on the right. The battery is built on the bridge—of course on the side facing the offensive; the other is clear to the harbour. Here is shown the rope screens, formerly described, behind which the gunners plied their deadly trade, secure from stray shots. The little altar before which they performed their devotions, will be also noticed. The battery is built of stone, not roughly hewn, but neatly cut into blocks, which form steps on either side of the magazine.

NEW CART FOR THE CRIMEA.

WHEN the conduct of the war in the Crimea was under the investigation of Parliament and the press, one of the minor improvements which resulted from the public criticism on the administration of affairs was the invention of carts resembling more or less the one given in our engraving. Its construction is very peculiar, and a close examination is necessary to understand its advantages. There is an apparatus which covers the wheels, and is so constructed as to afford a kind of rail on which



NEW CART FOR THE CRIMEA.

the wheels revolve without being subject to the various inconveniences arising from the unevenness of the roads or grounds traversed. The advantages of this invention are especially manifest when the cart is required to pass over soft or marshy ground—inasmuch as there is always a broad flat surface for the wheels of the cart to rest upon. On uneven roads the boards or covering form an inclined plane so as to enable the conveyance to surmount with ease any obstacle. The amount of friction is greatly diminished by this contrivance,—there being a gain in locomotive power of as much as two to one. In carrying heavy loads—in marshy ground, or on rough roads, or on newly ploughed land, the advantages are incalculable. The invention is by Messrs. Boydell and Glasier of Camden Town. In addition to the large number manufactured for the government, the firm have also constructed machines of a similar kind for Prince Albert and others, for agricultural purposes.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AND THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN.—After the unsuccessful attack on the Redan, General Simpson sent word to Sir Colin Campbell that he must take it before morning with his division of Highlanders. At a late hour in the evening he went round the trenches, and saw the commanding officers of regiments. His announcement of the intended attack was characteristic:—"General Simpson says we are to take the Redan to-night, so be prepared; recollect, I shall lead you on myself."

THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

THE SITTINGS OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH COMMISSION.

Oct. 5.—The Commission which has been sitting in Sebastopol to divide and value the warlike stores and provisions abandoned by the enemy in their retreat from the place, has combined the functions of the three infernal judges with great skill, and has been by turns Mino, Alacus, and Rhadamanthus—for, although it certainly has condemned no one to death, it has consigned many worthless bodies of *matériel* to destruction. Its deliberations have at times been perturbed, if they have not been suspended, by the attentions of the enemy's cannoners; for the street in which the house of the Commissioners is situated is selected with a view to remind them of the value of guns, balls, and gunpowder, as it is completely enfiladed by the fire of one of the batteries. Sometimes a shot has bumped against the walls of the mansion, and shaken the bodies corporate, though it might not have disturbed the nerves of the members. Sometimes a shell has blurted into the rooms, and routed outlying artists as they sketched the ruins of Sebastopol. But the Commissioners have pursued and have almost terminated their labours, and their report will be an exceedingly interesting index to the actual remaining resources of the Russians in Sebastopol, after a siege and active operations for eleven months.

THE HEALTH AND STRENGTH OF THE ARMY.

At present the troops are in excellent health. Our strength is very considerable. It is almost as numerous as that with which the Duke fought the Battle of Vittoria. The infantry counts 27,000; the cavalry, 3,500; the artillery, 9,000—in fine, General Simpson has under his command not less than 38,000 effectives of all arms. There are few things to be complained of; but an army is an insatiable creature, and its providers must be as thoughtful and foreseeing as ants. Supplies must come in beforehand in prodigious quantities, or we are starved out. A pile of stores disappears in a day. To all commissariat officers in charge at Balaklava it may be well said—"Nulla fronti udes,"—"Have no faith in the front."

DEFICIENCY OF NECESSARY TOOLS.

As an instance of the general deficiencies, it may be mentioned that the butchers embarked for the commissariat of the expedition have no implements to carry on their trade with, and that they cannot procure them in the camp, even though they paid for them. In the same way, the soldiers on the roads have scanty and inadequate tools to work with, and those used during the siege by the army are worn out. Captain Foster, who is in charge of the Croat and civil labourers, will be obliged to go down to Constantinople in a few days to purchase tools, and, instead of getting out good articles from England, we spend money and time in trying to repair those which are really useless. The Sappers' tools, which have been handed over to the men employed under the Army Works Corps here, are all that could be expected of them.

THE FORLORN CONDITION OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY ON THE BELBEK.

The pickets bring in some foot-sore, ragged, emaciated, sickly-looking deserters, who tell a sad tale of want and suffering. The deserters who come in to the Sardinians are sent to our head-quarters; those who surrender to the Turks are brought to the French *Quartier-Général*. The last two who arrived at General Simpson's were a Pole and a Russian, and both were in such a condition as to excite the liveliest compassion among our soldiers. Their clothes were in rags, and the fragments of their boots scarcely clung to their feet. They were in such a forlorn state that Col. Blane, the kind and feeling commandant of the head-quarters camp, sent down an active and intelligent non-commissioned officer, Sergeant Gillespie, of the Provost Marshal's department, under whose immediate control all prisoners are placed, to the Russian stores at Sebastopol, to get them great-coats and clothing, but he could not find any boots, and it was observed that no boots were in store when the place was taken, and that the prisoners were very badly shod.

THE DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF A MOVEMENT ON THE PART OF THE ALLIED ARMY.

The chief difficulty arises from our being obliged to guard the ruins of Sebastopol, in order to prevent the Russians from establishing themselves there once more. We have thus to occupy a long line and to divide our army, which gives the advantage to the Russians of operating in a central position, and of falling with their whole force upon one or other point of our line of operations. This would be indeed a hazardous operation for them if a considerable force of ours were in the north. To obviate the success of this movement we must either destroy what is destructible on the south side, and retire behind the lines of Kamiesch and Balaklava, which would free at once the greatest part of the army for field operations, or make the south our basis of operations, forcing the plateau from Bakshiserai down the north plateau of Sebastopol, leaving only a flying corps, principally of cavalry, to harass the communications of the Russians; or else, as a third alternative, only take up positions this year which may serve as bases of operations for the next.

THE STARTING OF THE EXPEDITION FOR NICOLAIIEFF.

Oct. 7.—Favoured by the most beautiful weather, the expedition to the north sailed this morning from Kamiesch, which has been chosen as the general rendezvous for starting. The embarkation took place partly in Balaklava, partly in Kazatch Bay. Our infantry went down to the latter place on Thursday morning, and was embarked in a few hours. The marines, the artillery, and the staff went on board at Balaklava, and proceeded yesterday to Kamiesch. The vessels were all drawn up in line before the bay. It was a fine sight this magnificent fleet of steamers.

The time of starting was kept as secret as everything else connected with this expedition. The order was for everybody to be on board on Saturday, at 2 o'clock p.m. While the expedition was still preparing, and when even its destination was a mystery, it was interesting to watch the nature of the preparations, and thus to guess its destination. The day was one of those calm, clear October days so common in the Crimea, which make one nearly inclined to think that summer has been revived, or another spring was approaching.

The idea of Nicolaiieff suggested itself naturally as the destination, principally as the rumour of the intention of Russia to make it its principal naval depot and arsenal in the Black Sea was spreading at the same time. The fleet was only half destroyed as long as its cradle Nicolaiieff remained, and although the little depth of water made its safe enough from the huge screw line of battle ships, which the Emperor Alexander has ordered to be constructed, there was no reason why the Russians, if left alone on that side, should not construct a number of gun-boats to annoy us.

THE ACTIVITY OF THE RUSSIANS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF SEBASTOPOL.

Oct. 9.—The Russians are still busy throwing up entrenchments on every available spot of the north side of the harbour. The ground is, as all over this neighbourhood, particularly fit for a display of engineering. From Fort Constantine there is a succession of promontories extending towards the head of the harbour, which have been all taken advantage of to construct works upon, notwithstanding our fire; but this firing seems only intended to impede the construction of those works, and not to prevent it altogether, as the large batteries commenced some time ago have again been counter-ordered, and you can see the Russians working in spite of the occasional shot or shell pitching among them and scattering them for a moment. Lately, they have begun to fire more frequently from the Inkermann batteries towards the French redoubts there. Most of their shots from the harbour are directed against the town, rather than against French mortars behind Fort Nicholas, and against the head of the Dockyard Creek.

THE TELEGRAPH ON THE MALAKHOFF.

The telegraph station, which the French have constructed on the parapet of the Malakhoff, together with the neat little wooden house for the accommodation of the general on duty, has especially attracted the attention of the Russians. The have fired numerous shots at it, which, though passing within a short distance, have failed to strike the object itself. An engraving of this telegraph will be noticed on page 332. In the ditch of the Malakhoff, openings lead to the galleries for mining, which extend to an astonishing distance, and would, no doubt, have been called into use had the assault been delayed. The galleries are about four feet high and the same broad, and go forward from the side of the ditch about thirty or

forty yards in the solid earth; at right angles to these primary galleries are others which run parallel to the ditch itself, and then the whole join and form a sort of underground network.

BOMBARDMENT OF THE NORTH SIDE.

We learn, by a telegraphic communication, that on the 13th the batteries opened a heavy fire from cannon and mortars against Forts Constantine, Catherine, and the Russian positions. They are stated to be untenable.

ADVANCE OF THE ALLIES, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE RUSSIANS.

The Allies advance slowly, but surely, on the road to Bakshiserai. Numerous wagons are seen *en route* northwards, indicating a concentration on Simpheropol, on the part of the Russians, or a general retreat. General Autemarre has established himself with his division on the Upper Belbek. The Chasseurs d'Afrique have advanced from Baidar; one detachment is said to have succeeded in joining General d'Allonville.

From Eupatoria we learn that the British cavalry have disembarked, and the Russians are retreating before the advance of Sir Colin Campbell. The Russians on the plateau in the neighbourhood of Khutor Mackenzie are busy in throwing up works, and also detaching considerable bodies of troops to prevent the movements made for surrounding them, and cutting off their communications.

A despatch *en* Marseilles (Oct. 23) states that the Allied troops detached to Eupatoria have received fresh reinforcements.

Numerous Russian wagons appeared, at the latest date, to have begun the evacuation of the northern forts of Sebastopol.

The Allies, on the other hand, continued the clearance of the city and the construction of new batteries.

ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK.

On the afternoon of Sunday last, pursuant to notice, some 30,000 persons assembled in Hyde Park, with the avowed object of "getting bread cheaper."

The portion of the Park selected for the demonstration was that in which the July meetings were held. The crowd at first consisted for the most part of boys, but as the appointed hour approached, it assumed a different form, the majority being composed of well-dressed and well-conducted persons. Several individuals then appeared among the crowd and distributed handbills, announcing the significant fact that England had been betrayed, and that "Lord Palmerston was in collusion with Russia!" One of these documents thus concluded:—"One word more. It is the object of Russia, and her agents here, whether Ministers of the Crown, or spies of the police, to divide the people of this land among themselves, and by exciting the fear and hatred of one class against another, to divert their combined indignation from the one guilty head. Be on your guard, therefore, against being led into any act of violence or breach of the law. Use such constitutional remedies as are left you. Address the Crown with petitions to dismiss the guilty Minister from her councils preparatory to his being brought to trial. Call upon your representatives in the House of Commons to insist upon inquiry with a view to his impeachment, and put down at once any knaves who would pervert the gravity of your deliberations into scenes of turbulence and riot."

The object of the crowd, on the whole, appeared to be rather a display of numbers than anything else, as no attempt was made to insult or molest any person.

Several speeches were made in the course of the afternoon, and the excitement was considerable till evening, when indications of a shower dispersed the assembly. Another meeting was announced for to-morrow.

THE GOVERNOR OF CEYLON IN DANGER FROM A CINGALESE ASSASSIN.—The Indian mail brings news of an attempt on the life of Sir Henry Ward, by a Cingalese, who is represented by the local papers to be a wild-looking wretch, and one of those notorious ruffians who use the knife without the slightest compunction. It appears that, about gun-fire on the morning of the 7th of September, Miss Kate Ward heard a noise in the room where she and her sister sleep, and perceived a man bolting her door on the inside. He remained there some time, examining the things on the dressing-table and in the room. When he left, Miss Ward gave the alarm, on which the man picked up a knife, and, after threatening her, hastened along the passage, passing the Governor's room just as his Excellency, alarmed by the noise, was coming out. The Governor, armed with a Colt and a stick, pursued him down the passage into the drawing-room, and on his coming up, the man turned round upon him with the knife. The Governor then fired, and, not wishing to kill him, shot him through the shoulder, and afterwards kept him at bay, until he was eventually secured by the Peons, not, however, until he had wounded two of them with the knife. He has been recognised as a grol-bird and as a desperate character, and carries marks on his back of former punishment.

ANOTHER OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA IN THE MILLBANK PENITENTIARY.—On Monday, the coroner for Westminster held an inquest in the Millbank Penitentiary, respecting the death of Henry Edwards, late an inmate, aged 63, who died from Asiatic cholera, the unfortunate man's being the third death from the epidemic within the jail during the past week.

WITHERSEA REJOICINGS.—Had we known what an active little place Withersea was, we should certainly ere this have engaged "Our own Correspondent," to transmit to us a record of its doings week by week. It seems that at the very moment we were describing its magnificent hotel, and making some allusion to its former baby show, in our last week's number, a couple of oxen were being roasted whole in the grounds of the Queen's Hotel, in commemoration of the victory of Sebastopol. Genuine beef-eaters, in the shape of Yeomen of the Guard, were present on the occasion, together with bands of music, English, French, and Turkish standard-bearers, Garter King-of-Arms, York Herald, eight cooks in costume, and the necessary carvers. Such, according to the provincial papers, were the dignitaries who walked in procession before the oxen, which were garlanded with wreaths of flowers. After these came ladders, in costume, bakers, and boys in blue frocks drawing casks of ale, with Bacchus himself (on this occasion only) acting as tapster. Bacchus, we learn, was wreathed with vine leaves, and wore the appropriate leopard's skin, together with a scarlet robe and train. When the oxen were done to a turn, 300 hungry people presented themselves to partake of them; the bands played, the bells rang, the people cheered, and, when all had eaten and drunk their fill, a blaze of fireworks, accompanied by the mimic blowing-up of Fort Paul, wound up the day's celebration of the fall of Sebastopol.

THE MURDER AT SOUTHAMPTON.—Abraham Baker, who so barbarously murdered his fellow servant, Naomi Kingswell, has made a confession. It seems that after he had committed the murder he appeared stupefied with the horrible offence, but soon after he was committed for trial he became aware of the dreadful situation in which he was placed, and sent for the Mayor of the town to make a communication to him. Baker is a very ignorant man, being unable to spell the commonest words correctly. His excuse for the murder is, that he entertained a sincere attachment for his victim, and that she was perpetually tantalising him by accepting and rejecting his attentions, and that, after behaving to him in this way for some considerable time, she finally rejected him with contempt. He had a wedding-ring in his possession when he was apprehended, by which it would seem that he had contemplated being married to the poor girl he murdered.

REMARKABLE PROJECT OF A SUBMARINE RAILWAY BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—The project of a submarine railway between England and France, which was much talked of a few months ago, and then dropped, is now once more on the tapis. A distinguished French engineer, M. Favre, has just published a "memoir" in which the *modus operandi* is set forth. A submarine tunnel, thirty kilometres in length, is to be dug beneath the bottom of the Channel, which, the public is assured, will be quite as secure as any railway in the open air. The journey from the shores of France to those of England will be performed in twenty minutes. It is stated that a company is in course of formation to carry out this project. The cost is estimated at four millions sterling.

THE SULTAN'S COSACKS.—The Governor-General of Algeria has publicly notified that he will grant a free passage to any Pole who may be willing to enlist in the Polish corps now raising for the service of the Sultan at Schumla. This corps, which, for political reasons, has taken the name of "the Sultan's Cosacks," already consists of about 3,000 light cavalry, divided into two regiments, and is to have infantry and artillery added to it.

THE RECENT PANIC IN THE MONEY MARKET.

THE late rapid decline in the value of National Securities, enormous falling off in the available supplies of bullion in the Bank of France as well as in the Bank of England—the continuous fall in the rates of discount—and the check to most commercial transactions having been productive of no little excitement, both here and the Continent, we propose devoting some space to the consideration of the causes which have led to a state of things which ordinary prudence and judgment might have averted. In the first place, a remarkable fact, that nearly the whole of the writers upon the press, have lost sight of the *cause* which has led to the abstract bullion from the Banks in question; we may, therefore, intimate, during the last ten months, £100,000 in gold and silver has been hoarded every week to the Crimea from London, on account of Government, and that the same sum has been sent to that destination in France, to pay the troops. Thus, we find that eight millions have left England and France for one specific purpose only; and another campaign appears inevitable, it is by no means improbable that a similar sum—perhaps even a larger amount—has yet to follow. Then, we have operations conducted with great skill and judgment, though at an immense sacrifice—both here, in Paris, and in Hamburg, Rotterdam, Berlin, and even Vienna, on account of the Government of Russia. The war having wholly absorbed the precious stocks of gold in St. Petersburg, and large quantities having from time to time been smuggled across the frontier of Russia into Germany, a supply of the "needful" has become necessary to meet current expenses. By means, then, of Greek paper, and by means of large loans upon Russian five per cents. and four-and-a-half per cents. Russia has very quietly drawn from various sources something like £7,000,000 sterling in gold within the last four months! And, by the way, is wholly exclusive of the heavy sums which we have paid her for tallow, hemp, &c.—those articles having reached us through neutral ports. That the operation of drawing £7,000,000 through the medium of European contractors and speculators, must have a ruinous one, does not admit of a doubt. But what carries the Russian Government about future consequences, when there is an apparent object to be gained; viz., the crippling the resources of the Powers with whom she is at war? This is but a repetition of a system adopted by NAPOLEON for several years during the last war, when from 25s. to even 30s. were paid for an English sovereign in France, and when many millions were purchased at those prices in parties who were fortunate enough to smuggle them across to Calais or Boulogne. But what has the effort done for Russia? Literally, nothing; it has, certainly, added to her metallic wealth, but at a cost of something like two millions of money; that is to say, the expenses of commission—not generally light under an immediate pressure of freight, &c., have added greatly to the sums drawn from England and France!

Then, again, other drains upon our stocks of gold have certainly increased our difficulties. The development of railway communication in India—the enormous value of the precious metals in China—and the establishment of numerous banks in our Indian possessions have resulted in the withdrawal of something like £5,500,000 from England during the present year. Of that large amount about £5,000,000 has been in silver, a large portion of which has been purchased in France and Germany in exchange for gold. The loans, both home and foreign, contracted for in this country and France—little short of £80,000,000—have, as a matter of course, tended to derange existing money operations—to destroy the equilibrium of the exchanges—and to shake public confidence. The natural consequence is—though we are quite of opinion that Stock Exchange and Bourse operations have been of a character not warranted by circumstances—that a great scarcity of money is felt everywhere—the rates of interest have rapidly advanced—and a panic has seized the various markets.

But the question we have now to consider is—upon whom rests the blame of a scarcity of bullion? We say, most undoubtedly upon the directors of the Banks of England and France. At one period this year, the *minimum* rate of discount was as low as 3½ per cent.—now it is 6, and even 7—the consequence was, that speculations of the most outrageous character were entered into—new banks were started—great advances were made to finish lines of railway which can never pay, until—lulling themselves into a false position in reference to the future—forgetting that a day of re-payment must come—a sudden stop becomes imperatively necessary to further advances. Operations of an important nature are of necessity suspended, and a great convulsion appears inevitable. The currency doctors—those especially who argue in favour of paper in lieu of gold—have been taken "aback" by the annihilation of their favourite theories; and the events of the last two months have clearly demonstrated to every one of rational sense, that gold must remain the true representative of value—that an increase in the supply leads to ease in the money market—and that a decrease in it leads to an opposite effect. A twelve-months' comparison of the two great money markets of the world, London and Paris, may be very useful at this moment. The last returns of the Bank of England show a stock of gold amounting to £11,752,421, against £12,904,605 in the corresponding period in the year 1854—the decrease is, therefore, £1,152,184. The securities, namely, bill-under discount and stock deposits, amount to £19,280,446, or about £4,000,000 in excess of last year. These statements—though the nature of the paper now held by the institution may be matter for comment—do not justify any cause for serious apprehension, as far as we are concerned. They certainly prove one thing, that a good representation still remains for future contingencies, notwithstanding that the Bank has lost over £6,800,000 in gold during the present year, or since the 16th of June. But when we look at the accounts of the Bank of France, the figures present a startling result, especially when the struggle with Russia is considered. At this period in 1854, the stock of bullion was £19,080,000, now it is only £9,300,000. The discounts were £10,200,000, now they are £19,200,000. Thus it will be seen, that the directors of the Bank, instead of gradually lessening discount accommodation, have most unwisely allowed every little operator for Russia to obtain gold, and thus realize a large profit, whilst the country must suffer immensely from such an unwise system of finance.

A medium course, namely, a moderately high rate of interest on money, and a close attention to the exchanges, would have led to a very different state of things to which we are now alluding. But what has been done to avoid further mischief, and to re-assure public confidence? At an expense of something like one-and-a-quarter per cent., Exchange brokers were suddenly applied to in France, to obtain paper upon London to the extent altogether of £4,000,000. This paper was chiefly discounted at the Bank of England, and the proceeds of it transmitted to Paris; but such has been the nature of the drain for gold in the French Capital, that the addition of something like £3,500,000—the amount received from this country prior to Thursday last—has failed to check the outflow; in point of fact, the returns made up to that day, show a further diminution in the

of not less than £2,350,000. This comes of making money—*we write this advisedly, because, who does not know that capital is invariably directed to the dearest and most profitable market—in other words, wherever money is bearing a fair amount of interest, there the greatest abundance will be found, except, indeed, at such times when corn is scarce, and an export of gold is absolutely necessary to secure a supply of food.* This is a point which appears to have been entirely overlooked in France in recent engagements. Money has been obtained upon too easy terms, and speculations of a dangerous character have been allowed to prevail over a more conservative principle, viz., the protection of commercial interests, from which, in a great measure, spring the wealth and influence of the country. The paper now held by the Bank of England, and upon which the late loans were granted, is in some quarters regarded as *bond* and the representation of commercial credit. But is it to be said that England *suddenly* became indebted to France in the enormous amount of £4,000,000 sterling? We believe that a large quantity of the paper has been *borrowed* for a purpose, and we have serious doubts of a portion of it when it arrives at maturity. However, the Bank of England has determined to throw out in future a large supply of Foreign paper, and to stop the outflow of gold, by rendering money absolutely dear. But such a step—though it may have the effect of producing confidence—will not prevent future imports of gold finding their way to Paris. An additional supply must be obtained there, or the most disastrous consequences will follow. But we are told that the Bank of France is empowered to pay in silver. That is true; but, unfortunately, it holds scarcely £500,000 in metal: indeed, the circulation in France is now almost wholly in paper, and the coinage of silver has nearly ceased. France, therefore, is in a much worse condition than England, and it is only by some enormous effort that she can rid herself of present difficulties.

But it may be asked—what has become of the enormous quantities of gold raised in California and Australia during the last two years? We have received immense supplies, and so has France—the coinage of England, France, and the United States has increased beyond all comparison—and yet the expenditure of something like one hundred millions for the war with Russia, appears to have absorbed more than a surplus wealth. Where is the gold?—why, it has passed into the hands of the highest bidders, only to return when a better price is offered for it. The total circulation of the world has increased to an extent almost bearing upon the marvellous—and yet there is a scarcity.

The fact is, the enormous increase in the commercial and agricultural industry of the world, demands even a further extension of the circulating medium; but our increasing wants—setting aside the exigencies and necessities of the war—show the utter inability of even the most shrewd commercial man, to deal with the question in nature. However, though it must be matter of regret that the great interests of the country should suffer from the present high rate of money, it is clear that, unless England and France offer a good return for capital, the bulk of our metallic wealth will, for a time at least, find its way to more profitable markets.

That the interests of the domestic trades are suffering severely from a drain of bullion, must be evident to the most casual observer; but we find, in the discussions which have taken place, that the greatest misapprehensions exist as to the working of the Currency Act of 1844. That Act was evidently framed for the purpose of creating a wholesome state of things—that is to say, every trader, including the Bank of England, has been compelled to have on hand ample means to meet existing liabilities. There are, we know, many classes of objectors to the act in question; and one party strongly advocates an unlimited issue of notes, which cannot be converted into bullion. We are in favour of an extension of our circulating medium; but surely an unlimited issue of paper—which may not become a legal tender—would be somewhat dangerous. The restrictions imposed by the Act of 1844 are no doubt pedantic; but the principle we hold to be good, though in an emergency like the present, an order in Council for the Bank of England to issue more notes than it has bullion in its coffers, may be absolutely necessary; indeed, if the pressure continue much longer, more paper must come out to save commercial credit, which, under the bullion act, has been permitted by the want of common prudence and sound judgment on the part of the Bank Directors. It may be quite right that they should look well after the interests of their constituents by obtaining a good supply of bills; but we doubt much whether their proceedings ought to be allowed to jeopardise the best and most vital interests of the country.

THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, died at his residence in Eaton Place about noon, on Monday. His death, we are informed, was the result of a low, gastric fever. The public were in some measure prepared for this sad intelligence by the accounts which were made public on Saturday and Sunday last, respecting the dangerous and precarious state of the Right Hon. Baronet's health. For several days previous to his death, the Queen, as well as the late Sir William's colleagues, were constant in their inquiries in Eaton Place, as to his state.

In a previous number of this journal (page 140), will be found a portrait and lengthened memoir of the late Colonial Secretary, to which we refer our readers for particulars respecting his life and career, thus so promptly and inauspiciously terminated. We give the following estimate of Sir William's mental endowments, from the pages of the "Times": "Nature had endowed him with a mind wanting in that flexibility and docility which constitute the Parliamentary gladiator, and possessing neither quickness of apprehension nor brilliancy of imagination, but remarkably clear, sound, logical, and comprehensive. No man was more luminous in arrangement, more clear and conclusive in argument, no man combined and tempered more happily abstract theory with practical good sense, no man looked less to the victory of the moment or more to the establishment of the truth and the progress of human enlightenment. The elaborate care with which he was known to prepare his speeches, and certain natural defects of manner and elocution, prevented his becoming a popular orator in the House of Commons; but the weapons that he wielded were weighty, and probably no one ever produced so much effect in so few speeches. The moral nature of the man was a fitting counterpoise to the intellectual. Simple, sincere, and straightforward, without fear and without compromise, no man's assertions carried more weight, no man received and deserved more entire credit for consistency of principle and singleness of purpose."

Sir William in 1844 married Mrs. West, widow of Mr. Temple West, of Nathan Lodge, Worcester, by whom he has left no issue. His last brother died unmarried. One sister survives, married to Mr. Richard Ford, of well-known literary reputation.

PRESENTATION OF SOUTHWARK.—Mr. Scovell, who was a candidate at the general election, when he polled nearly 3000 votes, has issued an address. Mr. Charles Napier has also intimated his intention of coming forward. We sincerely hope that the Electors of Southwark will return the Gallant Admiral, who would be invaluable in the House to keep the Government well-up to their work, so far as naval matters are concerned.

THE KING OF SARDINIA has granted the title of Baron to M. Villa, a banker of Casale, for his numerous acts of public charity.

Literature.

Female Life among the Mormons. A Narrative of many Years' Personal Experience. By the Wife of a Mormon Elder, recently from Utah. London: Routledge and Co.

We always receive a Book of Adventure from an American source with about the same mistrust as we should, a nutmeg from the hands of an itinerant New England grocer. Indeed, the "Wooden Nutmeg School of Literature" would be no bad title for the only original school American authors have, as yet, succeeded in founding. We allude to a class of works, wherein unfair advantage has been taken of the resources of fiction, and the reader's interest is claimed for imaginary adventures, not because they are artistically woven, but because they are said to be true. We could cite innumerable illustrations of our meaning—from the gorgeous tropical dreams of Herman Melville, down to the petty but elaborate newspaper canards, by which Edgar Poe condescended, a few years ago, to bewilder the New Yorkers and to disgrace his genius; the list embracing "Kaloolahs," "Berbers," "Adirondacks," and "Wild Hunters," out of all number—a class of books (however unquestionable the merits of some among them) that would stand well on the same shelf with a copy of the tragedy recently dictated by the spirit of Shakespeare to Isaac C. Pray, Esq., and whose publisher's name should be Barnum.

Our verdict on the particular nutmeg under consideration is emphatically—*woven.* To drop a tiresome metaphor, "Female Life among the Mormons" is not what it professes to be. It is not the recital of the writer's actual experience. The said writer is not, and has not been, the wife of a Mormon elder; and, whether a female or not, has certainly never lived among the Mormons.

Still, viewed as a fabrication, we are far from regarding the book as contemptuously as certain judges have done. It is a very skilful fabrication. We were a long time doubting whether it was a genuine narrative, in which an inexperienced writer, wishing to be "literary," had borrowed extensively and clumsily from her romance reading, or a deliberate imposture, in which an artful literary hack had successfully imitated the impulse and intensity, as well as the crudeness, of an unpractised person of average abilities writing from experience on a subject of great personal interest. We have decided that it is the latter; but still think that there are some passages in the book (especially toward the end) that have been suggested by an actual Mrs. Alexander Selkirk to a Transatlantic Daniel De Foë. The work is a "pretty considerable tall distance" from being a "Robinson Crusoe"; but, allowing the indifferent Daniel to come fairly to judgment, he is neither a fool nor a penny-a-liner, albeit an unmistakable humbug and a shabby grammarian.

Leaving its authenticity out of the question, we will proceed to notice the book as it stands. We must premise that it has already met with an enormous circulation, here and in America. But this, in a scandal-loving world, the subject alone would secure for it. The curious episode in this highly respectable nineteenth century of ours, which Mormonism presents, is interesting, but only as a social monster or *lunatic nature*. No one (certainly no one removed from the immediate sphere of its annoyances) can be at all troubled by the fear of its influence on society. It is a mere exceptional phenomenon, exciting wonder but no anxiety, to be regarded as we regard the African Twins—not as we do the Russian Empire.

Some years ago, a lady, styling herself Miss B—, residing in the State of New York, suffering from a severe attack of the reputation superinduced by "circumstances over which she had no control," (we have met the expression before) leading to the circulation of "malicious and slanderous reports," was recommended to try change of air. On her way to visit some distant relations, she met with a disguised Mormon elder. A gentleman apparently middle-aged, of rather handsome appearance, conceived an honourable passion for her, and by stratagem (acting upon the principle that all is fair in love and Mormonism) induced her to believe that the friend she was about to visit, would not receive her, and prevailed upon her to become his wife. They were married—the lady refusing to embrace Mormonism; resided at "a Mormon village" (it is rather curious that Nauvoo, the Mormon city, is never once named throughout the volume); were mixed up with the popular excitement leading to the justifiable homicide of the scoundrel Prophet, Joe Smith; assisted in the memorable Exodus across the desert to the Great Salt Lake; witnessed the building of the city there; and took their share of the troubles which the unnatural state of society there established must have led to. The lady incurred the displeasure of the Mormon rulers, by learning too many of their respectable secrets—escaped from a certain death—returned to the regions of civilised morality, and published her adventures.

Such is the brief outline of a really amusing, but, in every sense of the term, loosely written, book—from which you rise with a confused impression of Dumas, Mrs. Stowe, G. W. M. Reynolds, and the distinguished unknown, who condescended to employ his pen in transmitting the "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk" to an admiring posterity.

It can only be regarded as a romance—in the first place, because it is given in the form of one—in the second, because a work written to demonstrate that Mormonism is a most detestable and monstrous state of society, would be as superfluous as a pamphlet against Cannibalism. But, as a romance of the "Mysteries of London" school, "Female Life among the Mormons" is unquestionably worth reading. We doubt whether our eulogium will be exactly of the description that either author or publisher will care about.

We will now content ourselves with giving, and commenting on, a few extracts. The following scene of a pretended miracle performed by Joe Smith, whose original power over his disciples the writer attributes to *Mesmerism* (recalling "Joseph Balsamo" most forcibly), on the body of a young girl supposed to be dead, but actually thrown into a state of *syncope* by the prophet—is not without a certain power.

"Whose child is this?" said Smith.
"Mine," answered one of the men, solemnly.
"Did she die suddenly?"
"She did."
"When?"
"This afternoon."
"Believest thou?"
"I believe," said the man, impressively, "help thou my unbelief."
"Did this child believe?"
"She was a believer."
"Thy will; thy child shall be restored."

"There was a faint shriek from the group of spectators, and a woman, whom I subsequently ascertained to be the mother of the dead, rushed forward and threw herself at the feet of Smith.

"Restore my child," she cried passionately; "she was too young, too good, and too beautiful to die. Restore her, and I will worship you for ever."
"Woman, I said it," he replied; then, turning to the company, he said, "Let some one of the sisters look after this woman; she must not be permitted to interfere."

"Mrs. Bradish went forward, and raising the woman, led her to a seat.
"Let the believers rise," resumed Smith, "and sing the Hallelujah chant."

"The intense interest of the scene, however, became too deeply absorbing for singing. Voice after voice ceased, until the whole company relapsed into the most profound silence. Smith meanwhile stood beside the apparently dead body. He pressed and stroked the head, breathed into the mouth, and rubbed the rigid limbs, saying in a deep, low tone, 'Live thou again, young woman. Let sight return to these eyes, now sightless, and strength to these limbs, now nerveless. Let life, and vigour, and animation, inspire this wasted frame.'"

"Presently there was a slight movement of the muscles, the eyes opened and shut, the arms were flung out and then brought together again; and at last the body sat up. The effect on the body was electrical. The mother fell into violent hysterics; many of the females shrieked, others sobbed, Mrs. Bradish trembled violently; and what shall I say of myself? I stood gazing, absorbed, almost incapable of sense or motion; my reasoning faculties altogether at fault on such a subject. A voice breathed in my ear, 'Dost thou now believe?'"

"I turned; Mr. Ward was at my side."
"I am astonished, if not convinced," I answered.

Mr. Ward is now the lady's husband; having, as it afterwards proved, obtained mastery over her mind by Mesmeric agency. The history of the girl restored to life, is a really dramatic episode. Seduced by Smith—she gives birth to a child, which is destroyed by the Mormons to avoid scandal, (very like the late lamented Maria Monk, this!) Smith, getting tired of

her, proposes handing her over as the spiritual wife of one Peter Short, an ignoble shoemaker. The girl commits suicide—the catastrophe being well worked up to. That such atrocities are perpetrated by the Mormons, we do not doubt. For Smith was a sensual miscreant, destitute of the least spark of moral principle, and his associates were either scoundrels like him, or their infatuated dupes. But this particular episode (with many others in the book) is a little too much in accordance with Adelphe or Sarrey unities, to make us believe, at any rate, the accuracy of the supposed Mrs. Ward's chronology.

There is abundance of character in the book. "Mrs. Bradish," a compound of "Lady Macbeth," "Joan of Arc," and Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Zenobia," appears too melodramatic at first, but grows upon you, till she becomes a real woman. Joe Smith himself is well indicated—nothing more than indication being attempted. Brigham Young—the present Mormon Pope—stands out from the canvas—very much like what we can suppose him to be—a selfish, bull-necked sensualist—with a touch of the coarser part of Cromwell or of Napoleon about him—something of a "ruler of men," in fact. His defence of Polygamy (the great subject of the book) is the patriarchal one, of peopling the world—his real motive for supporting it—because he likes it. The "Exodus" across the desert is powerfully described throughout, and Indians, Trappers, and the various characters of an Emigrant Camp, vigorously, and sometimes humorously sketched.

The following is no bad description of an "old body," induced by family reasons to join the Mormons:—

"Mrs. Beardsley, a widow in good circumstances, lived with two or three domestics, in a small house which she had long talked of selling, and for which she had received a very fair offer. If there was anything at which she excelled, it was knitting. From morn till noon, and from noon till night, the knitting-work was in her hands. She knit stockings to sell, and stockings to give away. Woolen stockings, cotton stockings, and silk stockings. All the clergymen in the neighbourhood, several of the school teachers, and not a few of the children, bore on their feet the testimony of her industry and benevolence. She kept a great pile of stockings in a closet, which were regularly taken out and aired once a month. Stockings of all colours, sizes, and descriptions; black, blue, green, white, yellow, and variegated; big, little, and middling. It was with no small degree of pride that the old lady would show and review her treasures; and she was quite as proud to be thus prepared to answer the calls of benevolence. If a beggar came along soliciting charity, she gave him a pair of stockings, and cared nothing about his muttering or looking displeased. On one occasion, however, the stockings were hung back in her face, with an oath. If a tract-distributor or home missionary called, soliciting contributions, the pile of stockings formed a ready treasure from which to obtain a donation. One of these worthies, however, remarked, when presented with the gift, 'That as the stockings were black, they looked too much like the devil to suit him,' and asked for money.

"If my stockings look like the devil, money is the root of all evil, and I don't wish to bestow any evil gift upon a good man," returned the lady."

Which (in the language of a celebrated exhibitor) was a "sell" for the home missionary.

This is a tolerable bit of social comparative anatomy:

"Charley was a young man, about twenty-two years old, and the very beau ideal of a western ranger. When very young, he accompanied his father on various trapping expeditions into the Indian country, and no one in our company was better acquainted with the manners, habits, and language of the aborigines. Then, too, Charley possessed all the accomplishments of a thoroughbred hunter, which, though widely different, are quite as diversified and various as those of a Broadway gent. If the latter must understand the exact manner of twisting a cane, or curling a moustache, the former must carry his rifle with a peculiar grace, and be able, at a moment's warning, to bring down a deer or mount a wild horse. Both are dressed in the extreme of fashion, but, in the one case the materials are broad-cloth and velvet; in the other, they consist of a rich abundance of furs and moxasins, wide trousers, and a blanket worn like a Mexican cloak. Both are fond of ornaments—one of rings, chains, and glittering bijouterie; the other of dirks, long knives, and pistols thrust into a wide belt. One is enamoured with splendid rooms, gorgeous furniture, and chandeliers brilliant with light and beauty; the other dwells in a rocky nook among the rocks, with the everlasting mountains covered with primeval forests, mingling with the starry heavens above him, and dimly reflected by the blazing camp-fire at his feet. Both are fond of adventures—the one of breaking innocent hearts, and betraying the artless, confiding youth of the weak and unsuspecting; the other of fording rivers, climbing mountains, peering over precipices, hunting grizzly bears, or racing with Indians. One is heartless, deceitful, hypocritical, a lord of soaps, essences, and lavender—a connoisseur of gloves and neck-ties, an arbiter of dimples, and a leader of riot and dissipation; the other is an unsophisticated child of nature, bold, ardent, daring, and honest. He is generous, for he will share his last morsel with a stranger. He will be the first to volunteer assistance for the weak and oppressed, and the last to give up an undertaking in which duty and honour are involved. He never forsakes a friend, never takes undue advantage of an enemy, never betrays the confidence of youth and innocence, and never wrongs the aged."

Some of the shifts and contrivances resorted to by the Mormon shepherds for the proper shearing of their flock, would do credit to more civilised communities. This a specimen of trading worthy of our own metropolis:—

"It was decided that the church should open a store. By the church we are to understand the elders and prophets, with Smith at their head. The goods were a joint concern. A young man, son of one of the proprietors, was shopman; and we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of once more possessing the necessities of housekeeping. We soon found ourselves mistaken. The goods were of the poorest quality, and the prices most enormous. Three-fourths of the articles were damaged. The dishes were cracked, the calico streaked, and the clothing soiled. The ginger was a combination of red pepper and corn meal, the spice had been adulterated, the black pepper mixed with something, it was impossible to tell what; and, to cap the climax, the tea, by some mischance or other, had become so deeply imbued with the taste of spirits of turpentine, that it was impossible for any mortal man, or woman either, to drink it. Mrs. Bradish finally became outrageous. She had been accustomed to comforts and luxuries, and consequently felt the present restriction in a greater degree. For her part, she considered it too bad that the heathen should be permitted to appropriate all the good things; she could see no reason why the saints were not entitled to a reasonable share, or, so far as that was concerned, to the whole. Smith, however, and the elders were inexorable, and the faithful were forbidden, under the penalties of excommunication and anathema, to have any dealings with the heathen. In fact, the store was nothing but a great swindling speculation on the part of the Mormon leaders. They bought up worthless articles for almost nothing, and then, exacting a great price, sought to compel the believers to purchase them. In this way they doubled and trebled their outlay."

The elders open a bank:—

"To secure their further independence, they determined to have a bank, of which the circulating medium was to be confined to themselves. But, although professing to despise the heathen, they were anxious to be considered by them in good circumstances. Accordingly, when the building for the bank was ready, an unbeliever was employed to assist them to remove the specie into the vaults. This was contained in a great many kegs, all very heavy, and the coverings of some being removed, displayed the gold beneath. However, it was subsequently ascertained that the kegs were filled with lead, a very small quantity of gold being placed on the top."

Had Joseph been born a London Baronet, there is no telling to what honours, and indulgences in the event of failure, he might not have aspired.

As we have hinted, the chief object of the book is to expose the evils of the Mormon system of polygamy. And it is upon this subject we feel most inclined to believe that the writer has drawn from the genuine experience of an actual witness. Here the writing is really like that of a woman who has witnessed the horrors she describes, and from whose contemplation she has just come hot with indignation. The subject appears to be absolutely exhausted by the almost infinite variety of cases brought forward. The description of the flirt, "Fan Simpkins," who, failing to win a son from his lawful wife—falls back successfully upon the father; of the quiet self-reproach of the old man's wife, who owns her past shrewish misdeeds—excusing and loving the errant veteran to his death, exploring, instead of granting forgiveness; of the quiet deserted wife, Murray—so happy at her children's death in the wilderness, and lying down calmly to join them; the dreadful picture of the forced marriage of two beautiful sisters to a hoary-headed miscreant; the tragedy of a sullen second wife, who, goaded beyond endurance by the taunts of the first wife's children, kills one in a fit of passion; all these, with many varied instances of domestic wretchedness, affections blighted—and above all, the horrible glimpse of the rising generation, under such a system—are fearfully probable and instructive.

After all, it is a question whether the book be worth the space we have devoted to it or the shilling charged for it. We do not say that it is not so. As we have said, we hold the tenets of Mormonism to be of so bizarre and exceptional a nature, as to be unworthy of serious argument. But, on the whole, we believe their workings to be pretty faithfully indicated in this most exciting but unsatisfactory "fudge founded on facts."



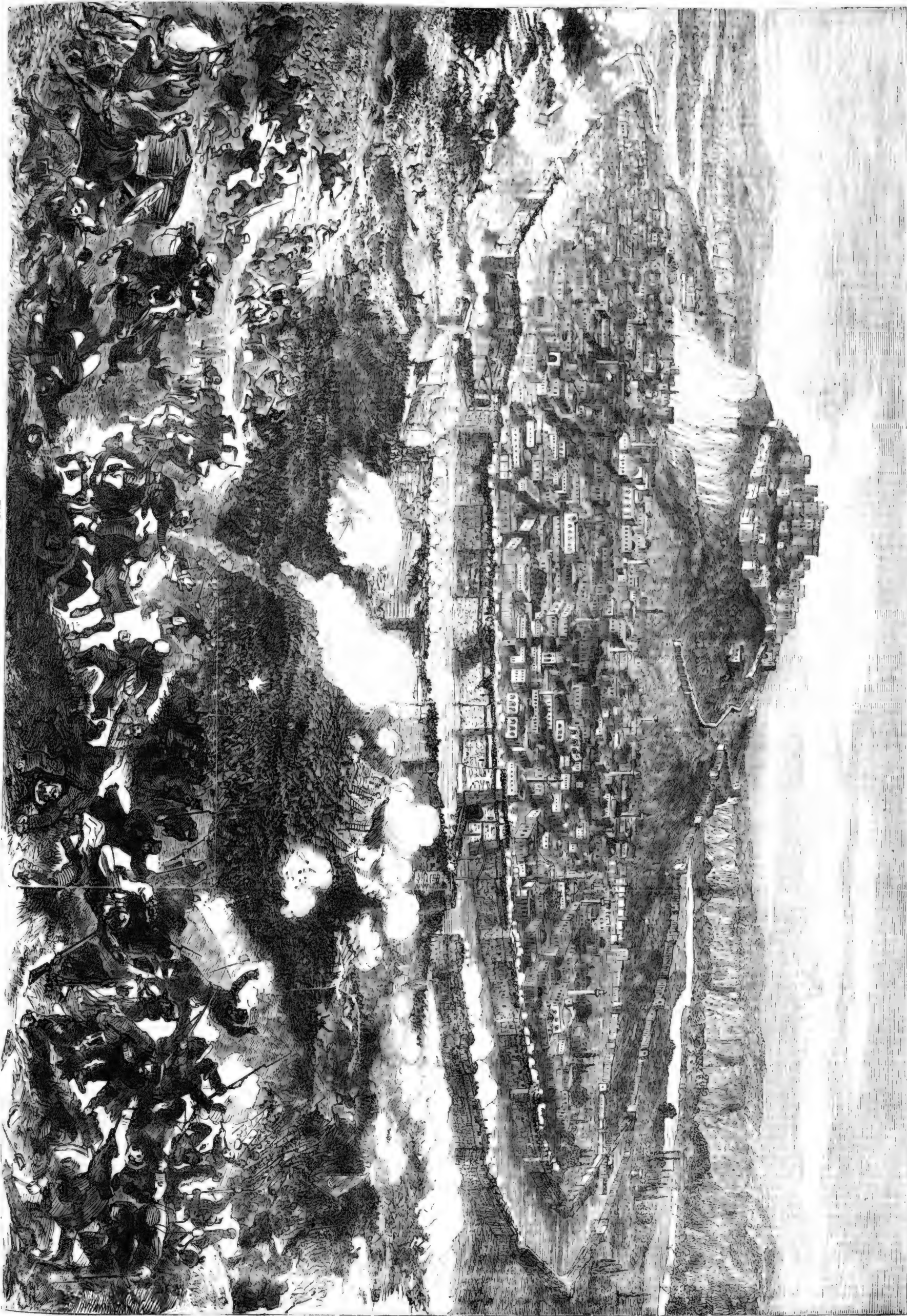
INSIDE THE MALAKOFF, DURING THE ASSAULT.

SCENE OF THE ASSAULT OF THE TURKISH GARRISON.





INSIDE THE MALAKOFF, DURING THE ASSAULT.



THE SIEGE OF KARS—SCENE OF THE TURKISH GARRISON

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855.

BLACK SEA NEWS.

On the morning of the 14th inst., the Allied squadrons left Odessa roadstead, and anchored off Kinburn. This place occupies the right hand corner (we suppose you to be approaching from the sea), opposite Otschakow, which occupies the left—of the entrance to that bay formed by the meeting of the Bug and the Dnieper. The "fair way"—or central line of the bay—averages some twenty feet of water; at a distance of about twenty miles from the entrance, the two rivers branch off—the Bug flowing up to Nicolaieff, the Dnieper to Kherson. The Bug is fortified on both sides by batteries at various points, as also is the Dnieper and the bay generally. The bay, by-the-bye, which is called indifferently by the names of Kherson or Dnieper (one, that of the district—the other, that of the river), is frozen from December to February, so that it is as well we set about these proceedings betimes.

During the night, four French gun-boats, and five English ones passed through into the bay, and next morning troops were landed some three miles southward of Kinburn. The gun-boats went to work briskly. Floating batteries and bomb-vessels were placed, and on the 17th a severe fire was opened. By noon, the men-of-war came on the scene, the riflemen and field-pieces closed near on Kinburn Fort—which presently capitulated. More than twelve hundred prisoners were taken; and by the last account the Allies were forming a strong position. Otschakow, on the opposite shore, was blown up the following day by the Russians.

It is not always fair to measure a success by the obstinacy of the resistance. This would seem to have been easily achieved, but it is not the less an important piece of service. We have now three or four naval stations on the enemy's coasts, and by this last one we take a step towards the assault of Nicolaieff. That important arsenal lies on the right hand side about thirty miles up the Bug, and though the navigation is difficult, we believe that there is a line of upwards of twenty feet of water all the way. It is by no means inaccessible, therefore, to small craft, and there are roads along the coast also. To be sure, the winter is drawing near—the wind interfered seriously for a time with the last performances, and we must neither be too hopeful nor too exacting.

Perhaps it is more probable that the first movement of the flotilla of the Allies will be against Kherson, than against Nicolaieff—on the Dnieper rather than on the Bug. The distance is less, and the operations easier. The end, too, is for present purposes of great importance. Kherson is a provision *dépôt*, which feeds the Russians in the Crimea, through Perkop. To cut off the supplies while the weather enables us, is to cut the throat of the Crimean defence. Another movement from the Kerch side of the Crimea is talked of, and it is supposed that the Turkish Contingent is to take part in it.

Hitherto, the Russians have retained the north side of Sebastopol with a constancy which justifies the remarks of Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS transferred to our columns soon after the town fell. We are busy in hut-making and road-making. On the Tchernaya, also, preparations are being made for winter. The enemy remain about the head of the Belbek, so that the talk of their withdrawing, of our having advanced.

The "Times" told us on Tuesday, on the authority of "a little bird" (we thought JUPITER's bird had been an eagle) that General SIMPSON was to be recalled. We are glad to hear it. But there is no use in insulting the old man now, when he is no longer dangerous; and, indeed, he never pretended to be a great general, but shrank from the appointment. This is a merit of itself, at a period when rampant second-raters seem to hasten to show that they are feeble, and think to strengthen their want of capacity by their want of shame. To avoid such spectacles as we have had in our army, this year, there is but one thing needful—an improved state of military education backed up by a greater respect for the military character than was common in this country before the war showed us what capital fellows our soldiers (in spite of the system) are.

For the present, then, "wait" is the word. Whether anything great will yet be done, nobody can know, and it is of little profit to guess. By the delays which follow each achievement—by the fact that the docks of Sebastopol were expressly saved by a telegraphic order—we presume Government does not intend to drive Russia beyond the point when she can yield with decency. But to that point she can only be brought by the frequent repetition of such active movements as those we have chronicled on the part of Lyons and our Allies.

THE COMMAND-IN-CHIEF IN THE EAST.

The public will learn with little surprise that General Simpson is about to return to England. His appointment to the chief command was, as we announced at the time, only provisional, and her Majesty's Government have now taken steps to gratify General Simpson's desire, and to relieve him from the arduous position which he has hitherto filled.

The names of General Codrington and of others have been mentioned as succeeding to the command of the army in the East, but as the despatches conveying the appointment have only just left town, it would be manifestly unadvisable to publish matters of so high and delicate a nature here before they are known to those they chiefly concern.

The appointment will be announced so soon as the telegraph shall notify its receipt by the new Commander in the Crimea.

UNIVERSAL ASSIMILATION OF MEASURES, WEIGHTS, AND COINS.—A meeting took place last week in the Palais de l'Industrie, on the proposal to equalise Weights, Measures, and Coins, all over the civilised world. Baron James Rothschild was called to the chair. The majority were in favour of following the French example, and it was agreed that an association should be formed for the purpose of effecting a general assimilation of Measures, Weights, and Money.

GENERAL SIMPSON has forwarded to Lord Panmure two complimentary letters that he received from the Sultan, on the occasion of the fall of Sebastopol.

VICTOR HUGO and his Red Republican confederates have published a violent protest against the removal of their friends from Jersey.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, attended by Col. Seymour, inspected at Aldershot, on the 22nd inst., a draft of the Grenadier Guards, ordered for immediate embarkation for the Crimea.

COUNT DE MOÏNY, President of the Legislative Body of France, has received from the Sultan, through the Turkish Ambassador, the insignia of the Imperial Order of Medjidie.

A NUN in a Dominican convent at Mondovi, in Sardinia, recently made her escape, leaving her conventual dress at the door of her cell, but no trace of the route she had taken.

MR. LOCKE KING observed, at Chertsey, last week, that really it would be better to have no Government at all, than some that he had seen; and that at present they had five parties in the House of Commons, any four of which were able at any moment to devour the fifth.

GENERAL KORYF, the Russian General, is stated to have been dismissed from his command for permitting himself to be surprised in the cavalry affair at Khauzy, and succeeded by Prince Radziwill.

THE ESTATE OF MR. EDWARD OLIVER, the Liverpool shipowner, whose failure this time last year excited so popular a sensation, is about to pay a first dividend of 2s. 6d. in the pound.

MR. TUDWAY, M.P. for Wells, died on Saturday last, at his residence near that city.

VISCOUNT LAMITON, infant son of the Earl of Durham, and grandson of the celebrated Reformer, is distinguished from his twin brother, by wearing an amulet of gold, set with turquoise, while the other has an amulet of gold set with a ruby.

GENERAL LA MARMORA has been distinguished by the Queen with the Grand Cross of the Bath.

PARLIAMENT, which stood prorogued to the 23rd inst., has been further prorogued to the 11th of December.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY have granted a medal and gratuity to John Shepherd, of H.M.S. Rodney, for his gallant endeavour to set fire to the Russian ships at Sebastopol, by means of an exploding apparatus, on the nights of July 15 and August 16.

LORD J. RUSSELL, having, last week, taken possession of his newly-purchased residence, at Hill House, near Stroud, a demonstration was got up, bands played music, and the bells of Worcester Church rang a merry peal.

MILLY DAVENNE, daughter of the stage manager of the Theatre Francaise, an artist only in her twentieth year, has just executed a bust of Beranger, being the first likeness for which the celebrated song-writer has consented to sit.

SOLDIERS OF THE BRITISH AND FRENCH FOREIGN LEGIONS falling into the hands of the Russians will not be considered prisoners of war. Hungarians are to be delivered to Austria, and others to their respective Governments.

THE PARIS NEWSPAPERS state that Madame Ristori, the Italian tragic actress, has given up all idea of coming to London, the Lord Chamberlain having notified that she would not be allowed to perform Myrrha, her most successful character.

THE GOVERNMENT have granted the use of apartments in Carisbrook Castle for the reception of articles of antiquity found in the Isle of Wight.

THE DEATH OF HERR KELLER, one of the slight German composers, whose works, during the last half century, have been popular with those for whom Beethoven is too deep, and Mendelssohn too dry, is announced in the foreign papers.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE BROWN has gone on a continental tour, accompanied by Lady Brown. The Gallant General, it is said, purposes passing the winter at Nice.

THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE of Colonel Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart., 7th Fusiliers, with Miss Louisa Gurney, youngest daughter of Mr. Daniel Gurney, of King's Lynn and Runcton Hall, Norfolk, will be solemnised early in the ensuing month.

THE VERY REV. DR. NEWMAN, Dean of Cape Town, has resigned his deanery, and has been appointed to a prebendal stall in the collegiate church of Wolverhampton.

A GREAT FIRE broke out, on Saturday last, at the patent ropery of Mr. John Hay, of Monkwearmouth, Sunderland, and damaged his property to the extent of about £10,000.

THE RUSSIAN GENERALS excuse the failures of their troops from the circumstance of their having been educated only to fight in masses. When anything goes wrong, and confusion is the result, the officers find it impossible to restore order among them.

TWO FRENCH OFFICERS were recently arrested in Greece by brigands—one was set at liberty to procure a ransom of £1,000 for his companion. The Greek Government thought it desirable to furnish the money.

THE LORD MAYOR has appointed the 5th of November for a meeting in the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House, to take into consideration the establishment of Public Libraries in the City of London, in conformity with the recent Act of Parliament.

PROF. AGASSIZ, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has at length announced his intention of publishing, by subscription, the results of his investigations into the Embryology of North America, upon which he has been engaged during the past eight years.

AT A PUBLIC MEETING held at Hertford, last week, the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., stated the views which the Legislature had in passing the "Public Libraries Act," and the beneficial effect it was likely to have in affording facilities for self-culture among the working classes throughout the country.

LEUTENANT-GENERAL THE HON. G. ANSON is to be Commander-in-Chief in India, giving up Madras.

A GENTLEMAN was illegally given into custody last week by the Conductor of a Brompton omnibus for paying him a penny short of his fare.

MR. DICKENS is understood to be "contemplating a six months' sejour at Paris,"—which is termed "a retirement from the busy life of our metropolis," and is said to be likely "to be profitable to the readers of his new work."

MR. BRIGHT, according to rumour, intends, before the re-assembling of Parliament, to meet his constituents and explain his views in the Free-trade Hall, Manchester.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA on the 17th gave a dinner at which A. Von Humboldt, the statutory Rauch, the artist Schadow, and Dr. Barth were present.

MR. C. ELLISON, of Hebburn Hall, Durham, has no less than five grandsons, one nephew, and two great nephews, now serving in the army in the Crimea—for the most part in the Guards.

THE MARQUIS OF BRISTOL is said to have placed his mansion at Kemp Town at the disposal of Queen Amélie and the Orleans family for a winter residence.

BALDWIN SPEIGHT, the German who has so frequently figured at the police court for stealing the clothes of his mistress, has been tried at the Central Criminal Court, found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

LEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR W. J. CODRINGTON, according to report, is to command the army in the Crimea.

LORD WHARFCLIFFE, formerly M.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire, a keen agriculturalist, and Colonel of Yeomanry cavalry, died on Monday last, in his 54th year, at Wortley Hall, near Sheffield.

GENERAL DELLA MARMORA has applied to the Piedmontese Government for provisions sufficient to last until the end of March.

MISS HINDS, who was lately attacked with so much ferocity in the vicinity of Cavan, still lies at the point of death; and the Government proclamation states that Patrick Bannon, a deserter from the County Militia, stands charged with having fired the shots, and offers a reward of £50 for his apprehension.

DOCTOR KANE and party, of the Arctic expedition, arrived in safety at New York, on the 11th inst.

LORD DE VESCI, of Abbeyleix, one of the representative peers in Ireland, died on Friday, the 19th, at Portlaffery.

THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIELDS have lately been the scene of riotous quarrels between the "Tippenny Boys" and the rest of the diggers.

GENERAL CUNNINGHAM, who lately proceeded with the first division of the Turkish Contingent to Kerch, reports that he found there 5,000 French, 4,000 Turks, and 2,000 English troops, and the town almost entirely in ruins.

THE SWISS LEGION gave a dramatic performance on Saturday night last, at the Dover Theatre, in aid of the widows and orphans of the British soldiers who have fallen in the Crimea.

MR. JAMES RUST, of Alconburg House, a conservative, was, on Tuesday, elected M.P. for Huntingdonshire, vacant by the accession of Lord Mandeville to the House of Peers, as Duke of Manchester.

THERE WERE THREE DAYS' REJOICING at Jerusalem on the arrival of the news of the fall of Sebastopol.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, while studying at Cambridge, was rufuscated for sending a challenge to mortal combat to his tutor.

THE POWDER MILLS in America have more work than can be got through. It is believed that gunpowder is being made there for the Russian Government.

THE PRIVILEGE of managing the theatre in Sebastopol has just been conferred. The Italian Company at Constantinople will proceed there to give regular performances.

THE BRAVE GENERAL BOSQUET has returned to France from the Crimea.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

WHILE M. de Metz has been on his tour through England, receiving deputations and expounding his views on the subject of prison discipline, a new light on the same subject has broken in upon us. The Justices of the House of Detention, Clerkenwell, having been understood that, in the case of Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Bates, prisoners of the prison had been broken, ordered a searching investigation, and at a general meeting of the magistrates, the case was gone into, and evidence read. From this evidence, and from the testimony of the Governor himself, the principal culprit, it appears that every rule which in ordinary cases is enforced with the utmost strictness, has in this instance been broken; the three prisoners have been allowed free intercourse with the prison; they have had visitors as many as they liked, who stopped as long as they pleased; their cell-doors have been unlocked; silence has been maintained by them; letters coming to them were not opened, were those written by them perused by the officers of the prison. They had what wine they required, poor delicate creatures; and as for Strahan dear conjugal Strahan, that pattern of a husband and a father, did Mrs. S. frequently spend the day with him. Strahan, however, was not satisfied, it appears. Either the clumsy turnkey did not sufficiently see to the champagne, or the Governor neglected to see that stuffing was sent to the ducks; for Strahan complained that his treatment was getting harsh every day, and said that the magistrates were a set of "radicals" and no gentlemen. When all these sayings and doings are reported to "radicals," they are naturally piqued, and, in a resolution passed by a large majority, order the Governor to be suspended. But, Sir, this isn't enough. If this Governor is not further punished, if he is let off with a mere suspension and reprimand, in fact, he is not strongly censured and must be dismissed, the respectable peace-loving, steady-going portion of society giving splendid opportunities for attack to that set of the public and the press which is always on the look out for such a chance. It is a disgrace to me to have to write it; it is a disgrace to you, as an Editor, to be able to deny it; it is a disgrace deeply and keenly felt by many, very many men of talent and honour who belong to the profession; but it is an undoubted fact that a certain portion of the press of this country owes its existence to an utter absence of shame, which enables it to pander to the depraved tastes of its readers. Articles written by men whose original education (little enough at any time, Heaven knows!) has been washed out by a long course of gin—articles illogical, ungrammatical, owing their correct orthography even to the compositor, but strongly seasoned, enlivened, touching the reader on the raw, and wringing the wretches of the galled jade most unmercifully. Even at the dulllest time of the year, writers of this class can find a subject on which to flood their ink; but now with such splendid cases before them as the impunity of rank exhibited in the Ernest Vane case, and the impunity of money exhibited in the instance which I have just mentioned, who can wonder at an ignorant mob being led from real to fancied wrongs by writers who to live must slander, or by open air speakers who prefer popular applause to weekly wages, and the sparkling Sunday oration to the dull monotony of the chandler's shop?

I should conclude there had been some slight split between the "Times" and "S. G. O." for they have treated him with a slashing leader smothered certain sayings and doings of his at a commemorative tea-party at the Wilton Parochial Library and Reading Room, presided over by Sidney Herbert. Here Mr. Osborne, being called upon, like Brother Stiggins, "to address the meeting," showed them some trophies which he had obtained in the East, a Virgin and Child taken from the body of a Russian officer, a tobacco-box, once the property of Butler, the gallant defender of Silistria, a pair of Menschikoff's boots, &c., &c. Diverging from these topics, he spoke, in a manner very much softened by Sidney Herbert's presence, of the mismanagement of the war, praised Miss Nightingale, Mrs. Bracebridge, and many other people, but omitted to praise the "Times" Fund. And so, forgetting the ancient league that existed between them, the Thunderer "chaffed" the reverend gentlemen with much bitter humour. Mr. Osborne has replied good-temperedly enough: he could not be very strong on the maladministration, as he was to meet "one, if not two" of the mal-administrators at his "friend Herbert's," he has every respect for the "Times" fund, and for his "friend Macdonald" who presided over its distribution, &c., &c. Clearly, Mr. S. G. O. loves those friends best who are nearest to him at the moment, and as he happened to be among the aristocratic, and not the editorial clique at Wilton, he gave the former the benefit of his good word. Mr. Bracebridge, husband of Mrs. Bracebridge, the principal friend and fellow-labourer of Miss Nightingale, was not so squeamish, but in an address at St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, fearlessly exposed the dreadful condition of the English hospitals in the East, at the commencement of the war.

As regards the war, I hear that Government has found a staunch advocate in a Mr. Aytoun—some say Professor Aytoun, "Blackwood's" Aytoun, the gentleman who came to London a year or two back, and in a broad Northern accent kindly delivered a series of lectures to instruct the benighted Southerners in the elements of real poetry. At any rate, some Mr. Aytoun has written a letter stating that, from all he gathers among the best-informed military circles in the French capital, the conduct of General Simpson at the taking of the Redan was most laudable, and in strict accordance with the secret understanding between him and Marshal Pelissier. Says the Marshal, "I can take the Malakoff, provided the attention of the enemy is duly distracted! You cannot take the Redan, but you can distract the enemy's attention by attacking it; therefore make up your mind to sacrifice a certain number of soldiers and officers, and—go to work." If this version of the affair be correct, it is only whitewashes General Simpson, but must be highly satisfactory to Colonel Windham, and to the relatives of those gallant men who were converted into animated stop-gaps, and fell in the attack.

Do you think, Sir, that anything will be done for Colonel Williams, who maintained the position at Kars, under so many difficulties? I don't! I've searched Burke and Debrett, and cannot discover that he is connected with any "noble family!"

The ticket-of-leave question is now in full and open discussion. Colonel Jebb, Chairman of the Directors of Convict Prisons, writes lengthily and elaborately to the "Times," attempting to prove that the system has been eminently successful. On the other hand, Sergeant Adams, the well-known assistant-judge of the Middlesex Sessions, condemns it as "false in principle and mischievous in practice." "When doctors differ," &c. The Colonel brings forward a roll of statistics in favour of his argument; meanwhile the newspaper reports show that two-thirds of the crimes in the provinces are committed by ex-convicts in the enjoyment of a ticket-of-leave.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW."

MOST of the readers of the "Quarterly Review," if they be not antiquated fossils, caring but for worn-eaten folios, statistical parties on the look out for essence of Blue Book, or deeply-dyed old-school Tories, seeking for political inspiration, will skip the first sixty pages of the last published number, and plunge their paper-knife between the leaves 350 and 351, eager to see what is said of "The Newcomes." The first sentence of the review serves to explain the sentiments of the reviewer. "This is Mr. Thackeray's master-piece, as it is undoubtedly one of the master-pieces of English fiction, if fiction is the proper term to apply to the most minute and faithful transcript of actual life which is anywhere to be found." His opening passage will explain the tone of the article, but the train of reasoning is admirably sound, and well sustained throughout. The reviewer starts with the idea, that the ordinary resource of novelists is to depict character under exceptional circumstances, to render them influenced by passions, which seldom operate in their excess with each individual, and to pass them through a series of adventures, which, in actual life, happen to few or none. Mr. Thackeray's mode of proceeding is essentially different. He looks at life under ordinary aspects, and reflects its every-day tone with surprising fidelity and artistic skill. With all this exactness, it will be found that each character drawn by Mr. Thackeray is usually an original conception. Here is a bit cleverly and truly written,—"In the days of the 'Spectator,' Addison, with exquisite humour, laughed away many of the social follies of his age. Alongside the papers in which his satire

the pencil had drawn, with such refined, satiric touches, the weakness of leuzy, belles, and country squires, were graver essays, recommending industry, truth, and cheerfulness. Mr. Thackeray disclaims the position of the preacher's office, but in reality, while eschewing all courses on virtue and vice, he enforces maxims, as serious and important as any that are contained in the historic facts of the 'Spectator' and much more impressive and profound. If he had flourished in the days of Queen Anne, he would have been a celebrated member of the group of authors who furnished such delightful miniatures of life, and such graceful letters for the reading public of that generation.

It is true; there is much in Thackeray which leads one back to Queen Anne era, to the Addison and Steele literature; and it is known that no more graceful compliment can be paid to the modern than to compare him to his fondly-loved prototype.

The Quarterly Reviewer, whose opinions we are following, holds that Mr. Thackeray has nobly redeemed in the "Newcomes" the defect alleged against his former novels, that they were more employed in satirising evil than in setting forth excellence; and he asserts, also, that the present edition gains by the change. This is true, but it is accounted for by the fact, that the "Newcomes" contains a more general view of English society than the novelist has before attempted, and, moreover, that in this publication, Mr. Thackeray has started with a hero, though an unacknowledged one, for whom, from the beginning of the story to the end, and through him the thousands of men and women who peruse his pages, must have the highest love and admiration. Such a character as that of Colonel Newcome has never been drawn. Hear the Quarterly Reviewer: "The real, though not the nominal hero, is Colonel Newcome. He is the very soul of modesty, honour, and benevolence—is every inch a gentleman. His scorn of everything ungenerous and ignoble is a rare dignity to his simple nature, so happily set off by his old-fashioned courtesy, and we know of no other character in fiction who is at once more thoroughly estimable and thoroughly human." From first to last, this review is laudatory, and a man may well feel proud who receives such approbation from the first critical publication of England in the 19th century.

The concluding scenes are masterly in the extreme; the description of the good man's death simple and sublime. Fiction affords no more beautiful page." Then quoting at length an extract from the "Humorists," the Reviewer says, "Such is Mr. Thackeray's character of Fielding—such, in the letter, is the character, as a novelist, of the author of the 'Newcomes'."

Another very interesting article in the "Quarterly" is on the "Charities and Poor of London,"—an article which, from the interest interwoven with the dry statistics and the pleasant tone of its writing, reminds one more of "Household Words" than the "Quarterly Review." The books generally touched upon are—Mr. Sampson Low's "Charities of London," Mr. Hearne's "Rookeries of London," Viscount Ingestre's "Memoirs," Mr. Barber's "Sorrow of the Streets," and Mr. Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor."

The first and second volumes of Lord John Russell's "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox" serve as a subject for comparison between Fox and his great rival, William Pitt, the gist of which any reader of the "Quarterly" can easily determine.

Most of the readers of the "Illustrated Times" are, I hope, acquainted with the American Prescott's admirable historical works, though few among them are perhaps aware of the large sums he used to obtain for the English copyright in them. A thousand pounds per volume, Sir, was no unworthy offering on the part of our Britishers at the shrine of Yankee genius. The great case of Boosey versus Snoozey turned up, however, to sterner these pleasant, nay, profitable, relations. We all recollect the memorable discussions it gave rise to, followed, of course, by the usual conflicting decisions, that our hair-splitting courts of equity are so prone to indulge in. But at length it was settled that no alien author could hold a copyright in England.

Here the last words of the judgment had issued from the judicial lips, the bad bibliophilic buccaners of Farringdon Street had run up the black flag, and bore down in doubt—quick time upon the good ship "Ferdinand and Isabella." W. H. Prescott, owner; R. Bentley, master—thought to be freighted with a heavy cargo of doubloons. The said craft became, as may be supposed, an easy prey; yet I very much question whether it proved the great prize that was anticipated, and the pirate skipper, I know, shows unmistakable signs of uneasiness whenever he is appealed to on the subject. Sinking allegory, Sir, may own private opinion is, that the piratical reprint of Prescott's most celebrated history did not even pay its expenses.

While this copyright question was being discussed in England, Mr. Prescott was giving the finishing touches to a new historical work, "The Reign of Philip the Second of Spain;" having some time previously agreed with Mr. Bentley, of Burlington Street, to sell to him the English copyright in it for the sum of £1,000 per volume. When, however, our equity courts decided that Mr. Prescott had nothing to sell, Mr. Bentley naturally felt indisposed to purchase so indefinite a commodity at so extravagant a price, and within the past month the "History of the Reign of Philip the Second of Spain" has been the round of the trade without finding a purchaser even at one-eighth of the sum Mr. Bentley had originally agreed to pay for it. I see, by recent advertisements, that it is settled Bentley will publish the book—I suppose on the half-profit system, that ingenious method of perspiring an author now so much in vogue among the dons of the trade, and which Mr. Layard is a living and lean example of.

The subscription for Macaulay's new volumes, I hear, amounts to 18,000, town and country inclusive—Mudie, that princely librarian, whom I patronise myself to the extent of two guineas annually, taking no less a number than 2,750 copies for his own use.

I have before me Festus Bailey's new poem, upon which I hope to write to you next week.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mr. WIGAN re-opened the doors of the Olympic on Saturday last. The performance commenced with the "School for Scandal," in which Mrs. Stirling returned to the stage as *Lady Teazle*, after a long absence, occasioned by ill-health and temporary loss of sight. The present cast of Sheridan's comedy at the Olympic is familiar to playgoers, no alteration having been made since last season. Mr. Robson's make-up, voice, and gesture, as *Moses* is perfect—unquestionably the gem of the piece. Mr. Wigan's *Joseph Surface* is a good, natural assumption: natural, I say, as distinguished from the stagey, or John Cooper-ish notion of the part. After the comedy, we had a novelty in the shape of a particularly dreary farce, said to be by Mr. Coyne. This production, perhaps the most melancholy affair at which I ever "assisted," was only redeemed from utter condemnation by the introduction of the "Country Fair"—a song interspersed with dialogue and recitation, which exactly suits the peculiar humour of Mr. Robson, by whom it was delivered. The farce has evidently been hashed together merely to serve as an excuse for this song, which is far too good to be linked to such a wretched abortion.

The Princess's season has also commenced, with the revival of "Henry VIII." and the "Game of Rumps." For a *lever du rideau*, Mr. Keen has produced a trifling farce, called, "Don't Judge by Appearances," turning upon the love felt by a lively young lady for a slow young gentleman, and *vice versa*. It is a translation by Mr. Morton, the stock author of the establishment, of a French vaudeville, called "Ange et Démon," which, if I mistake not, has already furnished the plot of a small paper in "Household Words," and called—I really forget what. "The Wonderful Woman"—a favourite Lyceum piece—is announced, and also "The Critic," both for the glorifying and honouring of Mr. Frank Matthews, who has joined the Princess's troupe. Mr. Keen, however, must remember that "one swallow does not make a summer," nor did Mr. F. Matthews constitute the entire Lyceum company. I suppose Miss Heath will play Madame Vestris's part in the "Wonderful Woman." We will wait and see, but I don't think she has *stamina* enough for the character.

Again, who is to be *Puff* in the "Critic?" Not Mr. Walter Lacy! He's too large, too heavy, has too much action—by which I don't mean "motion," but horse-action—ponderous pawings and studied attitudinising. Mr. Lacy's curse is his figure, which he thinks his greatest pride, and is, consequently, always throwing out his chest, or his arm or leg. A

revival of the "Critic" is also promised at Drury Lane, and an original play, "The Beginning and the End," at the Haymarket.

I promised, last week, to tell you of my correspondent, "Trois Etoiles," who addresses me on theatrical matters. After commencing his epistle with various wonderment as to who the "Loungeur" is (he needn't trouble himself—he will never find out: if my father, the old General, or my mother, Lady Anne, were to dream that their son had ever seen a printer—that is, in the way of business—I should be cut off with a shilling!), "Trois Etoiles" proceeds to say, "Why don't the managers raise their curtains at eight o'clock, and let them fall finally at eleven, not permitting such an over-dose of lost time and waltz music between the acts as is the present fashion? It isn't quantity and discomfort that people relish in their pleasures, but good quality and ease. In fact, managers should always think of their audience and Mrs. Gamp's 'little mortar' at the same moment. 'It is but little I require,' says that excellent lady, 'but that little must be of the best;' and they have often practical cause to know that, for her 'otherwise I go away,' the public substitutes an opposite line of action, by never going near them. Now, I am a subscriber to the 'Illustrated Times,' and I trust that you'll signify your approbation of this avowal by directing the Loungeur to pitch into the managers forthwith, as to the hours of opening and shutting their shops; and, after that, I shall feel obliged if he will talk to them on the advisability of raising that abominable, flaring chandelier up into the ceiling, and putting backs to the gallery seats; for sometimes my finances oblige me to ascend to that warm region, and I don't know why Mr. Gye or Mr. Mitchell should think, because I can't afford eight shillings to hear Grisi, in her positively last farewell but twenty, or five coins of like value to see Rachel die from smelling poisoned artificial flowers, that the sight of several dozen gas jets is good and pleasurable for me to enjoy for several hours."

There is a great deal of sense in these remarks, and "Trois Etoiles," if he consult the bills, will see that at most of the houses a *lever du rideau* is played. At the Olympic and the Princess's, for instance, and, in the Mathews' time, always at the Lyceum. The Adelphi and Haymarket are bound by conventional laws—one to melodrama, the other to what is called "genteel comedy;" but I think the Haymarket will eventually succumb.

The "chandelier nuisance" is certainly a grievance; but we "public" always suffer; don't we? In Parliament, on railways, and why not in theatres? We are mortal; but—we pay less!

LONDON AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE BUFFET AMERICAIN.

The *buffet Americain* is a magnificent refreshment-room, furnished with a sumptuous bar. It is bounded on the south by the Boulevard Montmartre, and on the east by the Passage Jouffroy.

Parisians were formerly in the habit of sitting down to eat and drink. Since the establishment of the *buffet Americain* they have been gradually accustoming themselves to stand during these interesting operations.

The principal articles of consumption at the *buffet Americain* are:—

English ale and porter,
Swiss *absinthe*,
Chartrouse of the Alps,
Indian liqueurs,
Arabian cordials,
Italian *maraschino*,
German *kirschenschasser*,
Bavarian beer, and
French wine and brandy.

We hope our readers now understand why this *buffet* is called emphatically the *buffet Americain*.

Between the hours of twelve and four the proprietor offers the public "un lunch," for which no charge is made. It is, however, considered civil to take two or three glasses of wine, which are charged at the rate of a franc a glass. It cannot then be said that the articles of the *buffet Americain* encourage intemperance. The first glass is understood to contain the ordinary wine, but "the second drink" in the words of the printed announcement, "gives right to a consummation of the elect," i. e., entitles the drinker to swallow and consume a glass of *vin d'élite*, or first-rate wine.

VI.

"ENGLISH ASSISTANT."

A WORD or two now about "English Assistant." This phrase was introduced to cut out the old-fashioned *English spoken*, upon which some discredit had been thrown by a farce at the Palais-Royal. It is supposed to mean that an "English Assistant" is engaged in the shop in which the announcement is exhibited. English persons are actually to be found at Meurice's, the Hotel Bedford, the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion, his Lordship's Larder, and even at the aforesaid *buffet Americain*, but at none of these establishments do we find "English Assistant" written up. All we find is "bitter ale," "porter," "sandwiches," and "roast beef."

We should be the last to deny that English young ladies are to be found at the dressmakers' in the Rue Lafayette, and at the milliners' in the Place Vendôme, and the Rue de la Paix; and who, under pretence of studying French fashions and the French language, have in reality come over to see the Exhibition and the ball at Asnières. But we deny the existence of any "English Assistant" at the lace, flower, and glove shops which pretend to the possession of one.

We believe that one must have appeared in Paris about the time of the Exhibition opening, but that, after writing the words "English Assistant" on a large card, she felt that she had fulfilled her mission, and returned to her native land.

We have inquired for her at innumerable shops, and always with the same result. First of all the proprietor or proprietress shouts out, "*Où est notre English assistant? est-elle sortie?*" to which the inevitable answer is "*Oui Monsieur*," or, "*Madame, elle vient de sortir*."

VII.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

WE trust no one will imagine that because we have pointed out some rather amusing mistakes made by the French in writing English, we are under the impression that no mistakes are made by the English in writing French. There are only two or three journals in London in which there is any chance of finding three consecutive words of French rightly spelt. The accents are often omitted as unimportant. The genders—as a word must be either masculine or feminine—are as likely to be right as to be wrong. The French of the fashionable novel writers is notoriously absurd, and there are indeed but few novelists at all—we of course except Mr. Thackeray—who do not sometimes commit faults, which, however trifling they may appear to us, would shock a French ear, to which an error in gender is quite intolerable. Errors in French do not, as a general rule, shock an Englishman; and accordingly he is not impressed by them as he is in France by an error in English.

Those who disagree with us on this subject, are asked whether they have ever noticed an inscription while in the Cigar Divan in the Strand, in which the proprietor, desirous to inform Frenchmen that he can supply them with coffee, cigars, and journals, misspells the first and second word, and attributes wrong genders to the second and third. Of course the proprietor is a tobaccoist and not a linguist, but a similar excuse may be pleaded for the erring Parisians. We further call upon dissentients to look at the title page of almost every piece of music, to criticise the orthography of the word "*galoppe*" in the programme of any ball, to examine the French of any play-bill, to consider the propriety of the expression *bal mosque*, and its probable effect on a French ear, to request the first theatrical critic he may meet, to explain why he puts a circumflex accent in the latter syllable of the word *début*, and to reflect whether he has ever heard a lady who was—or perhaps was not—*en déshabillé*, apologise for being *en déshabillé*.

M. Guizot made two very trifling idiomatic errors in his "Shakspeare

and his Times," and public attention was at once called to them, in the first instance, we believe, by ourselves.

In reviewing Lord John Russell's edition of "Moore's Memoirs," M. Philarète Chasles has pointed out nearly twenty errors in French, some of which are of the most laughable description. Thus, instead of *on n'allume pas une femme comme un quinquet*, from the last scene of the parody of *Othello*, the noble editor prints, "*on n'allume pas une femme comme une quinquette!*"

We are not all, however, Lord John Russells. To hit upon such things as the above, it is doubtless necessary to be a minister, or the son of a duke.

VIII.

THE DINER DE L'EXPOSITION IS NOT TO BE CONFOUNDED WITH THE EXPOSITION ITSELF.

ON the Boulevard des Italiens stands a man who passes his life in giving away bills, in which the attractions of the *Dîner de l'Exposition* in the Rue Lepelletier are enumerated.

If you ask the man the way to the Exposition, he will direct you to the Rue Lepelletier, and for two sous will conduct you to the very entrance of the *Dîner*. If you tell him you do not want to see the Exposition of the Products of Industry, but the Exposition of Fine Arts, he will take you to the other entrance to the *Dîner* in the Rue Lafayette.

As you have to take your ticket at the door, you perhaps really think you are at the Great Exhibition, but you are astonished at having to pay five francs, when you had heard the price of admission was only one. You are also surprised that there should be so many persons in the refreshment-room.

By the time the soup has been placed before you, and the *carte* of the day by your side, you have found out your mistake, but of course have also made up your mind to "consume" your five francs' worth without betraying any useless rage.

Some persons, however, preserve the illusion that they are actually at the Exhibition of the Products of Industry even after they have dined. If they ask any questions of the waiter, he merely bows, and brings another bottle of Burgundy.

One gentleman of great gastronomic force, but whose ideas on other subjects are somewhat limited, ended by persuading himself that as the French were a nation of cooks, it was natural that their Exhibition should be exclusively of a culinary character. He accordingly went to the *Dîner de l'Exposition* several days running, and now speaks in high terms of the articles which were exhibited there. It is fair to add that the dishes offered to the public at the establishment in question, are usually of a most exotic, not to say outlandish description, at all events as far as regards the names. We subjoin one of their *cartes* as a specimen.

SOUPS.

Java cabbage.
Indian rice (prepared in buffalo milk).

HORS D'ŒUVRE.

Sardines from Lorient in Florence oil.
Amsterdam radishes with Isigny butter.

ENTREES.

Scotch sheep's head with English sage and onions.
Brahmin bull in Irish stew.
Lamb's brains and lobster sauce.

FISH.

Greenland whale with lamp-oil sauce.
Hampstead titlarks fried in their own gravy.
Serpentine skates with spinach.

SECOND SERVICE.

ROASTS.

London sparrow with bread crumbs.
Bengal vulture with *sauce piquante*.

SALAD.

Portuguese dandelion and stinging nettles, dressed with Tottenham Court Road hair-oil.

VEGETABLES.

Egyptian sorrel.
Algerian tomatoes fried in Swedish batter.

DESSERT.

Strachino and Neufchâtel cheeses.
Sardinian peaches.
Iceland moss.

(To be continued.)

MR. DRUMMOND, M.P., ON ROYAL ALLIANCES.

AT a meeting of the Chertsey Agricultural Association, held last week, Mr. Drummond, M.P. for Surrey, presided, and in giving the usual loyal toasts, said:—

"That the royal family was nothing more nor less than like the family of any farmer now hearing him, and that he should like to know what any one in that room would say if an important neighbour, on learning that a young man had fallen in love with his (the farmer's) daughter, were to turn round and remark that it was a very improper marriage. Would he not instantly tell such a meddler to hold his tongue, and mind his own business? He asked simply that the same degree of forbearance should be evinced towards the domestic affairs of the Royal family as a man in the position of a farmer had a right to claim. Because Mr. Walter, Mr. Delane, and Mr. Basset said that a female member of the Royal family was not to marry such and such a person, was that a reason why the marriage should not take place? It was a most abominable act of interference; and if they would not suffer such meddling by strangers with their affairs, upon the same principal they ought not to allow it in the affairs of others."

THE CITY ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.—On Wednesday last, at Windsor Castle, a deputation from the Corporation of the City of London presented a congratulatory address to her Majesty on the fall of Sebastopol. The Picture Gallery, the Armoury, St. George's Hall, and the suite of reception-rooms, were appropriately fitted up for the occasion. The party, consisting of the Lord Mayor (Sir Francis Graham Moon, Bart.), the Sheriffs, the Recorder, and several members of the Common Council, arrived by special train, and proceeded along the High-street and Castle Hill and Green, entering the Quadrangle through St. George's gate, and alighting at the grand entrance, they were received by her Majesty in the Throne-room, and after the ceremony was concluded, partook of lunch in the Picture Gallery.

THE AMERICAN NEUTRALITY LAWS.—The trial of Charles Hertz and Edward H. Perkins, charged with having enlisted men in the United States for the British service in the Crimea, which occupied the United States District Court sitting at Philadelphia for several days, has at last been brought to a close. Perkins was acquitted, and Hertz was convicted on all the counts in the indictment. He has not been sentenced. The penalty provided by law is a fine of not more than 1,000 dollars and imprisonment not exceeding three years. The law is very explicit in forbidding any person within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States to "enlist or enter himself, or hire or retain another person to enlist or enter himself, to go beyond the limits or jurisdiction of the United States with intent to be enlisted or entered in the service of any foreign prince, state, colony, district, or people, as a soldier," &c. The testimony elicited on this trial seems to implicate, in a violation of the neutrality laws, several high functionaries of the British Government.

ENTHUSIASM IN CANADA.—The news that Sebastopol had fallen into the hands of the Allies created a universal sensation of joy from one end of Canada to the other. Immediately on the arrival at Halifax of the steamer with the news, the telegraph sent the glad tidings to every town and village in the province, and a burst of enthusiastic joy from all classes of the people was the consequence. Quebec, Montreal, and Hamilton have already been illuminated, and other towns and villages were following their example.

THIRTY-THREE DRUNKEN NURSES AT ST. PANCRA'S WORKHOUSE.—On Saturday last, there was an inquiry at the Elephant and Castle, Camden Town, touching the death of C. Young, aged 66, whose death resulted from "natural apoplexy." The parochial surgeon, at the close of his evidence, said that, of the 38 nurses in the workhouse infirmary, over one-half of them were aged and decrepit persons, and he was bound to say that there was not a sober woman among the whole number. The sick poor required better nursing than medicines, but this they were unable to obtain under the present system.

ROYAL VISITORS TO VERSAILLES.

It is the Norwood gossip who, in the days of his adversity, impressed upon Louis Napoleon the conviction that he should, as years passed on, become Emperor of the French, and arbiter of the destinies of Europe, had predicted that he should have some half-dozen European sovereigns gathering around his throne in one short season, even the heir of the man of destiny would have experienced some slight incredulity. Even after he had become Prince-President, and accomplished the memorable *coup d'état*, a metropolitan periodical of high reputation and aristocratic leanings represented him as a mere "plaster of Paris image" of his uncle—the far-famed conqueror of continental Europe. Now, however, any such jeering is out of the question; seeing that, in one summer, besides minor personages, the King of Portugal, heir of the house of Braganza, and the Queen of England, successor of the illustrious Plantagenets, the imperious Tudors, and the ill-fated Stuarts, have been his visitors; seeing that the King of Sardinia, representative of the ancient house of Savoy, would have been glad to enjoy the hospitalities of the Tuilleries, if sickness had not prevented him; and that, last, though not least, there was no less significant an arrival in Paris, than the Duke of Brabant, heir to the throne of Belgium, son of that King Leopold, the creature, as it were, of established dynasties, and grandson of that citizen King whom men once called "the Napoleon of Peace."

The arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Brabant at the Court of the Bonapartes—an event which singularly



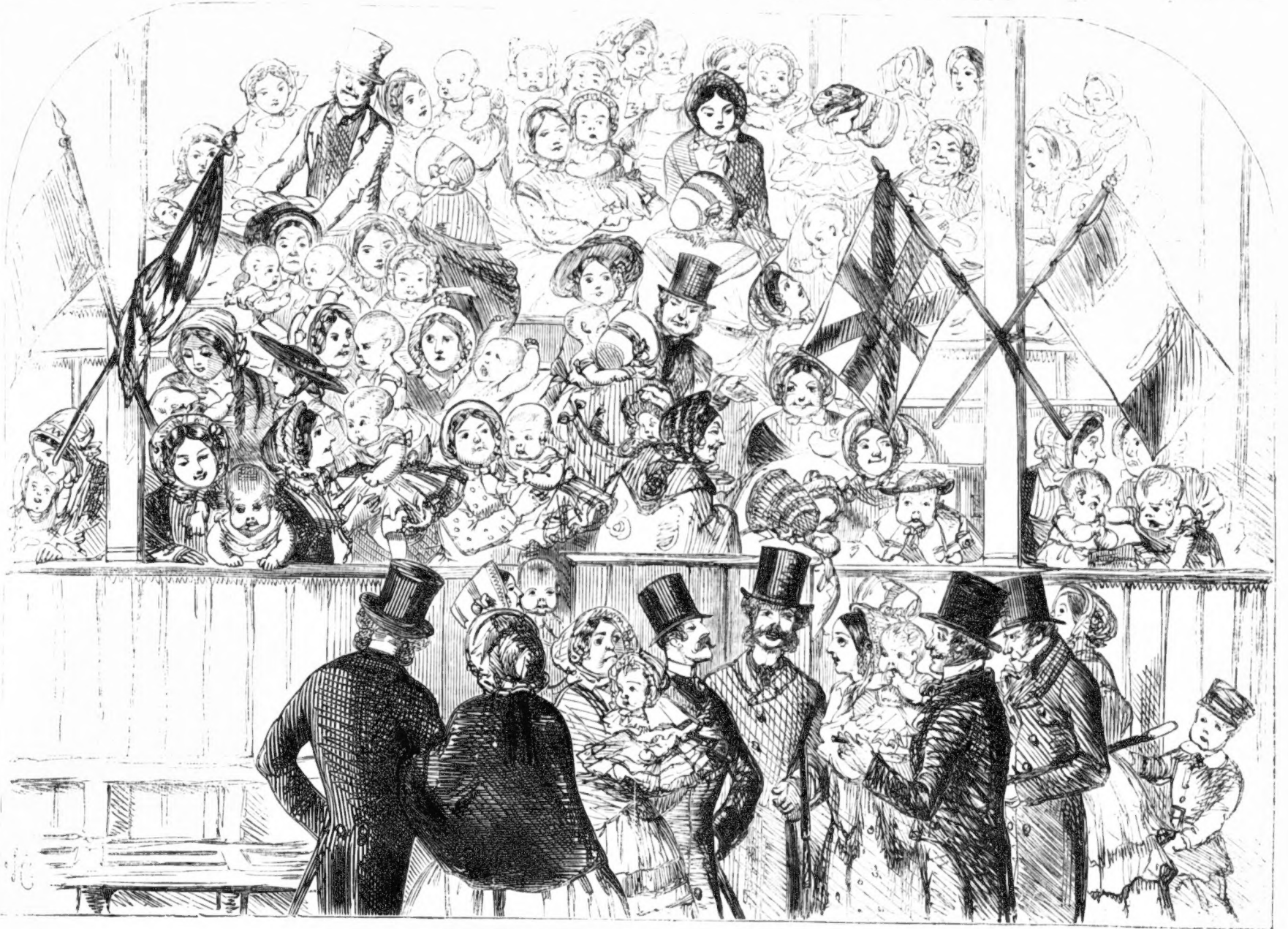
VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRABANT TO VERSAILLES.—THE STAIRCASE.

illustrates the vicissitudes of dynasties—was celebrated with much pomp and circumstance; and the Royal Court have since been right royally entertained. Grand ceremonies at St. Cloud, drives to Bois de Boulogne, parties to Fontainebleau, visits to the Opera, the Palace of Industry, and the Hotel des Invalides, have filled up the time. On Friday, the 19th inst., the Duke and Duchess appeared at Versailles, that measure of the luxury of Louis XIV. and saw the Emperor Napoleon review a division of cavalry. The scene was overgraced with the presence of the Empress Eugenie, and the weather was so delightful, that their Imperial Majesties and their august suite walked, afterwards, in the shrubberies of the palace, where their presence attracted a numerous crowd of persons, by whom they were hailed with the warmest acclamations. The grand water-works played during the promenade. The day was terminated by a visit to the Historical Galleries, which suggest so many and various reminiscences. These immense galleries, which were freshly decorated during the reign of Louis Philippe, are furnished with a rich series of historical paintings and statues arranged in chronological order.

Among these magnificent rooms, one of the most remarkable is the Hall of Mirrors, the subject of the accompanying illustration. At one time, the pictures contained therein had the effect, according to St. Simon, of leaguering the whole of Europe against the Grand Monarch, the subjects being particularly calculated to annoy the enemies of France. Our other engraving represents the grand staircase.



VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRABANT TO VERSAILLES.—THE HALL OF MIRRORS.



THE BABY SHOW AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



A WAYSIDE PICTURE, NEAR EYNESFORD, KENT.

THE BABY SHOW AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

If the present war is to last—as some have prophesied it will—thirty or forty years, it is some consolation to think that there is no immediate fear of a scarcity of population in these islands; but that for one generation, at any rate, we are tolerably safe, and that abundant supplies exist from which future recruiting sergeants, as yet in long clothes themselves, may obtain the materials for our armies.

Such were the thoughts that occurred to us, as we proceeded on Wednesday and Thursday (last week) to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, to witness the great Baby Show. We had no idea that there were so many babies extant. The whole neighbourhood of Kennington seemed to swarm with babies. On our way to the Gardens, we passed droves, troops, whole armies of babies. Cabs filled with babies were driving up from all directions. Babies arrived in carts, in costermonger's trucks, in every conceivable conveyance—while upon the foot-pavement long lines of heavily-laden nurses, bending beneath the load of babies—some carrying one, some two—formed a procession reaching, we should be loath to say how far.

Within the Gardens many changes in the ordinary arrangements had been necessitated by the novel nature of the exhibition. Refreshment rooms were converted into nurseries; the raised seats in front of the lake were appropriated to the display of "pretty infants under 12 months," and in various parts of the grounds direction posts, that in their normal state point out the way "To the Giraffes"—to the Rhinoceros, to the grizzly Bear, the Rumpitfoozel, or whatever may be the zoological celebrity of the season—on this occasion had slips of paper pasted over them, on which we read "To the Pretty Little Girls," "To the Handsome Boys between 2 and 4," "This way to the strong and well-developed Boys," and so on.

We followed the directions, and went first to see the "Pretty Little Girls." We found them ranged around the walls of a close, ill-ventilated room, behind a rail, for which they must have been inevitably smashed by the pressure of admiring visitors. The "Pretty Little Girls" were evidently—as pretty girls must always be—the great point of attraction. Poor little things! We pitied them sincerely, as we hurried from the room, the temperature of which stood at a point that the most brazen-faced thermometer would blush to register—and left them melting.

The "Handsome Boys" were not much better off. The room they were exhibited in was of the same description as the other. There were not, however, when we entered, nearly so many visitors, so that it was a trifle cooler. Whether it be that masculine beauty, even in its infantile development, is less attractive than female prettiness, or whether it was the lusty protest that the boys incessantly kept up against overcrowding, drove many visitors away, we cannot say. Certain it was, the "Handsome Boys" kept up a constant screaming, that effectually prevented us from going further than the door.

The only spot where the babies could be seen, with anything like comfort, was in the raised seats facing the lake, where "Pretty Infants under twelvemonths old" were piled up from the front to the very back, forming, as we heard an enthusiastic young lady observe, a perfect bouquet (or, as an ill-natured old bachelor beside her said, a perfect mass) of babies. This was the spot selected by our artist for his illustration, and if we are expected to pass any judgment on the show at all, this is the spot to which we must direct our attention, for the plain reason given above—it was the only one in which we could really see.

Amongst the "Pretty Infants" there, there were certainly many who well merited the name. Smiling little "popetties" (we believe that is the orthodox expression), with dimpled cheeks and bright red "puds" and "tooties" (are we right in thus describing baby's hands and feet?)—some of them ecstatically kicking about and crowing in infantile enjoyment—others rocked to "bye-bye" (correct us, ladies, if we are wrong) upon their nurses' laps. But there were also shown amongst them, as "Pretty Infants," babies who—

But no. Let us not be too hard upon them. Let us hope they will grow out of it, and trust to the old superstition that they may make the handsomest men and women after all. We never quite credited the proverb that "everyone believes his own goose, swans" until we saw the baby show. But it is true, we find. How else can we account for many of those babies being there? The most ungainly of all goslings held up for admiration, as though they had been the most elegant of cygnets! Twins, too, were there, in great abundance—and very proud the mothers seemed who had two specimens to show to others; one, although, if quantity, instead of quality of baby, be the desideratum, there were some single specimens exhibited of bulk sufficient for a good-sized family—masses of fat, that must have made the lions and tigers in the Gardens mad with rage to think they were compelled to lick their lips at them behind strong bars.

We should like to see a statistical account of the quantity of beer consumed by the mothers of the babies. We know that ladies, when nursing, are privileged to take an extra drop, but we were certainly not prepared to find what an amount those individual privileges came to in the aggregate. Several strong men seemed to be doing nothing else all day but carrying round large cans of beer to give the mothers and the nurses; and by the eagerness with which their cans were seized upon, they certainly seemed as though they wanted it. Buns, too, in numbers not easy to be reckoned, were offered up in the same good cause.

An efficient band was in attendance. If our readers know anything of the topography of the Gardens, they will remember that the orchestra is situated on one side of the platform where the "pretty infants" were exhibited; they may also recollect that, on the opposite side, is the glass rotunda which contains the carnivora. The effect may be imagined. A collection of wild beasts (and we were there near about feeding-time) on one side, a powerful brass band upon the other, and in the centre some hundred crying children! It was sublime. The most noisy of Verdi's operas would sink into nothingness beside it.

Apart from the babies and their nurses, the attendance was by no means numerous. In fact, except in a few centres of attraction, the gardens seemed entirely deserted—except by babies; they were to be met with everywhere. And truly did they seem, as, from time to time, we met some poor little creature, whom a few minutes back we had seen in the hot, steaming atmosphere of the exhibition-rooms, now walking bare-headed, bare-necked, with their muslin frock and ever thinner shoes, upon the damp earth around the lake, and in a cold, raw air, enough to make the stoutest of us button up our overcoats. We fear the seeds of many a consumption were sown that day.

Candour compels us to declare that, on the whole, the baby show was a most saddening, as well as a most disgusting exhibition. Apart from various objectionable details, which we cannot here allude to, but which must be instantly apparent to every mother, as inseparable from such an exhibition—matters not only harmless, but positively unthought of in the seclusion of the nursery, becoming absolutely revolting in a public gathering like this;—apart from all this, we say, the mere fact of so much human flesh and blood, thus openly exposed for competition, to be examined, commented upon, prized, and made the subject of comparison—so many as yet unconscious, but no less immortal items of humanity, the future men and women of our land, shown like prize oxen—had something about it inexpressibly degrading. Some of the mothers, we were glad to think, appreciated this; and we are almost certain we saw more than one child, which had been standing in the show when we went in, afterwards carried about the grounds with the ticket bearing its number in the exhibition torn off its dress, and the mother, when spoken to about her baby, indignantly denying that it had come there to be shown. This was, however, far from being the case with all. Many mothers there seemed proud of sitting thus, themselves and babies exposed to public gaze, and one or two we heard bitterly complaining that the judges had not properly examined the little ones!—dissatisfied unless every square inch of tiny muscle had been pinched to test its soundness—every little limb stretched out to prove its strength.

The prizes given were—

Five Pounds to the Parents of the Prettiest Baby under the age of twelve months.

Five Pounds to the Parents of the Strongest and most perfectly developed Boy from six to eighteen months old.

Three Pounds to the Parents of the Prettiest Girl from two to four years of age.

Three Pounds to the Parents of the Handsomest Boy from two to four years of age.

With prizes to the Nurses of the Successful Babies, and others to children between ten and twelve for working sums in arithmetic.

We purposely refrain from giving the names of the successful exhibitors, most of them respectable working people; for, though no doubt they were proud and pleased enough at the moment when their little Tommy or Jenny carried off the prize, they will, we feel convinced, on thinking better of it, reject the degradation to which they unthinkingly submitted themselves and their children. And for the successful Tommies and the prize-obtaining Jennys themselves, when in after years they become respectable men and women, how would they feel at the reflection that their form and weight, their muscles, limbs, and sinews, had been in childhood made a public exhibition? As yet they are unconscious of the degradation. Let them remain so.

WAYSIDE PICTURES.

IN the illustration given on the preceding page, there is such an air of life and reality that our readers will hardly need to be assured that it is a genuine sketch from nature, made by our illustrator, a few weeks since, in one of the sweet secluded villages of Kent. To the lover of art, what a pleasant life it is to wander along green lanes, by the side of dreamy old woods, by turf-covered uplands, over breezy downs, tracing the meanderings of rivers, or feeling the cool wind fanning the cheek by the ribbed seashore, as, with sketch-book in hand, he dots down some picturesque bit, which not only affords him instruction and pleasure while he improves his health, but serves, when he returns home, to fill his "inward eye" with other pictures, which he saw not before, and bringing back again all the "green nestling spots" which he has visited.

Many a one nursed amid sweet green pastoral scenes, but driven by circumstances into the great heart of London, has gazed on such a Wayside Picture as this, until, in fancy, he has again heard the matin-song of the mounting lark, sounding high up amid the loosened silver of the floating clouds; has caught once more the sound of children wandering along hedge-girded lanes, in quest of early celandines and sky-dyed bluebells, has heard again the crowing of the red cock from the thatched grange above the hill; the noise of building rooks, the milkmaid's song, and the loud whistling of the stooping ploughman; has seen again the buttercups lettering the meadows with gold; looked once more on the crimson spots on the bottom of the cowslip; and, while under a sea-coal canopy, seemed again to inhale the aroma of old far-away forests. Such pleasant memories do Wayside Pictures bring to the city hearth: visions of forgotten places, again revived, and beloved all the more; things that "give delight and hurt not," but come like agreeable thoughts, each revealing a new beauty, even as we sometimes think of the dead, remembering only the good, and blotting out their faults with our tears, for even those which our first mother shed for the death of Abel fell among flowers; we still see traces of them in the dew that impels the blossoms, and until the crack of doom they will continue to silver over and sadden the beautiful. They watered the buds which the daughters of Noah carried with them into the Ark, and when they planted their feet among the opening bells that were blowing about the slopes of Mount Ararat, they sprinkled the flowers, above which the escaped dove cooed mournfully, while looking over the Wayside Pictures of a ruined world.

What the artist is painting that awakens the wonderment of the gaping rustics, we know not. Perchance it is a picture of some delightful spot by the wayside, where spring lies like an "eternal April on the ground, making it all one emerald"; perhaps a rustic bridge, from which some love-lorn maiden is gazing on her shadow mirrored below, as it falls across the white water-lilies as they rock, and the black bulrushes as they nod to one another, perchance that old man, who has paused on his errand, sees in it some object that recalls the spring-time of his life, when hope beamed on his path, and showed no sign that he would ever be driven away from the spot which he seems to see again as in a dream.

In that Wayside Picture, he may, through the eye of fancy, trace some resemblance to his native cottage, and the breezy brook that rippled behind the little garden on which the sunbeams seemed to sleep more sweetly than they have ever since done on any other spot that his eye has fallen upon during his long pilgrimage: images of far-away hills and valleys, silvered over with star-like daisies, or yellow with the flash of buttercups, that threw back the golden glory that came streaming from the unsullied floor of heaven. We know not what he is, we care not to inquire what he does, we will fancy that year after year he has been trying to save enough to revisit the spot which he again traces in the artist's sketch; but the woodbines of summer followed the faded May-blossoms of spring, then the autumn-fern stood like a burning fire in its russet blaze upon the hillsides, the wind and rain "beat dark December," still he was no nearer to his old home than he is now, though the hand of genius has once more seemed to bring it before his eyes; and to-night his dreams will be haunted with all its old sweet familiar sounds. How different are the feelings of the younger rustic, who is also gazing on the same Wayside Picture! He sees in it a something which he dimly remembers, though it brings not back to him the song of the blackbird or the voice of the speckled thrush that scattered the darkness with its melody, and woke up the whole green dale; no noise of autumn rooks rings in his ears; no vision of the old orchard, white and red in spring with hanging blossoms, dances before his eyes. He has no other memory of the old home-fields, beyond that of wondering whether they yield as heavy a crop as they did in former years, or there is as good ale still brewed at the "Barley Mow" as when "he drunk that ere gallon in ten minutes, and did Ben Chawbacon out on his weager." Not so that maiden! She pauses and sighs as she looks on that Wayside Picture; for through it her "inward eye" sees far away, and conjures up spots she may never see again—the park and the sunny bank so often purpled over with violets, and made musical with the murmur of flower-loving bees. On the artist's easel, she again sees the shady copse, from which the cuckoo shouted when she mocked its voice, and out of which the song of the nightingale gushed, while she lay listening in her little chamber, and looking in the moonlight at the shadows of the vine-leaves, as they swayed idly to and fro upon the snow-white blind. Those white touches upon the hillside bring back again to her ear, soft bleedings from the far-off fold. She catches that milking-time sound which summoned her to wander forth with Mary the dairymaid, along the footpath and over the dear old stile. But the sun-dairied hay-maker's ditty, and the corn-reaper's chant, are driven from her mind by the remarks of the gaping rustics, who are ready to bet pots of beer whether he will turn the mass which he has just taken up to a barn, a bull, a bed-post, or a piece of bacon.

What hundreds of Wayside Pictures must a wandering artist pass, which he would fain transfer to his canvas, were he to consult his own taste, instead of that of his patrons, many of whom, perhaps, know no more about art than the unlettered hinds who are now staring in amazement, and are pleased, they know not why. The milk-maid, half hidden by the hedge of wild roses, with one hand resting on her well-formed and rounded hips, while she balances the clean white pail on her head, and, ever and anon, with the other hand throws back the vagrant tresses which the morning breeze seems delighted to dally with and toss loose upon the perfumed air. He sees how beautifully that old thorn, with its moonlight-covered May, would stand out from under the large overhanging tree, while he placed her beside the gray rustic stile in the foreground; for, as she moves along, so his picturesque eye shifts, to place her at each glance in some new and beautiful position; while he remembers, with a sigh, that he is on his way to copy some plain, coarse face, on which he is compelled to labour for his daily bread. He passes little children in green lanes, who shade the sunshine from their faces with their hands as they look at him, and stand in all kinds of graceful attitudes as they pull down the branches; some with their white shoulders half bare, and others with their laps filled with flowers. A few of these Wayside Pictures he will treasure up in the storehouse of his memory, and they will again rise freshly before him on some future day, when the "inward eye" looks through the long picture gallery of the past at subjects which are hung there, we wot not how.

STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES UNDER DETENTION.

MEETING OF MIDDLESEX MAGISTRATES—SUSPENSION OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE HOUSE OF DETENTION.

At a recent general meeting of the magistrates of Middlesex, held at Clerkenwell, the Chairman of the Committee read the following special report:—

"It having come to the knowledge of the visiting justices that certain prisoners committed on a charge of misdemeanour had not been subjected to the ordinary regulations of the prison, a searching investigation and inquiry into all the circumstances was at once instituted, and the visiting justices at the conclusion of their investigation were surprised to find, from the admissions and statements of the various officers examined in the course of the inquiry, that nearly all the rules laid down for the government of the prison, and sanctioned and confirmed as required by law by the Secretary of State for the Home Department, had been deliberately violated by the governor, and also by several officers in some instances by his express direction. The visiting justices are of opinion that the conduct of the governor has been highly reprehensible, and they feel it to be their duty to lay the whole of the evidence before the court for their decision."

EVIDENCE—HOUSE OF DETENTION, July 30.—The deputy-governor says:—

"The governor is on leave of absence. Previous to his going, he told me to treat Strahan, Paul, and Bates, exactly as they had up to that time been treated. Visitors were admitted to them at all times in the day without being questioned, or their names recorded. On the day they came, the governor took visitors to their rooms. I have never taken visitors to their rooms. The warders have taken visitors to them. The chaplain took Strahan to the governor's room to see his (Strahan's) wife. The chaplain said he had authority to do so. It was on last Saturday week. I did not see the prisoner go in at any other time. The three prisoners exercise together. They exercise in the governor's garden before 12 o'clock. On the Saturday alluded to, Mrs. Strahan came early, and was taken to the governor's house, where she remained with Strahan till seven in the evening, when they went to his cell, and remained there till ten at night. She then went to the governor's house, and remained all night, and did not leave till Sunday evening, having breakfasted with Strahan, and remained all day with him, except while he was at chapel. She went to chapel also, but sat in the governor's pew. The cell doors of the three prisoners are left open all day by the governor's order. There are no water-closets in their cells. I have not seen the other two prisoners in the governor's house. Bates's friends have remained as late as half-past eight at night. About four visitors, on the average, visited each of them daily. Their provisions are of the ordinary kind. They have wine. Their cab hire to Bow Street is charged to the officer. The governor told me to pay it. He said he had not made out his bill yet. Their letters were sent out and received without being examined. I asked the governor was I to open their letters. He said 'No.' When I spoke to Warder Forth about allowing them to exercise and converse together, he said he had the governor's order for it."

N. P. Forth, a warder:—

"Visitors have been in their cells at meal time—viz., Mrs. Strahan, Mrs. Bates, and Mrs. Bates's nurse. Bates is still in the octagon room in the infirmary. He was not treated by the surgeon. Mrs. Strahan and a gentleman visitor were in the cell at dinner time. I took a bottle of wine from Mr. Strahan's room. It was in a portmanteau. Mr. Sims ordered me to search the portmanteau. I looked it and kept the key, which I gave to Filsil. I found a box in my store, with a bottle of wine and part of a bottle in it. Mr. Sims took away the box and wine. It was marked in front, 'From a biscuit shop.' The governor said that visitors and friends were to be allowed to go into their cells."

F. Filsil, sub-warder:—

"Strahan and Bates had been under his care. For the first week, the infirmary warder had charge of Bates. Afterwards, I had charge of him in the gallery. On the 23rd of June, Strahan asked me to order him a bottle of sherry. I asked the governor, and he said, 'Yes, all right,' and he also said something about the doctor, but I cannot exactly say what it was. I ordered a bottle of wine and took it to Strahan's room. I uncorked it, and left it there. I reported to Forth that the prisoners visited each other's rooms. Forth said, 'The governor says you are not to notice it.' On Monday last, I took part of a bottle of wine from Mr. Bates's room. I saw there a pork pie, some German sausage, a currant pie, and wine. The lady visitors had baskets. Strahan's servant brought a basket of new-laid eggs. I did not search the basket. I don't know why. I suppose it was because other officers did not. It ought to have been."

The Rev. George Jepson, chaplain:—

"One day I went to Mr. Strahan's cell. He was ill. His wife came to see him, and I suggested it should be in the governor's house. Strahan objected at first, but I urged it on him. There was no officer left with Strahan and his wife all day. I told Mr. Sims that I thought it would be a great indulgence, and said I would take the responsibility on myself. I am not sure that they were left entirely alone. I stayed there a short time with them. I was told by Mrs. Hill, in presence of her husband (the governor), that Mrs. Strahan would sleep on that particular night in the governor's house."

Aug. 20.—Mr. Frederick Wm. Hill, the governor:—

"I admit the general correctness of the evidence given. On leaving town, I said to Sims, 'Go on quietly.' That is all I remember saying respecting the three prisoners. No visiting justice gave directions to relax the rules. Ordinarily, visitors are not admitted into cells. The visitors of Strahan, Paul, and Bates were so admitted. I do not recollect ordering the cell-door to be unlocked, but I know that it was so. Rule 22, I admit, has not been observed. I admit having requested the chaplain to receive and to post letters for the prisoners. Visitors were admitted on a Sunday, although it is contrary to Rule 22, by my authority. I gave no authority to the chaplain to take Mr. Strahan into my house. Sir J. D. Paul had two glasses of wine a day, by order of the surgeon. I gave permission to the warder to fetch wine for Strahan and Bates without any surgeon's order."

Oct. 8.—Nathaniel P. Forth, further examined:—

"On the morning Mr. Strahan went out, the 2nd of August, he said, 'You are getting more harsh every day, and the next thing I expect to hear is to go into the common cell.' He said, 'The magistrates are a set of radicals [a loud laugh in court]; they are no gentlemen; never mind, I leave you to-day, but as for Captain Hill, I shall reward him for his kindness to me.' I reported that to the deputy-governor immediately afterwards. Strahan had his money, watch, and other articles in his possession. They had not been taken from him; by the rules they ought to have been. When Sir J. D. Paul and Mr. Bates came in, there was room for them in the common cells."

After a lengthened discussion on the evidence adduced, it was carried by a majority of 19 of the magistrates present, against 5—

"That the governor of the House of Detention be suspended, and that the evidence be taken into consideration on a future day."

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AS A PLAINTIFF.—Her Imperial Majesty lately appeared, though not personally, as plaintiff in a petition to the President of the Civil Tribunal. It appears that the Empress recently purchased for her husband's charming house in the Champs Elysées, as a residence for her mother and sister during their visits to Paris. On the side of the grounds before the house are some buildings, occupied by a brewer, and the proprietor of these buildings representing the bombardment of Odessa. In the lease made to these persons it was stipulated that they should be obliged to leave on receiving six months' notice; and as their premises destroy the beauty of the hotel, a notice was given to quit on the 1st of October was duly given to them. But they did not leave, and have since shown no disposition to do so. Accordingly, on the 19th inst., application was made to the President of the Civil Tribunal, sitting in chambers, in the name of "H.M. Eugénie Marie de Guzman, Comtesse de Teba, and Empress of the French," to authorise their expulsion, and to order the demolition of the buildings. These persons did not appear, and the President decided that in the event of their not leaving within twenty-four hours, the Empress should be authorised to turn them out by force, to remove their effects, and demolish the buildings which they occupy, all at their expense.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

HOW THE CRIMEAN NURSE CAME OFF WITH FLYING COLOURS.—Jane Gibson, the nurse who was for some time engaged with the army in the Crimea, and who underwent several examinations at the Southwark Police Court for having in her possession a quantity of linen and other goods, alleged to have been stolen from the hospitals at Scutari and Kulule, attended last week to demand the reform of what had been taken from her by the police. She had been honourably acquitted of having unlawfully possessed herself of the property, and from inquiries made, there was nothing to show why she should not have it all restored.

The Magistrate said, that since Mrs. Gibson had been discharged from custody, he had been in communication with several persons connected with the nurses at the Crimea, and he was of opinion that she had become lawfully possessed of the property, and that it must be restored to her. Two ladies had written to him on the subject, acquitting her of any guilt in the affair. After what he had heard he must order the whole to be restored to her, except the shoes and books which she in her hurry packed up amongst the luggage she brought home. Those ladies who had so nobly volunteered to attend upon the sick and wounded soldiers in the Crimea, had assured him that Mrs. Gibson was justly possessed of the property, therefore he should order its immediate restoration to her; and he must tell her that she left that court without the least imputation on her character.

The linen and other goods found by the police were here taken into the inner office, and handed over to Mrs. Gibson, who left the court expressing her thanks to his Worship and to the ladies who had so kindly assisted her.

Thomas Nippon, a simple-looking country lad, was placed in the bar of the Marlborough Police Court on Monday, charged with throwing stones at the police in Hyde Park on the previous afternoon.

A police constable said, he was on duty in Hyde Park, where a mob of at least 5,000 had assembled round a man, who was holding forth upon the present high price of bread, and was causing a riot. A lot of about 200 boys interrupted the speaker by calling out and throwing stones at the speaker and witness and another officer were sent to disperse the mob.

The boys immediately assailed him with a volley of stones, and he distinctly saw the prisoner pick up a stone, which he threw at witness, and hit him on the hat. The witness hurried a thick stick at the other officer, when witness seized him and took him into custody. The other constable seized Nippon in custody, ran off as fast as they could, and in a strong Oxford dialect, said he had not been in London, and came from Bicester in Oxfordshire. On Sunday he went into the Park, not knowing what was going on, and when he saw a lot of boys and they got together, and one of the boys told him to throw a stone at the police, and he foolishly did so. The boy then began to cry, and said he would "never do so again—not ever no more" (laughter).

The Magistrate said defendant was evidently a poor simple-minded rustic, who no doubt had been led into throwing stones by the other boys. He would have him locked up for the present as a caution, and consider what was best to be done with him.

EXTRAORDINARY BURGLARY AT THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.—A few weeks ago a burglary was attempted at the house of Mr. Hume, son of the late Mr. Joseph Hume, No. 6, Harley Street, Cavendish Square. There were two men engaged in the affair, who ascended a ladder about eight o'clock at night, which was placed in front of an adjoining house, that was undergoing repair. They had reached the house of Mr. Hume, where they succeeded in forcing open a window of the first floor. They were then disturbed and pursued by Mr. Hume, upon which they retraced their steps down the ladder. One man got away, but the other man fell off the ladder, when his right leg was broken. He was taken to the Middlesex Hospital, where he remained until Monday morning. He was to have been brought on that day at the Marylebone Police Court, but, upon being called, the inspector of the division stated that between two and four o'clock on Monday morning, two men succeeded in taking the man from the hospital. The four men got over the garden wall in the rear of the hospital, entered the institution by means of picklocks, and removed him from his room by dropping him out of the window. The policeman who had charge of the man was in bed and asleep. They then succeeded in carrying him through the garden, placing him in a cab, and getting clear away.

MURDER NEAR MATFEN IN NORTHUMBERLAND.—A dreadful murder was committed during the night of Saturday last at Waterloo, a small village near Matfen. The deceased was a female about seventy years of age, residing in a cottage by the side of the turnpike road leading from Newcastle to Stamfordham. The cottage and a patch of adjoining it belonged to the deceased, who was reported to be rich, and was supposed to have a considerable sum of money always hoarded in her house. This no doubt formed the inducement to the murder. No clue has been obtained to the perpetrators of the crime.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

THERE has been a slight reaction in the Consol market since we last wrote, although the Bank of England has advanced the minimum rate of interest on bills having 60 days to run to 6, and on those of 90 days to 7 per cent. The Bank of France has, also, increased the rate from 5 to 6 per cent. That this advance is calculated to check the export of gold to the continent is tolerably certain; but, at the same time, such are the pressing wants of the Bank of France, it is evident that gold will still continue to leave us, though in smaller quantities. The imports of that metal in the past eight days have amounted to not less than £1,000,000 sterling. These timely arrivals have inspired confidence in the Stock Exchange, more especially as about £500,000 in gold from Australia has reached the Bank of England. It is, however, understood that over £400,000 has been taken on French account, consequently, will not figure in next week's Bank returns.

An impression has gained currency that, from the fact that the rate of discount has lately been named by the Bank for bills over 90 days, long-dated acceptances will not be taken by the present. To an extent, this is an error; but it must be understood that the discount of such acceptances is now a matter of arrangement.

In some quarters money has been extremely tight; but for limited periods have been obtained in the Exchange, on Government securities, at 4 per cent. The discount houses still hold a fair average supply of cash; and the private bankers are giving 4½ for money on "call," and 5 per cent. for three months.

The rapid decline in the market value of Exchequer Bills has compelled the Chancellor of the Exchequer to raise the rate of interest to 2½ per cent, or to £3 16s. 6d. per annum. This advance is a matter of necessity, or the Government would have received back a large number of bills in payment of duties, as the holders, in order to get into cash, are not disposed to submit to a loss of from 4s. to 10s. on each bill.

The following are the leading quotations of English securities:—Bank Stock, 209. Three per Cent. Reduced, 86½; 3½, 87½; New Three per Cent. Consols, 87½; 3½, 88½; 3½, 89½; 3½, 90½; 3½, 91½; 3½, 92½; 3½, 93½; 3½, 94½; 3½, 95½; 3½, 96½; 3½, 97½; 3½, 98½; 3½, 99½; 3½, 100½; 3½, 101½; 3½, 102½; 3½, 103½; 3½, 104½; 3½, 105½; 3½, 106½; 3½, 107½; 3½, 108½; 3½, 109½; 3½, 110½; 3½, 111½; 3½, 112½; 3½, 113½; 3½, 114½; 3½, 115½; 3½, 116½; 3½, 117½; 3½, 118½; 3½, 119½; 3½, 120½; 3½, 121½; 3½, 122½; 3½, 123½; 3½, 124½; 3½, 125½; 3½, 126½; 3½, 127½; 3½, 128½; 3½, 129½; 3½, 130½; 3½, 131½; 3½, 132½; 3½, 133½; 3½, 134½; 3½, 135½; 3½, 136½; 3½, 137½; 3½, 138½; 3½, 139½; 3½, 140½; 3½, 141½; 3½, 142½; 3½, 143½; 3½, 144½; 3½, 145½; 3½, 146½; 3½, 147½; 3½, 148½; 3½, 149½; 3½, 150½; 3½, 151½; 3½, 152½; 3½, 153½; 3½, 154½; 3½, 155½; 3½, 156½; 3½, 157½; 3½, 158½; 3½, 159½; 3½, 160½; 3½, 161½; 3½, 162½; 3½, 163½; 3½, 164½; 3½, 165½; 3½, 166½; 3½, 167½; 3½, 168½; 3½, 169½; 3½, 170½; 3½, 171½; 3½, 172½; 3½, 173½; 3½, 174½; 3½, 175½; 3½, 176½; 3½, 177½; 3½, 178½; 3½, 179½; 3½, 180½; 3½, 181½; 3½, 182½; 3½, 183½; 3½, 184½; 3½, 185½; 3½, 186½; 3½, 187½; 3½, 188½; 3½, 189½; 3½, 190½; 3½, 191½; 3½, 192½; 3½, 193½; 3½, 194½; 3½, 195½; 3½, 196½; 3½, 197½; 3½, 198½; 3½, 199½; 3½, 200½; 3½, 201½; 3½, 202½; 3½, 203½; 3½, 204½; 3½, 205½; 3½, 206½; 3½, 207½; 3½, 208½; 3½, 209½; 3½, 210½; 3½, 211½; 3½, 212½; 3½, 213½; 3½, 214½; 3½, 215½; 3½, 216½; 3½, 217½; 3½, 218½; 3½, 219½; 3½, 220½; 3½, 221½; 3½, 222½; 3½, 223½; 3½, 224½; 3½, 225½; 3½, 226½; 3½, 227½; 3½, 228½; 3½, 229½; 3½, 230½; 3½, 231½; 3½, 232½; 3½, 233½; 3½, 234½; 3½, 235½; 3½, 236½; 3½, 237½; 3½, 238½; 3½, 239½; 3½, 240½; 3½, 241½; 3½, 242½; 3½, 243½; 3½, 244½; 3½, 245½; 3½, 246½; 3½, 247½; 3½, 248½; 3½, 249½; 3½, 250½; 3½, 251½; 3½, 252½; 3½, 253½; 3½, 254½; 3½, 255½; 3½, 256½; 3½, 257½; 3½, 258½; 3½, 259½; 3½, 260½; 3½, 261½; 3½, 262½; 3½, 263½; 3½, 264½; 3½, 265½; 3½, 266½; 3½, 267½; 3½, 268½; 3½, 269½; 3½, 270½; 3½, 271½; 3½, 272½; 3½, 273½; 3½, 274½; 3½, 275½; 3½, 276½; 3½, 277½; 3½, 278½; 3½, 279½; 3½, 280½; 3½, 281½; 3½, 282½; 3½, 283½; 3½, 284½; 3½, 285½; 3½, 286½; 3½, 287½; 3½, 288½; 3½, 289½; 3½, 290½; 3½, 291½; 3½, 292½; 3½, 293½; 3½, 294½; 3½, 295½; 3½, 296½; 3½, 297½; 3½, 298½; 3½, 299½; 3½, 300½; 3½, 301½; 3½, 302½; 3½, 303½; 3½, 304½; 3½, 305½; 3½, 306½; 3½, 307½; 3½, 308½; 3½, 309½; 3½, 310½; 3½, 311½; 3½, 312½; 3½, 313½; 3½, 314½; 3½, 315½; 3½, 316½; 3½, 317½; 3½, 318½; 3½, 319½; 3½, 320½; 3½, 321½; 3½, 322½; 3½, 323½; 3½, 324½; 3½, 325½; 3½, 326½; 3½, 327½; 3½, 328½; 3½, 329½; 3½, 330½; 3½, 331½; 3½, 332½; 3½, 333½; 3½, 334½; 3½, 335½; 3½, 336½; 3½, 337½; 3½, 338½; 3½, 339½; 3½, 340½; 3½, 341½; 3½, 342½; 3½, 343½; 3½, 344½; 3½, 345½; 3½, 346½; 3½, 347½; 3½, 348½; 3½, 349½; 3½, 350½; 3½, 351½; 3½, 352½; 3½, 353½; 3½, 354½; 3½, 355½; 3½, 356½; 3½, 357½; 3½, 358½; 3½, 359½; 3½, 360½; 3½, 361½; 3½, 362½; 3½, 363½; 3½, 364½; 3½, 365½; 3½, 366½; 3½, 367½; 3½, 368½; 3½, 369½; 3½, 370½; 3½, 371½; 3½, 372½; 3½, 373½; 3½, 374½; 3½, 375½; 3½, 376½; 3½, 377½; 3½, 378½; 3½, 379½; 3½, 380½; 3½, 381½; 3½, 382½; 3½, 383½; 3½, 384½; 3½, 385½; 3½, 386½; 3½, 387½; 3½, 388½; 3½, 389½; 3½, 390½; 3½, 391½; 3½, 392½; 3½, 393½; 3½, 394½; 3½, 395½; 3½, 396½; 3½, 397½; 3½, 398½; 3½, 399½; 3½, 400½; 3½, 401½; 3½, 402½; 3½, 403½; 3½, 404½; 3½, 405½; 3½, 406½; 3½, 407½; 3½, 408½; 3½, 409½; 3½, 410½; 3½, 411½; 3½, 412½; 3½, 413½; 3½, 414½; 3½, 415½; 3½, 416½; 3½, 417½; 3½, 418½; 3½, 419½; 3½, 420½; 3½, 421½; 3½, 422½; 3½, 423½; 3½, 424½; 3½, 425½; 3½, 426½; 3½, 427½; 3½, 428½; 3½, 429½; 3½, 430½; 3½, 431½; 3½, 432½; 3½, 433½; 3½, 434½; 3½, 435½; 3½, 436½; 3½, 437½; 3½, 438½; 3½, 439½; 3½, 440½; 3½, 441½; 3½, 442½; 3½, 443½; 3½, 444½; 3½, 445½; 3½, 446½; 3½, 447½; 3½, 448½; 3½, 449½; 3½, 450½; 3½, 451½; 3½, 452½; 3½, 453½; 3½, 454½; 3½, 455½; 3½, 456½; 3½, 457½; 3½, 458½; 3½, 459½; 3½, 460½; 3½, 461½; 3½, 462½; 3½, 463½; 3½, 464½; 3½, 465½; 3½, 466½; 3½, 467½; 3½, 468½; 3½, 469½; 3½, 470½; 3½, 471½; 3½, 472½; 3½, 473½; 3½, 474½; 3½, 475½; 3½, 476½; 3½, 477½; 3½, 478½; 3½, 479½; 3½, 480½; 3½, 481½; 3½, 482½; 3½, 483½; 3½, 484½; 3½, 485½; 3½, 486½; 3½, 487½; 3½, 488½; 3½, 489½; 3½, 490½; 3½, 491½; 3½, 492½; 3½, 493½; 3½, 494½; 3½, 495½; 3½, 496½; 3½, 497½; 3½, 498½; 3½, 499½; 3½, 500½; 3½, 501½; 3½, 502½; 3½, 503½; 3½, 504½; 3½, 505½; 3½, 506½; 3½, 507½; 3½, 508½; 3½, 509½; 3½, 510½; 3½, 511½; 3½, 512½; 3½, 513½; 3½, 514½; 3½, 515½; 3½, 516½; 3½, 517½; 3½, 518½; 3½, 519½; 3½, 520½; 3½, 521½; 3½, 522½; 3½, 523½; 3½, 524½; 3½, 525½; 3½, 526½; 3½, 527½; 3½, 528½; 3½, 529½; 3½, 530½; 3½, 531½; 3½, 532½; 3½, 533½; 3½, 534½; 3½, 535½; 3½, 536½; 3½, 537½; 3½, 538½; 3½, 539½; 3½, 540½; 3½, 541½; 3½, 542½; 3½, 543½; 3½, 544½; 3½, 545½; 3½, 546½; 3½, 547½; 3½, 548½; 3½, 549½; 3½, 550½; 3½, 551½; 3½, 552½; 3½, 553½; 3½, 554½; 3½, 555½; 3½, 556½; 3½, 557½; 3½, 558½; 3½, 559½; 3½, 560½; 3½, 561½; 3½, 562½; 3½, 563½; 3½, 564½; 3½, 565½; 3½, 566½; 3½, 567½; 3½, 568½; 3½, 569½; 3½, 570½; 3½, 571½; 3½, 572½; 3½, 573½; 3½, 574½; 3½, 575½; 3½, 576½; 3½, 577½; 3½, 578½; 3½, 579½; 3½, 580½; 3½, 581½; 3½, 582½; 3½, 583½; 3½, 584½; 3½, 585½; 3½, 586½; 3½, 587½; 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3½, 788½; 3½, 789½; 3½, 790½; 3½, 791½; 3½, 792½; 3½, 793½; 3½, 794½; 3½, 795½; 3½, 796½; 3½, 797½; 3½, 798½; 3½, 799½; 3½, 800½; 3½, 801½; 3½, 802½; 3½, 803½; 3½, 804½; 3½, 805½; 3½, 806½; 3½, 807½; 3½, 808½; 3½, 809½; 3½, 810½; 3½, 811½; 3½, 812½; 3½, 813½; 3½, 814½; 3½, 815½; 3½, 816½; 3½, 817½; 3½, 818½; 3½, 819½; 3½, 820½; 3½, 821½; 3½, 822½; 3½, 823½; 3½, 824½; 3½, 825½; 3½, 826½; 3½, 827½; 3½, 828½; 3½, 829½; 3½, 830½; 3½, 831½; 3½, 832½; 3½, 833½; 3½, 834½; 3½, 835½; 3½, 836½; 3½, 837½; 3½, 838½; 3½, 839½; 3½, 840½; 3½, 841½; 3½, 842½; 3½, 843½; 3½, 844½; 3½, 845½; 3½, 846½; 3½, 847½; 3½, 848½; 3½, 849½; 3½, 850½; 3½, 851½; 3½, 852½; 3½, 853½; 3½, 854½; 3½, 855½; 3½, 856½; 3½, 857½; 3½, 858½; 3½, 859½; 3½, 860½; 3½, 861½; 3½, 862½; 3½, 863½; 3½, 864½; 3½, 865½; 3½, 866½; 3½, 867½; 3½, 868½; 3½, 869½; 3½, 870½; 3½, 871½; 3½, 872½; 3½, 873½; 3½, 874½; 3½, 875½; 3½, 876½; 3½, 877½; 3½, 878½; 3½, 879½; 3½, 880½; 3½, 881½; 3½, 882½; 3½, 883½; 3½, 884½; 3½, 885½; 3½, 886½; 3½, 887½; 3½, 888½; 3½, 889½; 3½, 890½; 3½, 891½; 3½, 892½; 3½, 893½; 3½, 894½; 3½, 895½; 3½, 896½; 3½, 897½; 3½, 898½; 3½, 899½; 3½, 900½; 3½, 901½; 3½, 902½; 3½, 903½; 3½, 904½; 3½, 905½; 3½, 906½; 3½, 907½; 3½, 908½; 3½, 909½; 3½, 910½; 3½, 911½; 3½, 912½; 3½, 913½; 3½, 914½; 3½, 915½; 3½, 916½; 3½, 917½; 3½, 918½; 3½, 919½; 3½, 920½; 3½, 921½; 3½, 922½; 3½, 923½; 3½, 924½; 3½, 925½; 3½, 926½; 3½, 927½; 3½, 928½; 3½, 929½; 3½, 930½; 3½, 931½; 3½, 932½; 3½, 933½; 3½, 934½; 3½, 935½; 3½, 936½; 3½, 937½; 3½, 938½; 3½, 939½; 3½, 940½; 3½, 941½; 3½, 942½; 3½, 943½; 3½, 944½; 3½, 945½; 3½, 946½; 3½, 947½; 3½, 948½; 3½, 949½; 3½, 950½; 3½, 951½; 3½, 952½; 3½, 953½; 3½, 954½; 3½, 955½; 3½, 956½; 3½, 957½; 3½, 958½; 3½, 959½; 3½, 960½; 3½, 961½; 3½, 962½; 3½, 963½; 3½, 964½; 3½, 965½; 3½, 966½; 3½, 967½; 3½, 968½; 3½, 969½; 3½, 970½; 3½, 971½; 3½, 972½; 3½, 973½; 3½, 974½; 3½, 975½; 3½, 976½; 3½, 977½; 3½, 978½; 3½, 979½; 3½, 980½; 3½, 981½; 3½, 982½; 3½, 983½; 3½, 984½; 3½, 985½; 3½, 986½; 3½, 987½; 3½, 988½; 3½, 989½; 3½, 990½; 3½, 991½; 3½, 992½; 3½, 993½; 3½, 994½; 3½, 995½; 3½, 996½; 3½, 997½; 3½, 998½; 3½, 999½; 3½, 1000½; 3½, 1001½; 3½, 1002½; 3½, 1003½; 3½, 1004½; 3½, 1005½; 3½, 1006½; 3½, 1007½; 3½, 1008½; 3½, 1009½; 3½, 1010½; 3½, 1011½; 3½, 1012½; 3½, 1013½; 3½, 1014½; 3½, 1015½; 3½, 1016½; 3½, 1017½; 3½, 1018½; 3½, 1019½; 3½, 1020½; 3½, 1021½; 3½, 1022½; 3½, 1023½; 3½, 1024½; 3½, 1025½; 3½, 1026½; 3½, 1027½; 3½, 1028½; 3½, 1029½; 3½, 1030½; 3½, 1031½; 3½, 1032½; 3½, 1033½; 3½, 1034½; 3½, 1035½; 3½, 1036½; 3½, 1037½; 3½, 1038½; 3½, 1039½; 3½, 1040½; 3½, 1041½; 3½, 1042½; 3½, 1043½; 3½, 1044½; 3½, 1045½; 3½, 1046½; 3½, 1047½; 3½, 1048½; 3½, 1049½; 3½, 1050½; 3½, 1051½; 3½, 1052½; 3½, 1053½; 3½, 1054½; 3½, 1055½; 3½, 1056½; 3½, 1057½; 3½, 1058½; 3½, 1059½; 3½, 1060½; 3½, 1061½; 3½, 1062½; 3½, 1063½; 3½, 1064½; 3½, 1065½; 3½, 1066½; 3½, 1067½; 3½, 1068½; 3½, 1069½; 3½, 1070½; 3½, 1071½; 3½, 1072½; 3½, 1073½; 3½, 1074½; 3½, 1075½; 3½, 1076½; 3½, 1077½; 3½, 1078½; 3½, 1079½; 3½, 1080½; 3½, 1081½; 3½, 1082½; 3½, 1083½; 3½, 1084½; 3½, 1085½; 3½, 1086½; 3½, 1087½; 3½, 1088½; 3½, 1089½; 3½, 1090½; 3½, 1091½; 3½, 1092½; 3½, 1093½; 3½, 1094½; 3½, 1095½; 3½, 1096½; 3½, 1097½; 3½, 1098½; 3½, 1099½; 3½, 1100½; 3½, 1101½; 3½, 1102½; 3½, 1103½; 3½, 1104½; 3½, 1105½; 3½, 1106½; 3½, 1107½; 3½, 1108½; 3½, 1109½; 3½, 1110½; 3½, 1111½; 3½, 1112½; 3½, 1113½; 3½, 1114½; 3½, 1115½; 3½, 1116½; 3½, 1117½; 3½, 1118½; 3½, 1119½; 3½, 1120½; 3½, 1121½; 3½, 1122½; 3½, 1123½; 3½, 1124½; 3½, 1125½; 3½, 1126½; 3½, 1127½; 3½, 1128½; 3½, 1129½; 3½, 1130½; 3½

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